Loveday's
LETTERS
Domestick and Forreign.

To Several
PERSONS,
Occasionally distributed in
SUBJECTS
Philosophical, Historical and Moral.

By R. Loveday, Gent. the late Translator of the three first Parts of *Cleopatra.*

Optima sunt Litera quæ in lucem prodeunt, prosunt & penetrant. Cassan.

LONDON,
Printed for *Nath. Brook*, at the Angel in *Cornhill*, and *William Cartwright*, at the Man in the Moon in the *Old Bailey*, 1663.

*586-986

Ann Holmes

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To my Friend Mr. *A. L.*

SIR,

I Received yours, desiring my advice for the publishing of your Brothers Letters. Truly, Sir, I should be very ungrateful to him, unkind to my self, and injurious to others, if I should dissuade you from offering those to the publick, which in the communication may be pleasurable to all. Many of them being written to my self, and the rest (as I suppose) to his Correspondents, 'tis possible that in some of them the freedome of his Pen, and Interest with the person to whom he writ, might in some places make his expressions not so compact, or so clear, as the critical Peruser expects. But doubtless he knew what he writ at the time when he writ, but was not obliged to circumscribe his Fancy, either to his own continuing, or the Readers transitory understanding: yet meeting with one endued with a reasonable kindness and temper, he will find nothing but what may be interpreted without any Interpreters. I remember there were some other passages in some of them concerning the Transactions of that Age wherein he writ; subjects too subtile for a private Pen, I wish them rather expung'd then expos'd; for (besides the danger of treading upon the heels of Truth) there is so great a connexion between the secrets and acts of State, that we (as private persons) cannot, ought not, to censure

one, unleſs we knew the other. There are ſo many neceſſary miſts caſt before our eyes, ſo many umbrages before the light, that it were more ſafe for us to draw our Curtains, and take a nap, then to ſearch about (as *Diogenes* with his Lanthorn and Candle) to find out Truth.

We are ſo partial in our Intereſts and ſelf-concernments, either of Mind or Body, or both, that moſtly we account thoſe things neither good, rational nor commodious, which do not concur in all circumſtances with our entire judgement, or individual advantage.

I wiſh I had leiſure to peruſe the whole Packet, before you ſent them to the publick; but in earneſt, Sir, I cannot ſpare ſo much time from my Intruſtments. It is my deſire therefore that you will adviſe with ſuch friends as have an affection to his repure; and if they be of my acquaintance, tell them (as an incouragement to their expence of time) my opinion is (ſo far as I retain the memory of them, and I believe the reſt are ſuitable) that they are very choice deſcants, Theological, Ethical, Facetious and ſolid. The volatile part ſhewing the art of the Chymiſt, as the fixt matter; there is ſomething to pleaſe all Tempers, maſculine and feminine, martial and civil, curial and rural, ſatyrick and amorous: and I doubt not but if he had lived the completing of his Tranſlation of *Cleopatra*, or *Loves Maſter-piece*, I know not whether he would have done greater right to *France* or *England*, by making *French Engliſh*, or *Engliſh French*: the accompliſhments of his Pen therein, were ſo clear and genuine, as if his private had conſulted with the publick Genius of both Nations; however, I dare lay, by accuſtoming his

Pen

Pen to these, and things of an higher nature, he would have proved an English *Balzack*.

I confess I wish we were restored in our primitive Innocency, when all our actions were naked, and yet not ashamed; and when our thoughts were imparted either by an universal character, or the harmless Hieroglyphick of a Dove or a Lamb; but now how are we involved in the perplexities of our scribling! So that well may the word *Litera* be etymologiz'd *Litis æra*, the Epoche, or beginning of all contentions, we began modestly with the bark and rind of Trees; till the following Ages having thus destroyed their shady Groves; tore the skins from harmless sheep, that their impure *Volumes* might be countenanced by those innocent *Velumes*: and not contented to deprive those creatures of their intire Sepultures, they have perverted their bodies to gluttony, and their skins to Imposture: and the latter Age hath even robb'd the Poor of their Rags, torturing them with Mills and other Engines, till in paper they are made Legatives to most of our humane affairs; and no sooner are they fitted with the colour of Innocency, White, but compounds of Poysons, Vitriol, Gall and Vinegar (Emblemes of Commotion) do again dye them with the sad and sable Tincture, which occasions so much disorder and unquiet to the World.

And now at last we seem distracted with the number and weight of devices, so that an *Index Expurgatorius* hath been practised by the learned, and more fiercely executed (without distinction) by the inrodes of the ignorant.

Yet *Seneca's* and *Cicero's* Epistles have escap'd, may *Loveday's* have the same success and estimate; and

then after-Ages will not blame me for encouraging you to their expoſure, eſpecially if they pleaſe to read and imitate his leiſurable imployment.

I ſhall onely adde this (being diverted by ſome other approches) that I well knew your Brother valiant, faithful, and diſcreetly induſtrious in all the concernments of Body and Mind. I was his Friend, and am

May 14. 1657.

Yours, J. PETTUS.

To

To his Honoured Cousins, Mr. *William Crow* of *London*, and Mr. *Antho. Loveday* of *Cheston*.

Honoured Cousins,

YOu being the top-branches of those two Families from whence the deceased Author of these Epistles *had his descent, and thereby having a genuine propriety in them, it were unnatural, by way of Dedication, to put them under the umbrage and protection of any other. He had many Testimonies of your affection whilst living, and I know you retain his memory not unsuitable: they there-*

therefore incounter the Eye of the ingenuous Reader, under the patronage and conduct of your names. Accept the tender of them as a pledge of my reall affection; and if ever Providence ſmile me into a capacity of dreſsing my power in a more becoming attire, I ſhall be ready to approve my ſelf,

Couſin,
Your moſt humble Servant.

Nephew,
Your reall affectionate Uncle,

ANTHO. LOVEDAY.

To

To the
READER.

Courteous Reader,

THese Epistles are rally'd into a body, and exposed to a publick view, in the divulging whereof, neither could the instancy of the Authors friends, though their estimate had an high influence over me; nor a reliance on my own opinion, fearing lest it might appear too partial through my near relation to the Author, act so strongly on me, as to acquiesce to the importunity of their desires, so tender was I of his honour in edition of his labours, till such time, as by the perusal of persons of unquestioned judgment they were return'd to my hand highly approved. And of these, no inducement more impressive nor efficaciously perswasive, then the incouragement of a person, whose judicious pen has sufficiently discovered his abilities to the world: by expressing

preſſing him, without any other additional delineature, the maſter of a rich Fancy: being generally known to be not onely an approved Profeſſor, but a conſtant Advancer of all humane and divine learning: ſingularly vers'd in both: and whoſe affectionate intimacy to this Author, as it highly obliged him in his life; ſo have his judicious lines conduced no leſſe to the perpetuating of his memory after his death. This may appear in the very firſt Letter, which this Perſon of Honour was pleaſed to addreſs to me: wherein he has returned with a modeſt Candour the Opinion he retained touching this ingenuous Author, whoſe blameleſſe repute, and fair deportment in the whole progreſs of his life, management of his affections, and current of his actions, ſuperſeded all cenſure.

The Author indeed had a reſolution, if God had lent him life, and enlarged his hours in a parallel line to the apparent progreſſion of his raiſing hopes, "to have ſeen theſe, as they were by him occaſionally compoſed, ſo methodically diſpoſed and completed; and to beſtow a meriting addition on his Pen, in ſuch manner poliſhed and refined, as they might have clearly diſcovered the precious quality of that Mine, and purity of his Mind from whence they derived their extraction. As for his Pen, give me leave to return that opinion of it, which all

men

men who with recollected thoughts have ſeriously read him, ingeniously retain'd of it: his *Style* was ſuch as it knew how to preſent State without affectation, render a modeſt Cenſure without bitterneſs, and cloſe the Period of his Diſcourſe with incomparable ſweetneſs. Neither were his *parts* onely deſerving, his *Education* and *Deſcent* held an Equipage to thoſe Native Imbelliſhments. To the ſurviving reputation whereof I ſhall give you this account; He was well deſcended, his Education was in the Univerſity of *Cambridge*, where in his greeneſt years he did not ſhake off the yoke of diſcipline, and devote himſelf to the ſoft Blandiſhments of Senſuality, but was ſedulous to his ſtudy, and 'tis like had atchiev'd ſome ſuitable preferment, had not Martial times occurr'd, no friend to Science, and diſturbed his ſtudies; This made him run the ſame fortune with others, who liv'd to ſtudy, were driven to ſtudy to live; for as that pure *Italian* Wit *Petrarch* ſometimes ſaid, "*Mars* "his Armory, and *Minerva*'s Meynie, run ſo much upon *Diviſions*, as they ſeldome cloze in a graceful harmony. And thus his determinations were forced to a halt, but his active ſoul mov'd in the Sphere of Vertue, and in thoſe cloudy dayes was pregnant in ſomething that ſtill witneſſed that Vertue was his Miſtreſs, and many ingenious Pieces fell from his Pen, which hereafter may ſee the World, and deſerve thy

per-

perusal (if clear Fancies may suit with the constitution of cloudy times.) He had acquir'd to himself the *Italian* and *French* Languages, out of the last his Version of *Cleopatra*, which he call'd *Hymen's Praludia*, the first three Parts are extant, and gain'd applause: how his Letters will arride thy liking, I know not, do as thou shalt find them. So I take my leave, *Farewell*.

A. L.

Upon

Upon Mr. ROBERT LOVEDAY's *Effigies.*

LOVEDAY, thy Feature here by *FATHORN* drawn,
Though it display his Master-piece of Art,
It cannot represent the smallest grain
Of those *clear rayes* of thy divinest part,
The Royal Fancies of thy Loyal heart;
For those transcend the Pencil, and must be
No *Objects* of the *Eye* but *Memory*.

Upon the Embleme.

THe widowed *Turtle* leaves the flowery Grove
To solemnize the Obits of his Love:
Love day he may; but in a secret Cave
He spends each Minute on his Spouses Grave.
And when the Sun his glorious course has run,
He adds this Note, —O must *Love* lye alone!
Since Turtles tears such Obsequies do make,
We should be *Niobees* all for thy Love-sake.
For Fame avers, ne'r any dy'd so young
In love more richly stor'd, in hopes more strong.

The Embleme explain'd.

LOok on the *radiant splendor* of that *Sun*;
Look on that *Turtle* in her *Ebon-Cave*;
Whose amorous thred of life wov'n up and spun,
Look how her *Spouse* bedews his widow'd Grave:
And in these *Models* you his Embleme have.
The *Turtle* of his *Body's* gone to *Earth*,
The *Turtle* of his *Soul* to her *first Birth*.
Nor must these two *divided* long remain,
"Eternity shall *cement* them again.
Where these *Two Turtles* with Angelick wings
Shall live and love, and laud the King of Kings.

Upon

Upon the death of his ingenious and much bemoned Friend, Mr. ROBERT LOVEDAY.

COuld pregnant Fancy, Goodneſs, or prompt pen
Have here procur'd thee reſidence with men,
Thou hadſt injoy'd it: But Time held in ſtir
With Immortality to perfect it:
"The *Law* of *Nature* muſt give way to *Grace*,
"And *Grace* to *Glory*, ſhown thee face to face.
If this advantage over-ſtrips not the reſt,
I ſhall appeal to thoſe who lov'd thee beſt.
But Heav'n and Earth are of a different Clime,
So muſt we hold Eternity and Time.
He who has *God*, has *all*: he cannot want,
Though Pilgrim here, there an Inhabitant.
Such is thy glorious ſtate, being rankt with thoſe,
Whom though we loſe, they gain by what we loſe.

Dignum laude virum Muſa vetat mori, Cœlo beat. —— Hor.

LOVEDAY thy *Name* did to the World diſplay
That *all* thy * *Day* was *Love*, thy *Love all Day*.
Both which ſo joyntly in their Centre meet,
As they have made Eternity their ſeat.
Never did *downy Chin* more *ſage* produce,
Nor in his youth nurſe a maturer Muſe.
None more entirely dear unto his own,
Nor higher fam'd where he was leſſer known;
Whereof his *Cleopatra* witneſs gives,
In which though dead his rare Tranſlation lives.

* *Tota dies opus eſtat amans! mirabitur ætas*
Si mentę juvenis mens fuerit iſta ſenis. Afran.

NOr ſhall you find in theſe *Perſwaſives* leſs
Then what his rich *Romances* did expreſs,
In his peruſal he approves them ſuch,
Whoſe Brain can judge, or he has read too much.

R. B.

LOVEDAY'S LETTERS.

LETTER I.

To Sir I. P.

Sir,

IF I ſin in troubling you with fruitleſs lines, call it rather the weakneſs of my judgement than the error of my love, which is in too perfect health to lie ſpeechleſſe. The thanks I owe you, I confeſſe, are diſparaged by my feeble expreſsions; but could you read their more ſecret character, you ſhall find them dreſt in a more becoming attire. To tell you my beſt wiſhes are Pages to your happy ſucceſſe (I hope) were to Tautologize, to your knowledge at leaſt beliefe; and though it be no Forlorn Hope, it ſhall march in the Front of my Prayers. For your diſpoſal of me, though I totally relinquiſh my ſelf to your diſcreet commands, yet my humble and earneſt deſires rather aim at the ſervice of Sir *T. B.* then the greater man; however

I will call my ſelf y our Creature, and reſolve to be of that ſhape you will faſhion me: In the meen time I ſhall importune Heaven to furniſh me with ſo happy a power as may render me in ſome acceptable ſervice. Sir, Not onely your faithful, but

Your grateful Servant, R. L.

LETTER II.

To Sir I. P.

Sir,

IF the importunity of your affairs will conſent to a digreſſion, look upon the tender of his true ſervice that was always yours: If my Heart thought my Pen fit to be truſted with thoſe Wiſhes that concern you, I ſhould be more ample; but it needs not, for I am confident you can read them at this diſtance. To put you in mind of my deſires were not to deſerve their effects, ſince I believe the intermitted Truce you take with greater employments, is nobly ſpent in a courteous parley with your friends: more petty occaſions would trouble you, I will therefore bind up my true ſervice in theſe few lines, and reſt

Yours R. L.

LET

LETTER III.

To his brother Mr. A. L.

Loving Brother,

I Had not failed you laſt Week, if a ſudden command from thoſe whoſe breath can blow me any way, had not arreſted my pen, and impoſed a leſs pleaſing imployment; for there is no delight I can ſpare with more regret, then theſe occaſions of ſending you my naked thoughts, for Intereſt is now adored with ſuch ſpecious Idolatry, that it renders even common converſe dangerous: So the honeſt Soul that courts good company, muſt find it in his own thoughts; to the ſtock of which your amity contributes no pety ſum: and when the vacancy of imployment releaſes me to theſe harmleſs recreations, I endeavour to drop thoſe heavy-moulded cares that ſmell of earth, and fall a pruning the wings of ſome lively thoughts, that play like nimble flies in the ſerenity of an unclouded mind; and amidſt the variety of thoſe tasks I impoſe upon them, the principal are diſpatcht to invite Content to come and dwell in the Valley of my humble Fortunes, and ſport it ſelf upon thoſe banks that are happily purpled with their own Violets. Protected thus with a little, methinks I am proud that I have not enough to ſet the Cove-

tous a desiring, nor the Ambitious a scrambling. Sometime I strive to build Reason as high a Tribunal as my thoughts can rear, at the Bar of which I labour to accuse my own miscarriages; and had I power to reform, as well as censure them, what could affront my felicity? Sometimes I revise my readings in men, and fall a setting the best Slips my Observation can cull from others Gardens; but I confess few of them grow. Sometimes I prick at the footsteps that books have lately left in my memory; which I find a very weak Conservatory, and keeps my best observations but as people use to keep choice Posies, fresh for a day or two, and then let them fade and dye. Then perhaps I roll my thoughts upon Eternity, and that helps me to deride the folly of those blind Wretches that so hotly scramble for sublunary trifles; but withall, pity their miserable mistake that run away from the true blessings while they pursue the false ones. Tis sport to consider how Fortune (or rather Providence) builds up these creatures (like Scaffolds for a show) with an intent to pull them down again. Sometimes I am so weak to let my Fancy ramble after Poetick raptures; but in these I onely suffer her to aire her wings, and so come home again. With these agreeable diversions I often send my thoughts a gadding, chiefly to deceive Melancholy, which of late has been much incroaching; for my capital trouble increase

creaſes, and has got a giddineſs to aſſiſt it. I have not yet taken the Phiſick, and now reſolve to defer it till I arrive in the Countrey, which will be about a Fortnight hence. If theſe afflictions can ſet me the right way to Heaven, eſpecially as it is now perplexed with ſo many oblique, devious paths of Error and Hereſie, I ſhall hug them heartily. I ſhould excuſe this unravelling my Contemplations in ſuch a ruffled manner, but I uſe curioſity to thoſe that have a leſs ſhare of my affection than your ſelf, &c.

Your entirely affectionate Brother to command, R. L.

LETTER IV.

To Mr. W.

My deareſt Friend,

THis happy night I received your laſt Letter, which how I took, I wiſh ſome good thing above man would tell you, for I cannot. Onely this, the delights and joyes which are handled by the World were baſe and droſſie to what that brought me, which is onely leſs pure then thoſe that make the Angels clap their wings. It has given me a happy, but a hard task; 'Tis to let an Ocean through a Quill, for tis the ſame difficulty for my pen to expreſs what my

heart meanes you. Methinks I would fain ſay ſomething to you that is not ordinary; but I can find no words that I do not ſuſpect too faint to fit my affection: onely this, I do not love you the common way, nor with ſuch a kindneſs as doth uſually blaze with a freſh reſentment of a benefit, and learn to cool and dye again, unleſs it be renewed with the ſame repeated fuel: but I have an affection for you that is of the ſame piece with my ſoul, as immortal and undecaying as it ſelf, and will go along with it to the other world, and need not be aſhamed even there to own its object. The buſie waves that roll betwixt us cannot keep me from you; for tis with you I ſpend my gladdeſt hours. When I ſet my thoughts to caſt up the account of my large poſſeſſions in you, I deride the poor rich ones of this Age, and ſay, Sure if they knew the right way they would leave the purſuit of their glorious follies, and learn to get a virtuous friend. But pardon my tranſport. Preſent me cordially to your excellent friend, and intreat him to write me in the number of his faithful ſervants, for I cannot be leſs to him that is ſo to you: tell him I will allow him the better room in your breaſt, ſo he not grudge me a harbour there; to be expelled which would gall my heart-ſtrings. No perplexities aſſault it but what you help to beat off; no vexations pierce it to which a reflection upon my Intereſt in you does not

prove

prove a *Dictamnum*, and ejects thoſe arrows, be ſure then you be precious to your ſelf, and regard your health, that you may ſtil be ſo to thoſe that love you; and then you muſt be ſo. But I fear I grow tedious, though I have not ſpoke half what I would fain ſay; but the reſt ſhall be referr'd to my next. Well then, conceive I imbrace you at this diſtance, for all but my clay does. May you arrive at ſo happy a condition that you may pity your enemies, and enjoy that ſereniry of ſoul that may make you ſo skilful in virtue; and be aſſured, that bate but heaven, & there is nothing ſo dear as your ſelf to him that is

Sir,

Abſolutely yours, R. L.

LETTER V.

To Mr. R. C.

Dear Robin,

IF variety of new acquaintance (and more deſerving,) has not conſpir'd with the buſie fingers of Time to deface my memory, there will not be much toil in the task to provoke thee to revive our friendly intercourſe; to which thou art challeng'd by one whoſe heart has kept the impreſſe thou left'ſt upon it as freſh and as able to bid defiance to decay, as

when our contract was first seal'd. Ah *Robin*! whither is fled the beauty of those dayes that so oft saw us feed our felicity with the mutuall charesses of our spotlesse amity? when the soft whispers of an evening *Zephyrus* summon'd us to those innocent encounters in *Sylvanus* grove, where so oft we unbutton'd our soules, and talk'd our naked thoughts, as if the golden Age had got new birth in our bosoms. Sure Heaven was pleas'd with that lovely undrest visage of our heedless simplicity. Dost remember how the pretty little feathered Minstrels, came and gave us three or four of Natures choisest Lessons? and then how we hung together? and how many loth adues it took to part us, though the next day we were to meet again? How Fortune has used thee since our last long Farewell I know not; to me her indifferent behaviour neither swell'd my hopes to an opinion that ever she intends to make me her darling, nor frown'd them to the neer neighbourhood of cold despair, &c.

R. L.

LETTER VI.

To his Nephew, A. L.

Dear Couſin,

I Had long ſince payed the debt of my promiſe, had Fame furniſhed me with ought but falſe Coin: ſhe is grown a new-faſhion'd Jugler, puts tricks upon us with a *deceptio auditus*, various reports here like Canons receive their birth and funeral in the Air, and are often ſhorter-liv'd; ſome voic'd like Trumpets ſpread a ſhrill preſage of war; others, like the ſoft warbling of the amorous Lute, perfume the Aire with the Aromatick tidings of repeated peace: and thus our erroneous ſouls weakly pay a credulous homage to the alternate dominion of our own hopes and fears. Rumour is a cheating Lottery, from which for one prize of a Truth we draw a thouſand blanks of falſhood. I could make this Paper look big with the ſwelling pride of ſuch news as would be muſick to your ears, but leſt the tune ſhould prove Syrenical, I am loth to deceive you into falſe joyes. That which has moſt credit with me, except the K. &c.—— Thus I have given you probabilities, befriended, though not defended, by the moſt prudent opinions I could encounter with. Could I give you the truth ſtrip'd of all partiality and diſguiſes, ſhe were worth the owning; but her running

ning through ſo many relations makes her change attire every ſtep, and ſometimes loſe her ſelf. But in this aſſertion be aſſur'd ſhe wares her own face without a mask, that I am, Sir, &c.

LETTER VII.

To his Brother Mr. A. L.

Loving Brother,

I Am now about to change the Scene; and I fear it will be a long time before I ſhall date my Letters again from *London*, a place I once eſteem'd above all the earth could ſhew me; but my liking is almoſt drown'd in thoſe ſcarlet ſtreams have lately ſtain'd it. I may now be ſaid to be retiring from a crowd to an hermitage: for (though 'tis like I ſhall mingle with much people) I ſhall notwithſtanding be alone; ſince 'tis not the eye, but the mind and the affections that create ſociety; like *Tantalus*, that ſtood up to the mouth in water, yet could not drink. But the Arms of amity are long enough to reach a true friend at the greateſt diſtance; for though there be a larger piece of earth getting between our heavier parts, yet thoſe that have the ſtamp of immortality need confeſſe no other limits than what bound the Univerſe. Thus

ſome-

ſometimes my pen, ſometimes my thoughts ſhall viſit you, and fancy an intertainment ſuitable to the love that carries them. If Nature had not planted a mutuall affection in our greeneſt yeares, and taught it to ſwim (like a fiſh in its proper Element) in the Crimſon ſap we borrow'd from the ſame fruitfull ſtock, I think I ſhould have bidden fair for your friendſhip with much induſtry, and like a ſlip that fetched his Pedigree from ſome excellent root, ſet it with much diligence in my triangular Garden. But no more. As I was reviſing ſome ſcriblings, with an intent to pack each in his proper place before my parting, I lighted on theſe Rhymes, made about the time I firſt put on chaines, and upon that ſubject. I had thrown them by with ſuch a neglect as I uſe when I treat with ſuch trifles, that when I re-met with them they had been ſo loſt to my memory, that they prov'd as new to my ſelf as they will be to you. I do not ſend them with a thought they deſerve your reading, but onely to let you ſee that when I am weary of better imployment, I have not forgot to dally with the Pinkes in *Apollos* Garden. I wiſh all accidents, events, humors, and diſpoſitions may conſpire to make this your meeting pleaſant and delightfull: If my fancy could carry my earthly part as nimbly as her ſelfe, I think I ſhould help to feather ſome glad houres among you. But 'tis not wiſdome to deſire what we cannot

not have. You see I have much adoe to keep within the bounds of my paper. Farewell dear brother, and continue to love

Your own, R. L.

To serve! whats that? let me consider; stay,
What comes it to lease my self away?
What right have I resign'd? pray let me see,
What is't to let away my liberty?
Dull purblind soules, that have so little wit
To value nought but when we part with it!
Tis to unown my self, tis to disclaime
My will, my head, my hands, all that I am;
To sell my right in Nature, that would have
None of her freeborn creatures to turne slave;
To bow, to cringe, to stoop, and to be still
Pliant and supple to anothers will;
With cheap tame patience quietly to stand,
And watch th' arrival of some proud command,
That sets my heels awork, or else my hand.
Thus having basely set my self to sale,
Time is my Keeper, and each place my Faile:
The slaves of the same trade are at Argiers,
Onely my chaine will further reach than theirs.
But hold proud thoughts, the wretch deserve his woe,
That fancies fetters when they are not so;
Shew me the man can boast so free a state,
That is not to some power subordinate:

What

What is he that has uncontrol'd intents?
Seas have their ſhores, and Kings their Parliaments:
This harmony that ſmites does chiefly flow
From theſe two fertile words cal'd High and Low.
Were it a ſin to ſerve, did it bewray
A feeble mind put into mingled clay,
I'de throw my fetters at my niggard fate,
And ſcorn to eate or live at ſuch a rate:
But ther's no ſlavery but in vice, a ſoul
That can but check his paſſion, can controul
His looſe deſires, can temper and ſet right
The ſtragling footſteps of his Appetite;
Rather than life with baſe diſhonour ſave,
Can make a brave retreat into a grave,
Is free, although he helps to fill the rank,
And tugs with tann'd companions at the Bank.
Farewell then ſordid Sloth, go barren Eaſe,
Morning long ſleeps adue, go try to pleaſe
Voluptuous ſoules, go dwell upon thoſe eyes
Can lend kind looks to vertues enemies.
Haile Learning, parent of deſert, to thee
My new-rouzd ſoul repaires; ſweet Induſtry,
Thoſe ſweaty drops ſet on thy ruddie brow,
Like vertues gems come and receive my vow,
Ne're to forſake thee more, never to be
Sick of thy pleaſing ſprightly company:
Thou my beſt miſtreſſe art, and I will be
when I am moſt alone yet ſtill with thee.

On

On deare Companion then, lets make no ſtay,
Where reputations Taper leads the way.
I'le owe no bluſh then as a debt to ſhame,
Becauſe that I no Independent *am.*

LETTER VIII.

To his brother, Mr. A. L.

Loving Brother,

I Was alwaies loth to ſuffer breach of word to keep company with the reſt of my crimes, if indiſpenſable neceſſity did not force the guilt. And indeed we ſhould hate falſe promiſes for his ſake that firſt hatch'd them; deceit of this kind intrap'd mans primitive innocence, and made him leave that large Legacy of imperfection to his unhappy heires. But to ſwell this to the uſuall ſtature of my tedious Letters, I muſt imitate thoſe Citizens of the world called younger brothers, that are oft forc'd to range far from home to inlarge their narrow fortunes. And ſince I have caſually chop'd upon this Simile, I think the relation of this kind may prove leſſe unpleaſant, than the word, I ſhould otherwiſe deſign to black this Paper. It is the Story of the great Cardinal *Mazarini*, that ſits now at the ſtern of the *French* affairs. He is by birth a *Scicilian*, by extraction ſcarce a Gentleman; his education

education ſo mean as might have wrote man before he could write: but being in Natures debt for a handſome face, a ſtout heart, and a ſtirring ſpirit, he no ſooner knew that *Scicily* was not all the World, but his active thoughts were got above his poor condition, and made him reſolve to dwell no longer with his domeſtick penury: and now being come into *Italy*, his good-fortune conducted him to the caſual encounter of a *Dutch* Knight, to whoſe ſervice his debonair behaviour ſoon preferr'd him. This *German* was well skill'd in the vices of his Nation, which he committed with ſuch cunning, as (though he drank and plaid very deep, yet) his skill in the one maintain'd his debauch in the other. This was a leſſon which the young *Scicilian* deem'd worth his learning; and having curiouſly obſerv'd how his Maſter ſhak'd his Elbow, began to practiſe his Art upon his own Companions; in which he thrived ſo well, as daily improving his skill with his ſtock, he began to foſter forward hopes, which were well befriended by ſome affairs that called his Maſter to *Rome*; were taking occaſion to ſtep into better company, and ſtill following his faculty at play, it was not long before he had hoarded a thouſand Crowns; then good Luck (the Dam of Ambition) began to hatch ſome aſpiring thoughts, which firſt ſhewed themſelves in a requeſt to his Maſter, thus; ſince Providence

dence had lately thought fit to mend his fortunes, he would vouchsafe to do as much to his condition, and to entertain him in the quality of a Gentleman; to deserve which he promised to maintain himself proportionably, without expecting any addition to his allowance. This granted, he presently commences Gallant, and begins to practise such generous qualities as are usually paid with reputation and profit: his good clothes and complete shape first admitted him, and his pleasant conversation endeared him to the best society, and still his play supported him in it. At length his Master takes his leave of *Rome*, and therefore he of his Master; telling him that he could not forsake that place which he hoped was cut out to be the forge of his fortunes; and being now grown intimate with some Gentlemen that attended the Cardinal who steer'd the helm of the Papal Interest, he found means to be made known nnto him, and proffered his service, with a behaviour so handsomly composed, as at the same time it got him both admission and affection. The Cardinal, after some tryal of his temper and perusal of his disposition, was well pleased with the discovery of a piercing wit, woven with a cleer judgement and an active Genius, with a capacity apt to receive such impressions as are not usually stamp'd in every brain; he was alwayes very careful to fill up those intervals which his businesse and play

had

had left vacant, with ſtudy of State-affaires; in which he proſpered with ſo much felicity, that after his Cardinal had worn him a year or two at his ear, and diſtilled his State-Maxims into his fertile ſoul, he thought fit to breath the Theory he had given him in ſome action that might let the World take notice of his pregnant abilities: he was therefore ſent Coadjutor to a Nuntio who was then diſpatched to one of the Princes in *Italy*, and during that employment he enjoyned his Creature to give him a Weekly account of their tranſactions; which he did with ſo much vivacity of apprehenſion and gravity of judgement, that the Cardinal began to couple admiration with affection; and (as if Fate had combined with Nature and Fortune to advance him) the Nuntio's ſudden death lets fall the whole weight of the buſineſs upon his ſhoulders, which he ſupported with ſuch a ſtrength of ſoul, managed with ſuch dexterous ſolidity, and accounted for all to his Cardinal with ſuch a winning induſtry, as he wrought it with his Holineſs to declare him Nuntio. And now as his preferment had made him more conſpicuous, ſo his brave heart uſed the advantage of that new height to diſtribute longer rayes with a more lively luſtre. But to contract the Story; his Commiſſion expired, and the affairs that begot it happily concluded, he returns to *Rome*; where he receives (beſides a general grand repute) the

dear careſſes of his Cardinall, and the plauſive benedictions of S. *Peters* Succeſſor. About this time the Cardinal *Richelieu* had gotten ſo much glory by making his Maſter *Lewis* XIII. of a weak man a mighty Prince, as he grew formidable to all Chriſtendom, and contracted ſuſpition and envy from *Rome* it ſelf: this made the ſtanding Conclave to reſolve upon the diſpatch of ſome able inſtrument, to countermine his dangerous, and give a check to the carriere of his prodigious ſucceſſes. This reſolved, they generally concurr'd in the choice of *Mazarini*, as the fitteſt head-piece to give their fears death in the others deſtruction. To fit him for this great imployment, the Pope gives him a Cardinals Hat, and ſends him into *France* with a large Legantine Commiſſion; where being arrived, and (like his politick ſelf) firſt complying with that grand Fox, the better to get a Clue to his Labyrinth, began to ſcrew himſelf into Intelligence, but when he came to ſound his plots, and perceive he could find no bottom, he began to look from the top of his enterpriſe as people do from Precipices, with a frighted eye; and now finding the deſign not onely not feaſible, but very dangerous, (the other never uſing to take a leſſe vengeance then ruine for ſuch darings) and then conſidering that his retreat to *Rome* would neither be honourable nor ſafe, without attempting ſomething: he at laſt reſolve

reſolves to declare himſelf *Richelieu's* Creature, and (to win the more confidence) unrips the boſom of all *Romes* deſigns againſt him. This made the other take him to his breaſt, acquainted him with the ſecret contrivance of all his *Dedalian* policies, and when he left the World declared him his Succeſſor; and he is now the great Cardinal that umpires (almoſt all Chriſtendom,) and now ſhines in the *Gallique* Court with ſo proud a pomp. But I have made my ſtory too wordiſh; if time would have conſented, I think I ſhould have pared much away of that which you will find ſuperfluous: but take this rude haſty draught for the preſent, and expect the next to be better poliſhed by

Your really affectionate Brother to command, R. L.

LETTER IX.

To Mr. K.

Sir,

AFter the wearing out of a tedious year in the dull Countrey, where I met with nothing that had delight enough to charm the account of my hours, I am gotten again into the precinct of this unweildy City; which I find ſo emptied of all thoſe I call my friends and acquaintance, as if I had ſlept with *Endymion*, and

waked again in another Age; among the beſt of which methinks I do not ſufficiently reſent the miſs of you, unleſs I tell you ſo. For you ſhall do me but right to believe that it is not in the power of new faces, freſh acquaintance, long abſence, with the reſt of thoſe ingredients whereof others have compoſed Oblivion, to raze out thoſe friends from my remembrance, that not a raſh, blind, imprudent choice, but a rational election hath faſtened to it. Of you I have had an experience that made me deſirous to get my ſelf the title of your friend, and it muſt not be the crime of my will, if I do not keep it: and I am the more eager to aſſert it, becauſe I am confident it has a mutual relation betwixt us. I pray let a line or two from you ſhew that you confeſs my claim is juſt, and inform me how the Pulſe of your body and affairs beat in theſe ill-tempered times. Let it tell me too what you know of honeſt *W. A.* when you heard from him, how he thrives in his Mercantile affairs, and by what means I may ſend him a line. For my ſelf, I ſtill like a Mill-horſe repeat my ſteps in the ſame Circle; and I am contented with a mean ſhelter in this ſtormy Age, for I left aiming at preferment ever ſince it was put out of Honeſties reach; and as I cannot take that upon baſe terms, ſo I muſt not give up my reſolution of living to my friends, and therefore of being perfectly

Yours, R. L.

LETTER X.

To his Brother, Mr. A. L.

Loving Brother,

IF imployment from them (to whom my thin Fortunes have made obedience a debt) had not countermanded my intents, my Pen had not held its peace laſt week, nor I been forced to ſet an excuſe on the forehead of this. Your pleaſing reliſh of my laſt, mindes me of ſuch palates as prefer ſome courſe diſh they love well, before exquiſite Dainties; thus has affection taught your opinion (like the Philoſophers Stone) to turn my viler metal into Gold. But enough of this, leſt Modeſty ſhould appear Deſign, and I ſeem of that number that would improve their praiſes by rejecting them, and (like cunning Merchants) ſend their goods away that they may return with increaſe. Indeed I ſhould belie my diſpoſition, and wrong my deſires, if I confeſt not that they are levelled at the good opinion of all; but moſt my affection, if I ſhould not ſay it chiefly aimed at yours. For from the object at which Love ſhoots moſt ardour, a reflection of the ſame Rayes is moſt paſſionately deſired; but though I can let theſe into my ſoul with much delight, yet the inward reſentment of my feeble deſerts muſt not ſuffer them

to kindle the tickling vanity of self-love. Reputation is the Mother of all beautiful actions; it is the Taper that leads the way to all that is called Desert; where that is mispriſed, Vertue is benumm'd, and Reaſon it ſelf falls aſleep: but it is not lawfully gained by ſuch merits as make a noiſe on purpoſe to be heard; they bid faireſt for it that manage a baſhful skill, and (as I have ſeen you cut faces ou a Cherry-ſtone) ſhew much artifice in a narrow Continent, that will not brag of a broad appearance. The commodities you exchange for my trifles, have a better eſtimation here then with you; for I muſt tell you my heart thrives by this pleaſing traffick, and grows rich with true delight. I am now taking the Phyſick the Doctor ſent me (for our journey is ſtill delayed;) of the operation I ſhall put my account in the next. My malady ſtill continues a cruel foe to my Fortunes, and in ſpight of all rational oppoſition does too often gall me with vexation, and reproves Content when it grows too forward: by this you may conclude how I would value the man whoſe skill could eaſe my mind of ſo heavy a Manacle. If you ſee the Doctor before your next, I pray let him know that the neezing-powder I take conſtantly, but have much adoe to perſwade it to make me neeze once at a time. If I ſee their means fall, I am reſolved to try anothers judgment; but that to you one-

ly.

ly. I have no more time left than what will permit me to tell you that I am and ever will be

Yours in the pureſt and moſt unreſerv'd affection to command, R.L.

Letter XI.

To Mr. H.

Sir,

SUffer theſe few words without a blot of Complement, to mind you of thoſe Hoſpitable Courteſies you confer'd on one whoſe chief glory is that he hates ingratitude; for which take my true thanks in the ſame ſimple habit that my heart has dreſt them in, and be confident you have purchaſed a heart that will reſign the reſentment of my happineſſe in ſuch a friend to no other power than what at laſt will deprive it of all reſentment. This will be made good to you, when you ſhall examine a riper experience of me; in the meane time peruſe this inclos'd, and ſatisfie thoſe friendly longings that ſpoke you skilfull in goodneſſe, that ſet ſo juſt a value on ſo virtuous a man. I am aſſur'd if he had remembred the likelihood of my happineſſe to enjoy your converſe, your name had been ſet there faſtned to a kind remembrance; however I know you will aſſiſt my

gladneſs in applauding his health; from whom what I ſhall receive in the future I ſhall communicate to you, though I hide it from all the world beſide: whether to keep it till I come, or ſeal it up and ſend it back by this bearer, is left to your choice. Preſent my hearty ſervice to ſweet Mrs. *H.* and promiſe your ſelf, that though you have many more deſerving, you have not a more cordial friend than

R. L.

LETTER XII.

To his Brother A. L.

Loving Brother,

THat we both entred the Worlds Theatre from the ſame Door, is not enough to prove us friends; too many (like *Cadmus* backward brood) not ſcrupling to crack the chaine of Nature, this Iron age hath ſhown us: but it is the kindred of our unbegotten ſoules is called friendſhip, when their effluxive beames (by the ſweet conſtraint of aſſimulation) meet, imbrace, and weave themſelves (like *Ariadne's* Crown) into a Conſtellation. Such a mutuall contexture betwixt us has pull'd the knot of Nature ſtraiter, and render'd the Union incapable of diſſolution or mutation; which is

as great an Hereſie in amity as that lately broacht of the ſoules mortality, ſince love ſtrikes the greateſt ſtroke in intellectuall faculties. But (as you ſay) that jewell ſhould not be beholden to words for its eſtimation, tis beſt then to keep it in the Cabinets of our ſoules, till we can ſet it in our actions: Neerneſſe of conſanguinity is not juſtly coercive to friendſhip. When I am with my Lord (which I hope I ſhall be very ſhortly) I ſhall perfect you a more full account of my own affaires than I am now able: in the meane you may confidently believe that I am

Your entirely affectionate Brother to command till death, R. L.

There is good newes ſtirring, but you muſt content your ſelf with the generality, till particularizing grow leſſe dangerous.

Letter XIII.

To his Unkle Mr. W. L.

Sir,

LEſt I ſhould run the hazard of being loſt to your thoughts, be pleas'd to know from this paper that you have ſtill a Nephew who has not forgot what he owes you, nor ſuffer'd new

new objects and interests to untye him from those respects, which besides the neer relation of blood, the powerfull hnnd of amity hath fastned: so I have often received from my Brothers pen the account of your happy and healthfull condition both in body and mind; and believe it, Sir, you have not a friend hath outgladded me for your well-being, nor outwish'd me for the continuance. Instead of a better token I have sent you a dull translation out of the *French* Tongue, I gain'd in those empty spaces of time which were left by those that command me at my own disposall, if affection can help you to over-see the blemishes, and teach you to excuse what your judgement should condemne, perhaps it may help you to feather a few tedious houres, when the fish have no appetite. I still repine at my ill fortune, that would not let me enjoy you while I was in the Country: For Sir, though I ever chiefly lov'd you for your own sake, yet I blush not to confesse that I mingled my interest in what relates to your society, which was ever so fruitfull of delight and complacency, as it might excuse the greatest longer. Well Sir, that nothing may have power to discompose, to storme or cloud the serenity of your dayes, your quiet contentment; that you may enjoy a constant Spring of happinesse in this Winter of your Age, and want nothing but Want it self, shall never

never be left out of the Prayers and wiſhes of,

Dear Uncle,

Yours, &c. R. L.

LETTER XIV.

To his Aunt.

Dear Aunt,

IT requires ſo much unworthineſſe to make me forget your obliging favours, that while the ſin looks ſo ugly I ſhall alwayes loath it: Though like Tenants that enjoy rich Leaſes from a Maſters bounty, the value of my acknowledgment does not exceed their yearly Pepper-corns. Such a trivial payment as that I have ſent you by this bearer, and do humbly deprecate the crime of my ſloth, that it kiſt your hands no ſooner. It is the wilde fruit of ſuch hours as I ſet aſide to my own delight, and never intended it ſhould be duſtaſted by any other Palate than mine own; but the importunity of ſome judicious friends revers'd that reſolution, and crouded it upon the Theatre of the world, where it is like to act its part ſo poorly, as I have more reaſon to fear a hiſs then hope a clap. But could you lend your candour to all my Readers, at leaſt the errours would be but ſmil'd at, and I ſhould have no worſe cenſure than young learners to write may expect; who

who at first are not much blam'd though the make their letters crooked. Well, dear Aun pardon this, call it what you please, to him th thought it fitter to send you the errors, the keep back the acknowledgment of

Your most affectionate Nephew, and mo humble Servant, R. L.

LETTER XV.

To my Brother, A. L.

Loving Brother,

YOurs arriv'd at my hands, and was welcom, because it put some doubts to flight that you had farwell'd *Barningham*. I am glad of my High-*Suffolk* friends welfare, and joy'd at their kindnesse that was so busie with my remembrance; for which I must yet content my self here to give the tacite exchange of an affection as sterling as theirs. My Lords longer residence than I distrusted at his Father in Lawes hath yet kept us asunder, that house being stuff'd too full already to entertaine any more; but he is now upon his departure thence, and I upon the brink of setling with him: when I know my own condition, I must not suffer you to be ignorant of it. I have much cause to thank you for the inclosed lines; and as much

to

o admire the unconſtrained purity of Mr. *B*'s eine, that has made *Ovids* tears to runne here in ſo ſmooth a channel; he is likely to redeem him from the unskilful injuries of other Tranſlators that abuſed his ſorrow with ſuch a blubbered Paraphraſe. 'Tis ſaid Tranſlations (like liquors poured from one veſſel into another) loſe ſome of their vital ſpirits, and are rendered dead and flat to the guſt of Underſtanding. I ſhall not flatter to ſay this has confuted the inſtance, and made *Naſo* complain as movingly as handſomly, in *Engliſh* as he did in his *Latine* Language. But I ought to beg his pardon for the diſparagement of my weak praiſes, and yours for my tediouſneſs, which at this time ſhall ſin no further; and I hope I ſhall not ſtand in need of words to perſwade you that I am

Your inviolably affectionate Brother to command, R. L.

LET-

LETTER XVI.

To his brother Mr. A. L.

Loving Brother,

I Have but a ſhare in my own condition till you have it wholly in account; there being ſo much of my ſelf reſident with you, that the part of it which is here goes but halves with you in every action of weight or moment. I am now at *Nottingham* perfectly ſetled with my Lord C. My imployment is ſomething too great for an unſeaſoned ſervant, and would diſcourage a new beginner, if I did not ſupply the defects of my experience with an active pliant reſolution. I attend him in his chamber, and uſher his Lady, write his Letters, and whatever elſe that unbeſeems not his command or my obedience. My wages are little enough to make preſent ſubſiſtance circumſcribe my gains: but I think I have already a greater allowance of his love then his money; however I ſhall make the leaſt ſerve to keep me afloat without the aſſiſtance of my own bladders. And now ſince the careleſs hand of Fortune has ranged me with ſtrangers that I have not yet begun to read over, I can value it at no lower rate than my beſt recreation to give you the exact ſtory of my actions and imployment by piece-meal, as I tear it from my outworn time; which jewel I have uſed too long

like

like *Æſops* Cock, and am reſolved to ſet an higher value on an hour then formerly on a day. Thus having raiſed the price of my minutes, I begin ſharply to cenſure the ſlight of your proffered aid in the knowledge of Simples, for I think I ſhall bend my ſtudies that way. I have beſtowed ſome of my latter houres on the *French* Tongue, which I have already half gained, and fear not to bring my attempts to a ſudden perfection, it being familiarly ſpoken by the beſt ſort of this family. That gained, the *Italian* will be but a ſhort ſtride for my intended induſtry, and both will be ſerviceable (if I meet an occaſion) for my intended travel.

Thus you ſee by this time tis even an inconvenience to be beloved by me, ſince the ardor of that affection makes you liable to the tedious torment of my impertinent Pen: and yet I think if my paper were longer I ſhould not ſo ſoon ſhorten your trouble, and I am far from mending my fault; that you are like (notwithſtanding my remote removall) to be ſtill haunted with theſe frequent vexations. You cannot oblige me more then to be punctual in reſcription, which will never fail to bring a welcome delight to

Your really affectionate Brother
to command, R. L.

LET-

LETTER XVII.

To his Brother Mr. W.

Sir,

IT is none of my worſt Reaſons why I am glad of my return to *London*, that Letters may walk between me and my friends with leſs hazard; and it is one of my beſt, that thereby I may contract amity with your deſerving ſelf: which if you think fit to give me under your hand, I ſhall be careful to bid it welcome, and return ſuch a cordial exchange, as may teach us the way to know, before we ſee one another, and make acquaintance precede interview. Be intreated that your reply may tell me how my Siſter does, how her great belly becomes her, and when ſhe is like to encreaſe the number of young ſinners. I dare not promiſe, but if it be poſſible, I will come time enough to taſte of the Goſſips Cup, if we do not make too ſudden a retreat into the Country. You will oblige me, to ſpeak my ſervice to my Couſin *W.* of *Laurenſet*, my Couſin *H.* with the reſt that know me. Pray tell my Couſin *R. alias* my Sweet-heart, that I am ſtill her ſervant. And believe it Sir, I can never quit my deſires to appear

Your faithful Servant and Brother in Law, R. L.

LET-

LETTER XVIII.

To his brother Mr. A. L.

Loving Brother,

WHat you almoſt called my neglect, I have now repair'd, and (like ſome over-provident Cautioniſts, who finding their bodies prone to one diſeaſe, do ſometimes Antidote themſelves into a contrary malady) inſtead of appeaſing, if I have not cloy'd your appetite, good enough. If I were ſure none of mine periſhed by the way, it were ſeaſonable to return you your own words, and tell you this is the third ſent ſince any received: But letters are travellers, and do often dye in a voyage. I could almoſt conſent to reſign my being for a moneth, that I might be with you but a week, to ſhew you what kind of Oare it is I tug at; with ſome other apprehenſions that I could be content to eaſe my mind of. Man is oft beholding to his ſufferings for the calling in of ſuch vertues as otherwiſe perhaps would never be of his acquaintance; and indeed we ſhould not mutiny againſt thoſe pains that ſend us a ſeeking for ſuch excellent remedies. Affliction is like a deep Mine that will afford pure Gold if we dig for it; and calamity (well handled) does poliſh with rugged uſage, and even pinch the ſoul into perfection. By that time the Spring will have

done ſtrowing her flowers, I ſhall be able to tell you whether my hopes of a cure do fade or flouriſh: But however Providence deals with me, I hope this trivial world hath not charm enough to give me a repining by the hand of deſpair to enjoy them longer; all my fear is that my errant Condition will not ſuffer me to ſit ſtill long enough to let my Phyſick ſettle. I intend to cloſe this Springs courſe with opening an Iſſue in my arme on the contrary ſide by way of revulſion. Did but my health ſmile upon my deſigns, you ſhould ſoon view my imployment in a fairer Character: Till then my Soul muſt write with a bad pen upon blotted paper, and you know how ill Tools will ſhame the Artificer. When I reflect upon my weak hopes of recovery, I am ſometimes ready to deride my own endeavours, and oft urg'd to manumit induſtry, and entertain ſupinity, till victorious Reaſon ſees the ſlaves their task again. And indeed Deſert is never ſo much her ſelf as when ſhe ſhuts her eyes upon the reward, and thinks it recompence enough to be her ſelf. I think we may go ſafely ſo far as to call that a mercenary Piety, that is meerly and abſtractedly ſo, becauſe Heaven is got by the bargaine. Tis true, I know Morality has not enough to pay that purchaſe; but ſure (if well applied) it goes a great way in the account. But whither am I wander'd? if my ſtaggering diſcourſe does not

not well keep the path, conceive that the feet muſt ſometimes tread irregular ſteps that are directed by an infirm head. If I preſum'd leſſe upon you, I would have ſent you my thoughts rank'd in a better method. Theſe enclоſed you can beſt direct where they are intended: I pray do my due reſpects to thoſe you think my friends; and to your ſelf and intereſt believe it I am as zealouſly devoted as you can wiſh.

Your perfectly affectionate Brother to command, R. L.

LETTER XIX.

To his Brother, A. L.

Dear Brother,

GIve me leave to begin my Letter with what I ſhall never make an end of, ſo long as I can hold a Pen in my hand, or a Heart in my breaſt: I mean my thanks for thoſe bewitching proofs of an entire Love, which you lately made me receive with ſuch a beauteous variety both of expreſſion and performance. All I am able to ſay to it, is, that I am paſſionately reſtrons you would apprehend me as I am, and then you would never check your heart for being too lavish of affection. I had no ſooner rent

my self from you (for I found it requir'd some violence to re-inforce my resolution to part) but I far'd like one newly wak'd from a delightful dream, and found himself despoil'd of all the joyes which he borrow'd from the flattery of fancy. This made Melancholy my Companion to *London*, in spite of all the facetious rousings of my merry Major. On *Friday* night we lay at *Woodford*, and reach'd home on *Saturday* morning, where (before I would put my neck into the coller again) we dip'd some choice healths, but especially yours, in the best *Laurentian* Liquor; and so I took my leave of him and Sack. Well, I am now return'd again to my Oar; and though I row against Wind and Tide of preferment, yet it pleases me that my employment raises no stormes in my Conscience: I pray God I may keep it calme till Heaven thinks fit to set me ashore in the safest Harbour. I cannot want such thoughts as these so long as I carry my remembrancer about me of what I must be, my malady; which I confess I should bear with less anxiety, did I not fear it will knock me o'th head before I die, (you know my meaning,) and make me survive my self. But Gods will be done. If the Doctor has consider'd of any thing he deems fit to commend to my observation, I shall gladly receive it; I shall strive in my next to render him, if it be possible, a more perfect account of his Sons goods. I dare not

not ſatisfie your deſires concerning the grand affaires, nor indeed can I juſtly; there is ſo much fallacy in Fame, that Reports are born and ſtifled the ſame hour, &c. I was in good hopes we ſhould have gone for *Nottingham*; but I think the old woman is about a little buſineſſe that will quite ſpoil that deſign, I mean, dying. Well, my dear Brother, no more but this, you ſhall be happy in all that your wiſhes can dictate, if the prayers may prevail of

Your ever affectionate Brother to command, R. L.

LETTER XX.

To Mr. H.

Sir,

I Have yours, wherein you have proved your ſelfe a double deſerver: firſt, in ſhewing friendly kindneſſe in doing courteſies, and then a rare modeſty in diſclaiming their acknowledgment: a diſpoſition ſeldom known in ſuch an age as this, that can content it ſelfe rather to merit thanks than receive them. But you muſt be leſs complemental to be believed unskilful at complement; and though my weakneſs that way make me quit the liſts to you, yet I ſtrive to over-match you as much in right down reality.

This contemptible Town can brag of no commodity, but is chiefly barren of Intelligence, as if Fame thought it not worthy of a report till it grows ſtale with the reſt of the Kingdom; and ſo we are ſerved like the loweſt rank of mortals with naught but her fragments, &c.

I have ſomething unwillingly obeyed your commands in encloſing this Epiſtle, it being the firſt I ever enterpriſed in this kind; which makes me adviſe you to diſtruſt it as well as my ſelfe, and not think it a fit forehead for your Book, till a more artificial hand has fill'd up its native wrinkles, and it has paſt the Correction and teſt of ſome ſterling judgement, ſuch an one as Mr. *W.* would reward the pains of an earneſt intreaty.

Yours R. L.

LETTER XXI.

To Doctor B.

Dear Doctor,

I Perceive by yours that I have a juſt quarrel to the Carriers careleſneſs, who (like an unskilfull Archer) ſhot my Letter beyond the mark, and made it ſtay his leiſure to bring it back again; and indeed the reception you have given it is like the entertainment of a friend, whoſe

whoſe long abſence has help'd to indear the meeting, and deck the welcom; I am onely ſorry it had no better Title to what you have given it, which is a Character that I can own with as little juſtice as I had either merit or confidence to aske it. But Sir, if theſe be not onely breathings of ingenuity, and rather ſallies of your fancy then opinion, tis fit they ſhould awake my endeavours to be what your friendly apprehenſion has faſhion'd me; which your amity has done, not without ſome diſadvantage to your judgement. But though I fall ſhort in every other proportion you gueſſe me at, in affection, with all the requiſites of a true friend, you ſhall ever find me good meaſure, &c. Be as happy as I wiſh my ſelf, and believe me ever, deare Doctor, perfectly and entirely

Yours, R. L.

LETTER XXII.

To his Brother Mr. A. L.

Loving Brother,

OPportunities have here but ſlender foretops; I uſe them therefore here as paſſengers that waite for a wind, and unfurle my paper-ſayles, when their gale is moſt promiſing: Thus though my affection does not ſympathize with

the aires inclemencies, and payes neither fainting tribute to the frying Dog-ſtarre, nor ſhuddering to the Northern Bear; yet it is now forc'd to make a leg to Fortune for theſe occaſions, and let fall its words as the Plow-man does his ſeed, not at his own choice, but when the ſeaſon invites.

My laſt two Letters vext you with the tedious deſcription of my malady; and this has charge to tell you, that I hope I ſhall give you no more ſuch penances; The cure of it being now undertaken by a man in this Countrey, whoſe fortunate skill has triumph'd over ſtrange Diſeaſes; which has got him the acclamations of his patients, and the envy of his own tribe. His ſtory is this; he was born well (being the great Dr. *B's* Nephew, moſt of whoſe receipts he has;) but bred meanly, firſt bound Prentice to a Shoomaker in *Nottingham* from whom he ran away moſt ingeniouſly, and return'd ſome years after a profeſt Phyſitian: how far he fetcht his Art, or whether moſt beholding for it to books or men, I know not, (and in it himſelf is reſolutely ſilent;) but almoſt miraculous ſucceſs in the Calling made him quickly known and famous. Preſently after theſe ſad times burſt forth, in which it was his fortune to ſide with the weaker party. There are many (not unhandſome) ſtories told of his behaviour while the ſword was unſheath'd; among the reſt this,

which

which I had from his own mouth: He having command in a Gatriſon near, did often give ſome ungentle viſits to his Townſmen at *Nottingham*, and was for almoſt a year (though a Phyſitian) their continual Ague; at length in a skirmiſh neer *Derby* it was his fortune to be made Priſoner, and thence was ſtraightly guarded towards *Nottingham*, where they intended to give him no worſe reward than a hanging for his former courteſies. By the way he invites his Conductors (being ſixteen Troopers) to a Crowns-worth of Ale, which he privately ſeaſoned with ſuch a ſoveraign ingredient, that it ſuddenly caſt them all in a profound ſleep, which done, he at pleaſure rifles their pockets, and takes from them about 200. *l.* two Caſe of Piſtols, and two of their beſt Horſes, payes the reckoning, leaves them 13. *d. ob.* and returnes merrily to his own Garriſon. Since the war his fame is grown much louder, and his ſteps where ere he goes waited on by multitudes. I cannot hear that he undertakes any in whoſe cure he fails; he refuſes to look on Urines, and onely obſerves the Wriſt when the right hand is griped, never failing to diſcover the nature, cauſe and ſeat of the malady, which he undertakes or rejects, as he finds it either feaſable or deſperate. I am now his Patient; and though I yet can brag of little amendment by what I have taken, yet his confidence bids me hope well: he has let

me

me blood under the Tongue, and cut a vein i my ear asunder; and I am now taking of Powders, Electuaries and Purges. The charge I find will be very great, but I am resolv'd to buy of this plague at any rate, though I pinch for it all my life after.

I lately received a Letter from my dear Mr. *W.* then at *Antwerp*, which because it gives a hopeful dawning of some transmarine employment, I have sent you the Copy of it, and (to silence other likelihoods) I suppose this Winter will determinate my stay in this Family, but before that time I doubt not to exchange many such as these with you. In the meane time be sure you believe that my heart loves you, for it is truth it self, and it shall clearly appear if ever Providence smiles upon

Your entirely affectionate Brother to command for ever, R. L.

My dear Friend,

All the good of heaven & earth attend you; you will easily believe my affection, if you remember my industry to have enjoyed you before I left the Kingdom: and truly I call it my great unhappiness that I could not meet an opportunity till now to tell you I must be yours for ever. Had I known how to have sent, I had done it sooner; but your Letter which directed me to you

was

was in my Trunk at *London*, and I receiv'd it but a few days ſince, Well then, take me as much yours as you can deſire, and aſſure your ſelfe I ſtudy your good next my own, and if God bleſſe me in the World, I ſhall quickly make it evident. In the mean, know I am order'd for *France*, where I have good aſſurance of ſome ſuitable employment; when I come there you ſhall know it, and ſomewhat more of me than this haſty meſſenger will permit at preſent. Pray therefore write to Mr. *K.* that he will receive and pay for my Letters that come to you by the *French* Poſt. I cannot deſire to hear from you where I am, becauſe my ſtay in theſe parts are uncertain: Though I muſt tell you truly, I was never better pleas'd with any place in my life, yet you are wanting to make me happy. I am ſuffer'd to ſay no more, onely what I dayly ſay to my ſelf; Live piouſly and vertuouſly, and all that's good muſt needs betide you: then be to me as I am, dear friend,

Your own entirely, R. W.

POSTSCRIPT.

Brother,

To another this might argue me of levity to ſend you things of ſuch cheape moment, and ſo much unconcerning your ſelf; but there is ſo little complement in him, and ſo much

much love in you, that as I know the one cannot diſſemble, ſo the other cannot but bid that welcome that may ſuite with his intereſt that ſo truly loves: But bating you two, I am reſerv'd to all the world beſide. I ſtay my writing to my Siſter *F.* till I can know whether ſhe ſhall have the place or not. I fear the worſt. Farewell.

LETTER XXIII.

To his Brother Mr. F. W.

Sir,

I Receiv'd and reſented your kind invitation, for which you will do me but right to fancy me truly thankful. I ſhall take it kindly of my occaſions when they will give me leave to obey your ſummons; and will bring a heart along with me that will onely think it ſelfe unhappy that it muſt begin ſo late to know you. I ſhould injure my parcel of Reaſon to give a faint applauſe to my Siſters choice, ſince ſounder judgments have ſpoke it happy, and your own hand confirm'd it ſo. I do not dote upon my own weakneſſe ſo much as to think my opinion would have quit the coſt of asking; onely I could have wiſh'd my preſence had inabled me to vote with the reſt, though it had been onely to ſhew I am not backward in the approbation

on of deſert. My requeſt is but reaſonable, that you will ſuffer me to know you better, and even at this diſtance to improve our acquaintance. 'Tis but an eaſie task for your Pen, and will engage mine to be reſponſal. I am afraid you have taken my Character from my Friends to my diſadvantage; I know they would ſpeak no ill, and therefore am jealous have done it too well for me to make good. Pray preſent me moſt affectionately to your Bed-fellow, and tell her I am glad to hear that her want of health is onely like to make work for the Midwife. My ſervice to that Couſin of mine to whoſe fair report I am ſo much oblig'd, and to the reſt that know me; and for your ſelf, you may ſafely believe that I am truly deſirous to appear,

Sir, *Really yours both in Love and Service,* R. L.

LETTER XXIV.

To Mr. C. S.

Sir,

IF my expectations of kiſſing your hands my ſelf had not been deluded, my Pen had rendered you what I know of the Perſon yours is dire-

directed to; of whom all the account I can give you may read in this enclosed Paper; which after you have perused, I intreat you will seal up, and deliver to Mr. *H.* to be sent back in one of his: you will perceive by it that I must receive another before I can obey your commands in directing and dispatching yours, which I expect daily. Sir, I thought it my engagement to kiss your hands with these blots, to undeceive your expectations, lest you should think long for an answer of what cannot yet be sent. I hope you will easily believe me sorry that I can serve you no better, not sooner in this; and may be confident that I shall be glad of any power that may prove me, what I really am,

Sir, *Your most humble and most faithful Servant*, R. L.

LETTER XXV.

To Mr. H.

KNowing how highly I value your Society, you cannot chuse but think me much displeased with those casual impediments that kept us so long asunder; but repining never made Fortune less peevish: but since you are there, give me leave to husband the incommodity of

your

your abſence, by intreating ſuch courteſies, as, could we change places, I ſhould with much alacrity perform for your ſelf. My firſt requeſt then is, that if you latch any news that may prove a Cordial to our dying hopes, you will not grudge to ſend it me, as a friendly aid that may help to put ſome ſad thoughts to flight. My next is the proſecution of a former deſire, that you would enquire of *M.* or any other Bookſeller that is likely to inform you, if there be any new *French* Book of an indifferent volume that is worth the Tranſlating, and not enterpriſed by any other; if there be, let me deſire you would ſend it me down, with *Cotgraves* Dictionary of the laſt Edition: and for what you diſburſe, I ſhall appoint you where you ſhall receive it at *London*, with ſome quantity beſides, which I ſhall deſire you to ſend me. You may well think me unable for ſuch an undertaking; but my worſt ſucceſs will beſtow a treble benefit, becauſe I ſhall make it ſerve to beguile Melancholy, check Idleneſs, and better my knowledge in the Language: for the book, I am indifferent whether it be Romance, Eſſay, Treatie, Hiſtory or Divinity, ſo it be worth the rendring in our Language. You may either ſend them by *G. F.* who lyes at —— and comes neareſt to *Haughton*, or by *B.* that comes to *Nottingham*, and lyes at the *&c.* —— or by your own *Lincoln-ſhire* Carrier. Let me beg to hear from

from you by your next most pregnant opportunity, and I shall be industrious to let you see you have not sowen these favors in a barren soil by conferring them upon one that will ever be studious to love and serve you,

R. L.

LETTER XXVI.

To his Brother Mr. A. L.

Dear Brother,

I Cannot step so far out of the way, as not to find out a path to you; distance having onely power to render me remote to my friend in my circumscriptive part, while the unconfined, without toyling with the method of motion, or passing through a succession of places, can be with you in a moment: and indeed we carry that about us that confutes the custom of painting Angels with wings, when we consider how suddenly our thoughts are charriotted (without the penetration of a *Medium*) to the furthest parts of the world, by the help of that faculty which doubtless is near akin to their Angelical natures; since though a wing be the nimblest instrument of motion, yet it confesses an order of it, which those Divine Intelligences are ne-

ver

ver task'd to. But why theſe Metaphyſicks in a Letter? will be your ſecret objection; to which I have not room enough to give any other anſwer, then that I had rather ſay nothing to purpoſe then nothing at all. We are now in a Town where moſt of the people get their bread by their water, I mean the *Bath*; and thoſe that never knew how to govern themſelves, are yet Guides to others: of a City tis doubtleſs the prettieſt of *England* in a double conſtruction, as it is little, and handſome. I have been ſomething curious to inform my ſelf of its original; but the beſt account I could get does afford but poor ſatisfaction: the ſobereſt have onely told me my own conjectures, that the irruption of theſe hot Springs, which certainly borrow their warmth in their paſſage through a ſulphurous Mineral, was the cauſe of building this City; but in the conveyance of particulars to poſterity, as the time, Founders, with other circumſtances, Tradition has been very unfaithful, in ſuffering the truth to be ſwallowed by a fable, which goes very currant among the common people, and talks of a King called *Bladud*, that being a great Necromancer (I know not for what reaſon) cauſed by the power of his Art theſe waters to be boil'd under ground into ſuch an immenſe quantity, as hath ſerved to parboil all thoſe that have ſince reſorted hither to waſh off their Diſeaſes. I have had but little

time to try the virtue of it, being forc'd to wait upon my Lords humour of peruſing all the Towns and Houſes of remark round about it; yet I have been already in it five times, and found ſo little virtue in thoſe ſteepings, as though I have us'd the hot Pump, according to Dr. *B's.* preſcriptions, for my head, yet I find it has rather done me harm than good, and half diſcouraged my further tryal. I find my ſelf daily more ſubject to your Splenitive malady, which ſince I us'd the Bath has made it ſelf known to me with more than an uſual vigour: Beſides, I think I have gotten the Stone to boot. If all theſe produce but the fruits of a Divine Correction, I may think my ſelf happy in my ſufferings. In my peruſal of the Cathedral here (a ſtructure that is rather handſom than magnificent, and claims as little admiration as contempt) I met with an old Inſcription upon the wall, which at firſt ſtartled me; the words were theſe,

The Trees going to chuſe their King,
Said be to us thou Oliver *King.*

But upon inquiry I learned from a perſon that had read the ancient Records, this Inſcription was made in honour of one *Oliver King*, Abbot of a Monaſtery, that laid the foundation of this Minſter; the *Rebus* is alluſive to a paſſage in *Judges*, where the Trees convented to chuſe them a King, and pitch'd firſt upon the Olive, though

though at laſt the Bramble carried it. So this pitiful piece of wit was ſet up as a grateful memorial of that Abbot's piety.

We are going from hence into *Devon-ſhire*, and thence into *Cornwall*, and are like to make it *Michaelmas* before we reviſit *London*. But wherever I go I will never go from my reſolution of being, dear Brother,

Your really affectionate Brother to command, R. L.

LETTER XXVII.

To his Siſter F.

Concerning Prayer.

Dear Siſter,

I Remember your frequent ſollicites gained a promiſe from me to compoſe you a prayer; for which though the ſenſe of my own inſufficiency might juſtly dig a grave in oblivion, yet I have rather choſe to deſerve a cenſure for the bad performance, than the total forfeiture. Prayer is the Golden Chaine that tyes Heaven and Earth together; it is the pure Elemental flame whoſe property is to aſcend upwards, with which the ſoul, like the Phœnix, ſets her neſt afire, and even expires in the midſt of all thoſe kindled odours; it is a key that opens Heavens gates, and

locks Hells. It is an Engine, that if rightly planted and level'd, breaks a passage through all earthly opposition to the Throne of mercy. It is the chief weapon us'd in our spiritual warfare; nor do we stand to't so stifly in any combate with our common enemy, as when humble Devotion and tender Zeal makes us shorter by the whole length of the legs. Thus we ascend by stooping; thus we conquer by submission. 'Tis the best Physick for a sickly soul, and penitent tears a soveraign Diet-drink for a diseas'd Conscience. But you alwayes lov'd it too well to need an encouragement from my weak description; yet because I know you are not apt to take any advice ill that flows from so true an affection as mine, I will venture to give you these few short observations before you enter upon this duty: Allow your self some time to consider the importance of this weighty affair, and try to flye as high in apprehension of the Divine Wisdom, Power, Majesty, Mercy, &c. as the weak wings of your Contemplation will suffer you; these thoughts will furnish you with such awe and reverence as is requisite in such addresses, and help you to shut out all vain and idle imaginations that especially at those times flock to the disturbance of Devotion. Covet not to stay long upon the duty till Devotion faints, and your fervour cools: I am confident tis a more heinous sin than the mistaken

world

world is aware of, to bring a cold careleſs heart to theſe duties; and as I muſt condemn thoſe that dare approach the Divinity with ſuch confuſed ſtuff as their proud ignorance huddles up in extemporal haſte, ſo I do not commend them that onely tye their Tongues to one prayer, and think that no words can find the way to Heaven but thoſe they got by heart in their childhood. Variety is the mother of delight; and why the ſoul may not fancy a bleſſed pleaſure in often appearing to her God in the change of devout raiment, I know not: Cuſtomary uſe changes even the moſt troubleſome imployment into delight. Oh could we bring Divine affairs to that happy habit, how much of Heaven ſhould we taſte even on Earth!

R. L.

LETTER XXVIII.

To his Brother Mr. A. L.

Dear Brother,

WHen my thoughts tell me that ſucceſs does not alwayes ſuit with a rational expectation, and future events often falſifie the promiſes of a preſent appearance, I am forc'd to feed ſuch uncertainties (in reference to your

malady) as usually flow from the doubtful combate betwixt Hope and Fear, wherein Love discharges both the active and passive part. From this you may judge how glad I would be that the news of your perfect recovery would make peace between them; which pray, as you value my quiet, keep no longer from my knowledge. There is a tenderness that waits upon unvarnish'd amity, which perhaps of some Stoical souls will get no other Title then imperfection: and yet methinks here we cannot love wel without it; for though it be not a part, at least it is a fruit of friendship, and as requisite as softness and delicacy in a Feminine Composure: For if I must go with my friends half in all his joyes and griefs, I cannot give better proof that I have my stake in the later, than by such an Evidence. Give me leave then to tell you, that at present you cannot do me a greater Courtesie, (if health hath impowered you) than to cure me of those troubles that are the off-spring of yours. When I found my Lords danger so hopefully over-blown, I wish'd my self again at *Holt*, and half fell out with my Condition, that at the same time called me several wayes by the name of Servant and Brother. Yet I did not carry away all my self at our parting; for, believe it, my better part has hover'd constantly about you, and you had the unseen assistance of my earnest addresses to the best Physician.

But

But tis more then time to conſider I am tedious; let me once more conjure you to give no advantage to your Diſeaſe by any inward diſturbance; and continue to love him who will live and dye, dear Brother, unchangeably

Yours to ſerve you, R. L.

POSTSCRIPT.

I ſhall be in London *about three weeks hence. Preſent me tenderly to my Siſters* F. *and* J. *and tell my Siſter* J. *that I have conferr'd with Phyſicians about her Scurvey, and they all conclude that there is nothing ſo ſoviraign for it as* Aqua Limacum, *of which ſhe may have the receipt in the new* London Diſpenſatory. *Farewell, I pray let me hear ſuddenly from you.*

LETTER XXIX.

To Mr. W.

Sir,

THe doubt that my firſt Letter might miſs the way to your hands has made me venture to ſend you this ſecond trouble, conceiving it a leſs ſin to be too obſequious then neglectful: and indeed your kindneſs would win the name

of Charity in vouchsafing a mutuall correspondence; for though I be very civilly us'd from the very top to the toe of this whole Family, yet in this throng I am forc'd to find out solitude; none here being made of a better clay than will render them fit vessels for household-affaires; and I confesse I would be glad to overtake other qualities in him I fasten on with a stronger tye than the ordinary slipping knots of faint acquaintance. This makes me oft put my self to the pain of thinking how much happinesse I lost at a clap by being pluck'd from your society, and these thoughts leave me a kind of a Carkasse till my soul comes home again, which (if it were visible) you might often see busily hovering about your self, still panting after those delights which, alas! she has lost in her divorce from you; but it is in your power to restore me part of them. I will venture no newes, lest I weary you with the relation of what you know. I must onely say, this stupendious victory of late has much lessened my infidelity concerning your judicious opinion of future events; and there wants but the unmasqueing of your Parties resolutions to make me their perfect convert. I am most resolutely bent to follow your discreet advice in the Study of Physick, and therefore desire you will please to know of Dr. *R.* what bookes are fittest to begin withall, for I am desirous to observe as much

method

method as I can; the exact account of which I beg you will pleaſe to receive at my hands, and I hope you will not withhold the continuance of your friendly counſell from him that truly loves and honours you

R. L.

LETTER XXX.

To his Brother Mr. A. L.

Loving Brother,

I Am never unfurniſh'd of a double welcome for your Letters; the firſt, as they come from your perſon, the other from your Pen; as they are cordially meant, and ſkilfully writ: and thus both my love and liking are your Priſoners, and have long ſince rejected the liberty of being otherwiſe, as the harder bondage of the two. That which we call happineſſe (I meane reſtrain'd to ſublunaries) is ſomething proportioned to ſuch deſires as are uppermoſt, and therefore indefinite, becauſe it alwayes takes a ſeverall ſhape from every ſingle inclination; all aiming at, though few or none hitting, that ſoveraigne good, Contentment. One hunts his happineſſe in riches, another climbes for it by ambition, a third thinks it ſwims upon the top of voluptuary fruition, the fourth places it in knowledge;

ledge; and in fine, ſo long as mankind dwel's on this ſide of the Moon, every one carries his witch about him. For my part, a true friend is my *Indies*; and I reliſh more felicity in being well thought of by a vertuous perſon, than in enjoying all that the others court with ſo much eagerneſſe and ardour: And I hugge this diſpoſition with more indulgence, beeauſe paſſions of this nature are ever friends with Reaſon, and give no bluſh in their Colours. And thus I have given you my heart tranſcrib'd. It poſes me to expreſſe my gladneſſe for the faire hopes of my Siſter *F's.* recovery; but the height of it might have been taken in my feares of meeting ill newes, which made me ſo much a Coward as I could hardly forbeare ſhaking when I opened your Letter: I pray ſpeak me to her in the beſt Language of affection, and tell her I hardly endured the cruelty of my occaſions, that would not let me ſee her in her danger. This Problematicall feaver has ſwept many of my acquaintance away in theſe parts: Death never gave ſhorter warning of his approach; therefore we had need ſtand upon a careſull guard of preparation, that when he arreſts he may not ſurpriſe. I pray preſent me very affectionately to my Siſter *F.* I ſhall take occaſion next week to write to both. Report ſpeakes the fractures in *France* to be cemented again, and the *Condean* party well ſatisfied by the Cardinalls retreat

out

out of the *French* Confines; and tis ſaid they are upon a Treaty with *Spain*. But the *Hogens* I confeſs are anger'd into more animoſity againſt us then ever I thought they would have been guilty of: They have lately impriſoned their laſt Ambaſſador, *Mijn Heer* PAW, ſeiz'd his goods, and pull'd down his houſe at the *Hague*, for promulging his inclinations to peace, and exceeding his Commiſſion by charging *Van Trump* not to ſtrike a blow till he received further order; by which means our *East-Indian* Ships and *Virginian* Fleet ſcaped his fingers. I have ſent you their Declaration incloſed, which came out but yeſterday, and is ſold very privately. My malady continues ſtill in the ſame condition; ſo ſoon as I take off the Plaiſter it rankles again. I pray aske my Siſter *F.* if my Aunt *H.* does not take it unkindly that I ſent her not a book; and where my Couſin *A. L.* now reſides, and whether her Father-in-Law and ſhe be accorded. But I roll like an unruly Floud over all banks and bounds: Dear Brother,

Eternally yours, R. L.

LET-

LETTER XXXI.

To Mr. W.

Sir,

I Cannot grant my ſelf leave to go out of this Country, without leaving a hearty Farewell with you; for ſhould I go away ſpeechleſs, it would ſhew your miſtake in miſplacing your courteſies, and my unworthineſs to keep back their acknowledgment: I beſeech you Sir, then underſtand me truly ſenſible of them, and believe me deſirous to obey ſome command from you that may ſpeak me ſo. We ſet forward towards *London* on Munday next; what the journey ſignifies, how to be contriv'd, whether we ſhall fix there, or (like *Noah's* Dove) find no ſafe footing till we return again to *Haughton*, or *Nottingham* Ark, I cannot ſay, for I think they that fill my ſails with the breath of their commands are yet unreſolved: But I know my Lady loves the place ſo well, that it will take her more time to be weary of it than we are all aware of. Well, if you can inſtruct me how to ſerve you there, do it; and be confident that neither an unwilling heart, nor a tardy hand, ſhall diſprove my words, that muſt ever call my ſelf,

Sir, *Your true friend and faithful ſervant*, R. L.

POST-

POSTSCRIPT.

I pray diſtribute my love and ſervice where you think they are due to thoſe that know Mrs. R. Mr. G. &c.

LETTER XXXII.

To his Brother, Mr. A. L.

Dear Brother,

JUſtice enjoyns my confeſſion that you have made me amends for your ſilence, and paid me my Arrears in groſs which I expected in particulars; for though your Letters cannot come often enough to leſſen their welcome, yet you know rarity heightens the price of things, and winds up the delight to a taller degree than when it goes and comes in a leſs ſtature at ſeveral parcels. Conclude not from this that I deſire you ſhould write but ſeldom; for believe it, I never had recreation nor buſineſs that out-priſed the pleaſant care I alwayes took to keep our Quills in play, and thus to prune the feathers, and ſtir the pinions of our amity. Let not the conceit of an Hectick get any credit with you; for tis the cuſtom of theſe Diſeaſes to lye long a gaſping before they dye,

dye, and like Candles new burnt out leave some heat in the socket: But I hope in a short time to see your fears over-blown by a perfect restauration; and now you will taste your health with such a relish as half-starv'd men to Feasts, or the hopeless inhabitant of a Dungeon his unexpected liberty. But (which deserves both my praise and imitation) I am much taken with the grateful use you have made of Heavens bounty in relation to your deliverance; for since the largest heart is too narrow to set a just valne upon such favours, sure those that devoutly endeavour to bid the best price are best excepted. There are many requisites in Christianity, whose constant use does sweetly set us the way to the New *Jerusalem*; but thanksgiving (when currantly pay'd) does even place us in the very suburbs of Heaven; by it we onely take out that lesson here, whose repetition will be both our business and happiness to all Eternity. Last night with yours I received those rude Draughts which you had from my unskilful hand; but (rude as they are) they are like to do me service in my present undertaking. Wise men tell us (Religion unconcern'd) tis weakness to repent those engagements which we cannot retract with a safe reputation: else I would tell you, that if my bargaine were now to make, my Letters should still have slept in your hands, and perhaps I should never have wak'd that danger

that

hat now threatens my credit with the ſtings of ſome juſt Criticiſmes, but the die is caſt (and what ever I loſe by it) I am reſolved to play out the game. I came juſt now from Sir *F. P.* who ask'd very kindly for you; he looks with a kind aſpect upon me; and if my hopes deceive me not in ſome Courteſies he has power to do me, I may chance to paſſe by all the great ones that know me, and direct my Dedication to him. But of this more when I know further. I hope it will prove no task to perſwade you that I ſhall be perfectly glad to ſee you here in *London*; and indeed, if your intereſt where you are be not more conſiderable then your pen confeſſes, I can think it no better than a block to your preferment. In the meane time, while I am here, if I have a capacity to ſerve you, you cannot diſoblige me more than to be ſparing of your Commands. I have not, nor never will have any thing that is not yours; nay, my ſelfe is not mine own if you have need of me; and though theſe words be not neceſſary to perſwade what you formerly believ'd, yet repetitions in Love are onely not abſurd. Major *W.* returnes you his moſt affectionate reſpects; we never meet (which is very often) without celebrating your remembrance and Health. When you write, which cannot be too often, direct your Letters for me at one Mr. *B.*'s Houſe living in *Shandois*-ſtreet in *Covent Garden*, (for there

there we now lodge) right over against the *Black-Rod.* Well, Dear Brother, tis time to come to a full point; I am

Eternally yours R. L.

LETTER XXXIII.

To his Sister Mrs. F.

My Dearest Sister.

TIs now too late to expresse the passion I felt for what I hope you have recover'd; onely this, if a large part of what you suffer'd had been put upon my score, I think I should have pick'd out delight in the affliction, because I indur'd it; for you will give me leave to be glad of your sufferings, not because they were so, but since Providence did ordaine them yours because they were no greater. My Brother told me that the Disease was not likely to handle you so rudely as it usually doth others; and I was willing to believe him because I wish'd it so. It is fit you should believe that I am not only contented to wish you happy, but would be glad I could make you so by something else beside words: But providence thinkes it fit that I should still be unable to serve the friends I love, and therefore defers my preferment, by prolong-

prolonging my unfortunate and coſtly malady. Well, the beſt of it is, I have ſeen too much of the world to dote upon it, and when I leave it nothing ſhall trouble me ſo much as that I could not ſerve my friends ſo well as I lov'd them; in which number you hold the foremoſt rank in his affections that is

Your really affectionate Brother to command, R. L.

LETTER XXXIV.

To his Brother, Maj. W.

Dear Brother,

THough to ſpeak my ſelf in your debt be not to pay the leaſt ſcruple, unleſs thanks go currant, yet I cannot but acknowledge the freſh expreſſions of your friendſhip, nor repeat my engagement to your laſt kind entertainment and conduct, without calling my Stars penurious in allowing me no other power of requital then a few cheap words: But, ſo, you may credit it, that if ever occaſion ſhews me how to ſhape it in better Characters, I ſhall not be loth to wipe out the ſcore. In the mean time, all I have to aske at your hands, is to conſtrue me right,

and believe my meaning quadrate to my words, and nothing but want of power denies my actions the same proportion. I burne to hear how my poor Brother does, which I desire to receive from your pen as exactly as possible. I have endeavoured to find a convenience for our literal exchange by *Lin*, but as yet cannot reach any that I dare trust to: therefore pray send your Letters by *London*, and direct them to my Shoomaker in *Holborn*. Present my entire love to my Sister, to honest Mr. *B. P. Don* &c. cordially; and believe it you shall incur no error to style me

Sir, *Your most affectionate Brother and Servant*, R. L.

LETTER XXXV.

To Mr. G.

Dear Sir,

THat I had not a line or two from your hand by Mr. *D.* I suppose was rather mischance then intention: that I eagerly expected it may be credited from my frequent importunities, from which I know not how you will defend your self, so long as I tenebrize it here in this blind corner; where I almost live like a flye

in winter, and onely play in the Sun ſhine when I communicate with ſuch friends as your ſelf. But he tells me a ſad ſtory of *F. W's* ſickneſſe; which, believe it, does affect me as feelingly as can be requir'd from an unbiaſs'd friendſhip. Let me conjure you to tell by the next how I may meaſure my unhappineſſe by his danger: I was ever entirely his from the cradle of our acquaintance; but his laſt condeſcention to fetch me to my Sick Brother makes my apprehenſion too big for my expreſſion. I pray do me the favour to receive all ſuch Letters as ſhall be directed to me through your hands; for he that did me the ſame courteſie I heare is lately dead of the new feaver. I ſhould bluſh to give you theſe troubles, if your Commiſſion had not emboldned me; but if I do not requite, I ſhall not forget to acknowledge. Preſent me heartily to honeſt *C. W.* Mr. *L.* and promiſe your ſelf a true friend in

R. L.

LETTER XXXVI.

To his Brother Mr. A. L.

Deare Brother,

I Need not tell you I am now in *Lincolneſhire*, for I ſuppoſe you will eaſily read it in my literall intermiſſion. Thus to be out of the way is to be remote; ſince now the motion of our Letters muſt be more then ſemicircular, and they travell as people do in *Wales*, round about the hill, becauſe they cannot croſſe it in Diameter. When I parted with the Major at *London*, I confeſſe I engaged to give you and him a meeting at *Holt*; But ſince our arrivall here it has pleas'd God to ſtrike my Lord and Lady, one with a fever, the other with a Tertian Ague, which in all probability wil reſolve into the New Diſeaſe; which extremely rages in theſe parts, and murders abundance of people: my Lord of *Lincolnes* onely Brother dyed of it laſt week. This inforces a ſuſpenſion of my purpoſe, and bids me content my ſelf to ſend you my imbraces at this diſtance.

In this ſame voyage to the Grave, which we call Life, our condition is ſo fraile and floating, as we are nought elſe but living lumps of incertainty and irreſolution; ſo eaſie it is for Fortune

(or

(or rather Providence) to unravel our ſtrongeſt-woven deſignes, and unhinge our moſt ſerious intentions; that like the withered leaves of Autumn, we are the game of every blaſt, and our health the prey of every ſickly vapour. But now Dear Brother how do you? have you yet ſcap't the fangs of this new-ſpawn'd malady? Pray tender your health very carefully: for my part, I ſhould deem my ſelf in great danger in this ſtanding pool of Aire where we live, if the hole in my arm were not my friend, in giving ſeverall Paſſeports of infection and contagious vapours, which ſo long as nature has power to thruſt out at that Sally-port, my danger is not great. I pray let me know if my ſiſter *F's*. health be yet perfected, and how the reſt of my friends hold out againſt the batteries of a putrified Climate. Preſent me, as is due, to all that know me; preſerve me in your Affections, Wiſhes and Prayers; and believe it, your happineſs ſhall be always mentioned in his addreſſes to heaven that is, Dear Brother,

Your own indelibly, R. L.

POSTSCRIPT.

Pray let me hear from you as ſoon as you can. Excuſe my blots, for I wrote it in haſte in my Ladies chamber, from whom I do not ſtir.

LETTER XXXVII.

To his brother, Mr. A. L.

Dear Brother,

YOu have subdued me so entirely, and tied the knot so strait that binds me to you, that there is as much impossibility to undo it, as ingratitude to cut it: so as, like the mistaken husband-man that tills an unfruitfull Soil, you must expect to receive a lean crop, not because the earth is unthankfull, but unable. After I had sent my last, I received one of your Letters that plaid the Truant by the way, with some pieces of the broken Glass, which appeared like the disjoyned staves of a wreckt Vessel thrown ashore by the Tide; the Pills came safe, which I since took at twice (loth to take proofs of so much kindnesse, as sinners do the gifts of heaven, not to use them, but abuse them.) You give me more hope then I dare accept, in reference to that check to all the delight I can either taste or fancie, bating some divine Idea's, that by a speculative transfiguring my desires lift me above all those inconsiderable toyes that the World ranges under the smiles and frowns of Fortune: but from thence, alas, the weight of my own weaknesse weighs me down again, and I return (like an inconvertible thief) to the same Prison from

from whence puniſhment ſo lately freed me. But we cannot be more then men, till we be ſtript of our clay, and put on ſomething in its ſtead that poſes our apprehenſions, and is beſt deſcribed by negatives.

I muſt make one among the admirers of your excellent Fancy, that could retain the impreſſion of a face that time might have wiped out without an almoſt juſt treſpaſs of memory: but you were born to theſe advantages, and do but methodically imbelliſh thoſe qualities in ſingle and ſingular performances that Nature gave you in lump and ſubſtance. The old woman my laſt mentioned is with much ado gotten over the threſhold of the other world, and has bequeathed her Corps to a *Nottingham*-Grave; whither I believe we ſhall wait upon them about a Fortnight hence, but tis yet an incertainty. Whatever the Major reſolves, there muſt be more then appearance that ſhall make me forſake my Intereſt here, though poor and contemptible: I know the ſtory of *Æſops* dog, that let fall the fleſh to catch the ſhadow; and you the Moral. The Clock has ſtruck twelve, and my eye-lids grow unruly, therefore take it not ill if I give a dull Farewell, and abruptly call my ſelf, dear Brother,

Yours eternally, R. L.

LETTER XXXVIII.

To Mr. W.

My dear Friend,

YOu had sooner seen a reply to your last, had we not still shifted places like feathers in the winds, and too much motion stayed my hand. I am sorry my last gave so hard a task to your belief, but am glad it provoked you to breathe your fancy so merrily. I should lavish words to retort your ingenious glances; onely this, if you disliked the extravagancies in it, suffer excess of joy to excuse it, which oft like other passions breaks out disorderly. Well my dear friend, let it suffice, there was not a syllable that was not meant before it was said, and meant because deserved. But since you do not like such Transports, I shall learn to talk soberer, though never to love you with lesse ardour. All women have yet appeared so indifferent, as the whole Sex was never able to give me a passion, much less such a one: what the old woman that Fate has marked for mine will do I know not, I think I shall honour her venerable wrinkles, and reverence her spectacles; but she must have better linings than that Sex use to wear within, before I can love her like such a friend. Another floud of Rheum has lately confuted my opinion

opinion of a cure, and made me recant my brags; but I do not deſpair ſuddenly to make it find another channel. I pray let your next tell me whether Mr. *S.* does yet mention the token to you; for if you permit, I can tell how to hint it without reflecting upon you. I am much afflicted, and upbraid the ſhortneſs of my chains, when I find I cannot ſerve you as I would, and do wrangle with every acceſſary to our ſtay in this dull Country; but all alas to little purpoſe, for our return to *London* is both uncertain and unlikely. Our friends in *Norfolk* and *Suffolk* I hope are well, onely my Siſter *F.* is now ſick of the Small-Pox; but in my next I will be able to render you a more particular account of yours, which I ſhall receive from my Brother. If you would write to any other, tis but venturing a requeſt to M. *H.* to deliver it to the *Norfolk* Poſt, and take their anſwers from him to ſend to you. The man is honeſt and friendly, and I know loves you enough to do much more: I have excuſed you to him. My Lord returns your reſpects with much affection, and I think has much love for you. Good Sir, re-ſalute your friend from his unknown ſervant with much reſpect, and tell him I ſhall gladly do any thing that may deſerve his love. But I ſhall grow too talkative; I have no more to ſay, but to beg you will ſtill underſtand me, as I muſt ever be, my dear friend,

Yours eternally, R. L.

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LETTER XXXIX.

To his brother Mr. A. L.

Loving Brother,

IT were superfluous to repeat how little the treachery of new objects, fresh acquaintance, long absence, change of place, &c. is able to do in quenching that affection which I shall keep alive with the same care that *Vestals* did their sacred flame. This you have often had under my hand and seal; and you may be confident it will never be forfeited. We are again settled at *Nottingham*, where the advantage of a larger leisure to write is checked by the scarcity of opportunities; but rarity does raise the price of delight, we set a trivial esteem upon joyes that come at a low rate, but indulge those we sweat for: and thus we shall entertain our Letters like our selves when we meet seldom, nothing so much endearing the personal interview of friends, as when some large portion of time has crept betwixt them. As we came down, one of Fortunes spightful tricks (of which, I thank her, to me she has always been very liberal) made me lose the taste of a pleasant journey, which was thus; The day of our setting out appointed, I consented to the earnest sollicites of my dear Mr. *W.* (then in the Countrey) to let him know

it,

it, caus'd by a deſire of his to meet me at S. *Albans*, where we had decreed to ſhorten a night together with ſuch mutuall ſolace as would have ſuffered its houres to paſs by untold; in hope of this he came little leſs then fourty miles on purpoſe; which trouble he would needs undertake in lieu of ſome petty ſervices I was happy to do him in his abſence; but upon the brink of our taking leave a Whimſey predominated, and we muſt needs go another way by *Alesbury*; which though I oppoſed as far as I durſt, was carried againſt me, and my hopes of ſo much delight were ſacrificed to an inconvenience; for we went ten miles about for a worſe way, loſt a Gentleman and a Foot-man that were ſent the other, and my vertuous friend (after two nights ſtay) returned with abuſed expectations: I never took a peeviſh chance with leſſe patience. My Malady ſtill continues to afflict me; I pray let the Doctor know with what little ſucceſs I have obſerved his preſcriptions, and if he can bethink himſelf of any other courſe that may prove more effectuall I ſhall gladly uſe it. I ſee purging will not do it, and the powder never made me ſneeze to purpoſe. Pray tell him I have a ſtrange conceit that ſome Chymicall application ſhould effect it. You will much oblige me to propound it to as many skills as you ſhall converſe with, and to ſend me their ſeveral judgements at your beſt convenience, while I ſtrive to do as much

where

where I am. I would not dare to give you this trouble, if I were not confident that you loved

Your own, R. L.

POSTSCRIPT.

If I could but shift this unhappy trouble, I would not yet doubt to adde figures to the cyphers of my thin fortunes.

LETTER XL.

To his Nephew Mr. A. L.

Dear Cousin,

I Cannot always content my self to shut up a speechlesse affection in my breast, since that amity that wants a tongue may justly be suspected to want a heart, and lie benumb'd like a Snake in Winter; for though Memory and Fancy may possibly combine to keep Idea's and Images undefaced by the hand of time, yet where action is and exercise wanting, there is no more then possibility of life; and that friendship that can alwayes lie still, does at best but hide it self, and makes as little harmony as an unstrung Instrument. Lest ours that grew up with our greenest years should fade, and fall insensibly into such

ſuch a trance, ſuffer theſe blots to rouze it, and invite your pen to contribute a preſervative that may keep it freſh and vigorous. With this Paper you ſhall receive a rude draught of mine by a *French* Originall, which I drew at idle houres when my Genius was neither prompt nor propitious to better ſtudies. Couſin, your acceptance will more then requite it; and if you chance to have patience enough to read it over, tis all you will get by it. I pray preſent my hearty ſervice to my Brother and Siſter *P.* and diſtribute my reſpective ſalutes among thoſe friends where you think they are due: and to your ſelf, take as faithfull an affection as I am capable of cheriſhing, or you of deſiring from

Your really affectionate Kinſman to ſerve you, R. L.

LETTER XLI.

To his Brother Mr. A. L.

Dear Brother,

MY deſignes of coming over have been ſo oft diverted by unexpected commands and accidentall emergencies, as I feare my promiſes have almoſt loſt their credit. But if you knew the vehemencie of my longing to ſee you

and

and the reſt of my friends, you would pitty my impatience (the froward child of ſo many delayes.) Divines tell us this life is a Pilgrimage; and if ever any people made it good in both ſenſes I think tis our reſtleſs family: The Sun in his annuall progreſſe through his 12. Celeſtiall Innes doth not oftner change his Quarters. Ever ſince I knew them I have been nothing but a gueſt, and muſt of neceſſity learne to be a wiſe man if ever I intend to be at home ſo long as I am with them. About two months ſince I had appointed my day to ſet out, when a ſuddain reſolution for a *Yorkſhire*-viſit to my Lord *F.* his houſe (retir'd thither to a private life ſince he ungenerall'd himſelf) turn'd my horſe head the contrary way. From thence, after a tedious ſtay, with much adoe we turn'd to *Haughton*, and from thence are arriv'd at *London*, (a journey I ſcarce knew of 12. houres before I took it.) I am the more particular in my geſts, leſt you ſhould put my ſilence upon the account of neglect. I had reſolv'd again the laſt Monday to begin my motion Eaſt-ward, and my foot was almoſt in the ſtirrop, when meeting with *Holt*-Poſt, he informed me that my Brother *W.* would be in Town this week; and upon thoſe grounds I defer'd my journey till he returnes home-ward about a fortnight hence, if the ſad increaſe of my malady (which I much ſuſpect) does not arreſt me here; I daily

feel

feel it incroach upon me, &c. (Whatever Heaven has deſign'd it for I am reſolv'd to welcome.) But of this more when I ſee you, if it will give me leave. Pardon theſe perſunctory blots to my preſent indiſpoſition, and be confident I will ceaſe to be, when I am not, dear Brother, inviolably

Yours to love and ſerve you, R. L.

LETTER XLII.

To his Brother Mr. A. L.

Dear Brother,

I Wiſh my Pen were not ſo indebted to your opinion, as to deſpair of having right to that Character you have ever given it: but what you call a Garden is little better then a Wilderneſs, and the Thorns and Nettles which it plants are onely Roſes in the deceiv'd eyes of affection. Thus the yellow ſands of *Tagus* firſt came by their Gold, not becauſe *Midas* did indeed there waſh off his wiſh, but becauſe *Midas* and his wiſh too were made on purpoſe to raiſe the Rivers credit by the partial ingenuity of its Countrymen. Nay, *Tiber* it ſelf (but a brook to our *Thames*) would have made his viſits to the Ocean with no more noiſe than his own ſtreams make, if it had not taken *Rome*

in

in its way, and glided by the walks of her clear-witted Poets. True Love is wilfully blind to the imperfections of its object; and if the ſcars be not too broad ſhe turns away her head till her hands hide them in Black-patches; imitating the great Architect upon the *Chaos*, forcing beauty from deformity it ſelf. But to quit Metaphor, I re-thank you for the vigilance of your active endeavours in behalf of my recovery; if ever Providence intends my health (which I have too much cauſe to doubt) I think I ſhall owe it to your induſtry; and indeed there is none to whom I would more willingly conſent to be indebted, nor more gladly find a power to requite, then your ſelf: but I confeſs where there is ſuch true amity theſe terms are ſuperfluous. I ſhall gladly receive any thing from the Doctor that may have reference to my cure; but I am afraid I ſhall find ſome difficulty to be a circumſpect obſerver of his preſcriptions, for we are here rather a croud then a family, and are rather quarter'd like an Army then lodg'd, few Chambers deſerving better titles then Huts. But I hope we ſhall ſhortly march away; however if I receive ought that may carry any pretence to a remedy, I ſhall ſtruggle hard both for time and place to take it as I ought. I thank you for the Hiſtory of your High-*Suffolk*-journey: I ſhall take ſome order to lay the ſtorm of my Siſter *P's.* unkindeneſſe, if the

weak

weak Magick of my pen can do it; for if there be any Art in it, you know tis black. For what concerns the Recognizance, I ſhall ſay nothing till your progreſſion teach me both how to ſpeak and do. I made no queſtion but to be as big as my word when my laſt talk'd of your two ſticks coming down; but having ſince met with the Majors maſculine wife, ſhe tells me that it will be *Michaelmas* before ſhe makes any more; but ſhe has promis'd that the patience of your expectation ſhall be then rewarded with the maſter-piece of her art. Honeſt *F.* is ready to beat his wife that ſhe forces his promiſe to ſo ſlothful a performance; he ſalutes you cordially, and ſeems alwayes to be thirſty when he drinks your health. But tis time to hold my Tongue. Dear Brother, I am, and will continue unfeignedly

Yours in all that power and will can manifeſt, R. L.

LETTER XLIII.

To Sir J. P.

Sir,

I Receceived your Letter of *April* 5. which proved a ſovereign cure to the ſuſpition which hung like a diſeaſe upon my heart, no corner of which did ever yet harbour thought or wiſh concerning you, but whatever endeavoured to inder it ſelf to your future happineſs. And though Fortune has not ſmiled upon my longing for imployments, by beſtowing ſucceſs on your kind endeavours, yet I have taught my ſoul as gratefully to reliſh the real intention, as if its greedy deſires had been feaſted with the effectual execution. I confeſs my hopes took a ſad fall in Sir *T. B.* but I had rather be content with the misfortune, then that it ſhould procure your diſcontent with the man. Sir, I find it fit to acquaint you that tis now my reſolution to break the chains of that unthrifty liberty that has all this time led my wandring ſteps from the path of imployment; to which (rather then ſacrifice any more of the precious off-ſpring of time to the idol of Idlenes) tis my vow to lure my ſoaring deſires to a more humble flight; and ſince their wings are too weak in a forreign ſhore to make prudential Experience their Quarrey, Humility ſhall

ſhall train them to ſtoop at a domeſtick prey: the means of which (ſo it be not baſe or diſhoneſt) I ſhall want pride enough to diſdain. Nor did I ever want jealouſie that the unskilfull weakneſſe of my worthleſs parts would render me an unfit Pilot to be imbarqued at firſt in the managing of a Secretaries place; and my now becalmed thoughts reliſh it as a prevention of ſome diſgrace by the kind Providence, that my feeble failings might have betraid me to. In ſumm, not only the covet of my own deſires, but the promiſes of ſome friends have incouraged me to be at *London* at *Eaſter* Term, where I expect (if I am not wide) to hit ſome happy opportunity of imployment; to further which, I hope you will vouchſafe him your teſtimony that alwayes was, and ever will be

Your faithfull ſervant, R. L.

LETTER XLIV.

To his Siſter Mrs .F.

My Deareſt Siſter,

TIs now too late to expreſſe the paſſion I felt for what you have now recovered, and give me leave to be glad of your ſufferings, not becauſe they were ſo, but (ſince the Providence

did ordain them yours) becauſe they were no greater. My Brother told me the diſeaſe was not likely to handle you rudely, as it uſually does others; and therefore I hope that cruel enemy to a good face has not left the footſteps of his tyranny upon yours. It is fit you ſhould believe that I am not onely contented to wiſh you happy, but would be glad I could make you ſo, by ſomething elſe beſides words; but Providence thinks it fit that I ſhould ſtill be unable to ſerve the friends I love, and therefore defers my Preferment by prolonging my unfortunate malady. But the beſt is, I have ſeen too much of the World to dote upon it. You are grown very ſparing of your Ink and Paper; if you underſtand my affection as it is, you cannot deny it the content of letting me ſometimes know that you do ſo: I ſhould take it kindly to know where you are, and how you do with other circumſtances, ſuch as may be expected by ſo perfect a well-wiſher; there is ſo little alteration in my condition, that it deſerves not mention. Let me know how your pretty boy does, and how he thrives in his learning. Salute all my friends you meet with my hearty love and ſervice, and be confident you ſhall never have cauſe to doubt that I will ever be leſſe then I truly am

Your real Brother to command, R. L.

LET-

LETTER XLV.

To his Brother Mr. A. L.

TO give your Letter a meeting was buſineſs enough to invite me this day to *London*, whence the ſcarcity of time does force me to toſſe you my anſwers with the ſame dexterous ſpeed that a Tennis-player does a Ball, that elſe would die on his ſide unrequited. If ſometimes then I ſend you my thoughts undreſt, blame the haſte that poſts them away in ſuch a ruffled manner. I am glad you incountred ſo much pleaſure in going your uſuall rounds; and peruſed the kind entertainment of ſo many friends, to whom ought to conclude my ſelf ingaged, that they cannot ſuffer my diſappearing from their ſight to deprive me of a harbor in their thoughts. But I am ſorry I can ſhew no deſert to make my title good to ſo much courteſie.

I ſee you have diſcovered that the place I am in gives me no cauſe to be laviſh in its commendations, but I deſpair not to make your hopes prophetick in a happier change; in the mean time till fortune clears up her brow, and ſets a better face on my affaires, I am reſolved to improve my ſlender ſtock of diſcretion in the induſtrious purchaſe of commodious friends, and the provident husbanding of opportunities

to drive on my more hopeful designes, till the maturity of which, I will neither blame nor forsake the imployment I am in. But whatsoever burden my shoulders shrink under, in spight of Fortune I will be happy in your felicity, which be assured is wished as little subject to decay as Immortality it self by

Your inviolably affectionate Brother, R.L.

LETTER XLVI.

To Mr. H.

Sir,

I Know your affaires make you but a Tenant to your own time, which it seems you rent at a troublesome dunning your rent-men: tis no wonder then if such a throng of occasions should croud such trifles as my self out of your memory; but you found not my name in your books, and so made no account of me. Yet now I think of it, I had best say no more, lest by accusing you I should condemn my self, who it seems am guilty of the same crime, *viz.* silence. I acquainted my Lord and Lady with your Apology concerning the rent, and they seem satisfied; if your Valentine be offended with any, tis with me, for presenting her thanks no sooner;

and

and ſhe will gladly double them if you can make your word good of my Lords coming down ſo ſoon, for ſhe is half impatient till ſhe be out of this warm Sun into Gods bleſſing. *S. D.* tells me you are ſhortly for the *Low-Countries*; I hope your Ship is richly laden, and will help you to bear a broader ſayl; it can be no loſſe to you to let a friend now and then take a commodity off your hands, for you know what you ſhall get by the bargain. But of this when we meet, which I believe will be to morrow, for ſo *S.* will have it. In the interim I call my ſelf happy that I am, Sir,

Perfectly yours, R. L.

LETTER XLVII.

To Mr. W. G.

Sir,

SUffer our friendſhip to give a little imployment to my idle pen; and that, commiſſion to tell you that I am not wavering enough to let abſence write it in a wave: and methinks they that cannot talk at a diſtance without the help of buſineſs, do rather uſurp then uſe amity; and like the perſons in an Interlude, alwayes act what they are not. The frequent exchange of thoughts, next the Touch-ſtone of Adver ty, is

one of the cleareſt tryals of it. Phyſicians conclude an *Eucraſis* in the body, when every faculty plies its own function, and takes the height of the diſtemper, as they obſerve them either let their Oares lye ſtill, or row the wrong way; and ſure that friendſhip cannot chuſe but languiſh that lyes long ſpeechleſs. But I hold a Candle to the Sun, and I fear do but ſhew what a Pedigree my Quill comes of; but tis well meant, and ſo I hope tis taken. I like *Virgils* ſtory of *Niſus* and *Eurialus*, and methinks it deſerves the credit of imitation; for though a fiction, the Poet intended it rather to inſtruct, than deceive; and meant it as *Xenophon* did his *Cyrus*, rather to ſhew what ſhould be, then what was. Preſent me cordially to our *Eſculapian* friend, tell him I ſhall be glad to hear that his skill gets an improvement of ability by ſick bodies, and his Fortunes ſoveraign Cordials from ſound Purſes. I pray mention my real reſpects to honeſt *Diſcendam, &c.* tell him I could wiſh every man a good fellow for his ſake, drink till they be illuſtrious, and raiſe the price of Malt.

R. L.

LET-

LETTER XLVIII.

To his brother, A. L.

Dear Brother,

MY ignorance of the cauſe of it gave me ſome trouble for your ſilence, not knowing what conſtruction to give it, unleſs that you had not yet quitted *Norfolk*, detained there by the importunity of Sir *F. P.* or ſome others; but lately meeting with *F. W.* he ſhewed me your Letter dated from *Barningham*, which mentioned ſome more Phyſick you had ſince ſent me: what Fate croſt it I know not, but I never received it, or ought elſe from your hands, ſince you had mine in *Norfolk*. I think there is a conſpiracy of chances that traverſe the cure of this unlucky Malady, and uſe my hopes like notorious offendors, that are onely kept alive for their greater torment; yet I cannot but confeſs the rigour of it to be ſomething abated, ſince the fontanel in my arm rather ran then iſſued. There is more Rhetorick in my meaning then my words, and like a Plant in Winter, whoſe beauty and vertue are retired to the life in the root; I would, but cannot, thank you ſufficiently for your unwearied ſollicitations of Mr. ——— in my behalf: but I am now ſo eſpouſed to incertainty in relation to our ſtay in *London*, expecting daily when the *Exit* of an old woman that

dies

dies by drops, ſhould give us warning to quit our City-Theatre, to attend her Corps to her Countrey-Grave, as it makes me deſirous you would reſpite the ſending of any more Phyſick, till I know when and where I ſhall have opportunity to take it, and you know ſuch things unleſs done exactly are better not begun. Since I wrote ſome of this I received your Letter, which clears all my doubts of your ſilence. Your Letter to the Major found him all in tears for the death of one of the beſt ſiſters-in-law, I think, in *England*, ſhe dyed of an Impoſthume; and *Jack*, not without much cauſe, is very ſenſible of his loſs. I ſpied a requeſt of yours, &c. If you can inſtruct me how to ſupply your deſires in ought elſe here, I ſhall take it very ill if you do not freely command, Dear Brother,

Your ever obliged and truly affecti-
onate Brother, R.L.

LETTER XLIX.

To Mr. H.

Sir,

I Received your pregnant Epiſtle, and entertained it with as kind a reſentment as a heart when it finds it ſelf obliged does uſually feel. But as I receive your love with the fruits of it (your news)

news) as becomes a friend that hates ingratitude, ſo I cannot own your high-flown unmerited praiſes without indangering my whole ſtock of modeſty; nor can take them with a better Title then ſome rich ones of this Age do the goods and lands of others, for which their beſt evidence is that they are too ſtrong for the right owners. In another, that I had known practiſed in the ſmooth ſin of diſſembling, I had called it Complement; but your known goodneſs forces a better Title, and I will onely ſay that you beheld my poor deſerts through the glaſs of affection, which deceived you; like thoſe that magnifie objects, and repreſent their forms much more large and fair then indeed they are. Sir, in that ſenſe I underſtand you, and return (in plain and undreſt termes) the thanks of a friendly heart that is reſolved not to dye in the debt of affection. I am ſorry your hopes took ſo ſad a fall in their aims at improvement in your Seraphick Science; but we that wear chains muſt look for no larger liberty then their length will afford us, unleſs we break them. I hear you are preparing for *Nottingham*, where we ſhall infallibly help to increaſe your family, and I hope joyn our forces in a friendly aſſociation to combat with the difficulties of a tedious winter. Sir, this laſt favour of yours gives me a preſumption to inlarge my engagement by a requeſt, that you will pleaſe (if time will permit you)

to go to one Mr. *K.* &c. I would not presume to give you this trouble, if I were not confident in your friendship, and cordially desirous of an opportunity wherein I may prove my self as I truly am

Yours, R. L.

LETTER L.

To his Brother, Mr. A. L.

Loving Brother,

I Am now the more eager to redouble my hold on these occasions, because they have lately kept their foretops so long out of my reach; and though I was never less able then now to talk to purpose, yet (next to my main design, which is to let you see that oblivion cannot intrap affection) methinks I would fain rally the retreated spirits of my crest-fallen Fancy, that with this long taking breath have almost lost it: garments wear out by being not worn; Ingenuity and Judgment (like the amphibious Otter) may inhabit the opposite Elements of Ease and Industry, yet if they stay too long in either, the first plucks insensibly the feathers from their wings to make a pillow for sloth, and the other (if the bow be not sometimes unbent) does often give them the Cramp with too much stretching, and sometimes a crack to boot, which proves hard you know to solder. The only art is to enchase and gently checquer imployment with re-

recreation, that they may rule like City-Magiſtrates by Election, and ſo deliver up the Mace to one another by turns; onely I would have the ſolideſt govern longeſt. But pardon theſe weak ſallies; for ſhould I force my pen to keep the road, and not ſomtimes range into extravagancy, it would tire you and it ſelf too with often treading in the Print of its own footſteps. And therefore I will tell you that I lighted upon my brother *W.* by an unexpected kindneſs of fortune, and feathered ſome hearty hours in his company, diping your health in the nobleſt liquor; and upon Saturday my brother *W.* vouchſafed to find out my abode, and gave me a welcom account of your well-being. I perceive already you were not miſtaken in his character, and have ſeen enough to give a freſh applauſe to my Siſters good fortune. I think his brother (very deſirous of, and well deſerving your acquaintance) and my ſelf (if nothing thwarts our reſolutions) are like to ſee him ſafe at home, and you by the way, eſpecially if you be not there before us. I ſhould hug this voyage with the expectation of much delight among friends, if the ſenſe of this miſerable malady did not render me half-aſham'd to invade any company. I ſhall never leave this old trick of tiring your patience with my Countrey-tales: however with all my faults, my dear brother, I am

Perfectly yours as far as the ſinews of an unbiaſſed affection can ſtretch, R. L.

LET-

LETTER LI.

To Mr. R. C.

Deare Robin,

I Hope thou knoweſt me too well to cenſure any thing but my weakneſſe in my Pſeudo-propheſie; for the failing of which, I cannot ſuffer you to over-match my ſorrows. I ſhould give thee reaſons why I apprehended thoſe hopes which are now martyred, but they are not fit to be truſted with this paper, and would new gall thy griefs to ſee there was a likelihood of being happy: and now though the common calamity may challenge a conſtant tribute of reſentment from me, yet let me tell thee *Robin* that Divinity does not allow our eyes to be always dropping over a remedileſſe evil, nor can it ſure be angry if we do not ſuffer one wide-mouthed wo to ſwallow all our joyes. I confeſſe that is properly Miſery which Oblivion cannot intomb; but heaven gives no griefs which may not admit of intermiſſion: then for us to divert our ſpeculation upon ſuch objects as may contribute an innocent refreſhment, cannot be unlawful; and though Fortune ſhould ſpend her whole artillery of miſchiefs upon me, yet ſtill poſſeſſing thy friendſhip, in ſpight of all her malice I would ſometimes be happy; for even while my Pen

thus

thus talks unto thee, methinks I have a truce with misfortune. Tis not onely the fruits, but the end of wiſdom to keep fair weather in the ſoul; all that is called happineſs without that is but a handſom Impoſtor. Vexations were the Vultures that fed upon poor *Prometheus* Liver; let us then try to eſcape our afflictions at preſent, and truſt Providence for a full releaſe hereafter. To put this in practice, I give my fancy leave to range and turn over her world of objects, and (that ſhe may cull content from ſomething) I bid her mark the induſtrious Bee viſiting every flower that may help to ſend her ſinging home with laden Thighs. I bid her ranſack Hiſtorical Records of former ages, and pleaſe her ſelf when ſhe finds an exemplary puniſhment tread upon the heels of unjuſt ambitions: I bid her help me to hug mine own innocence, and to be glad I did not part with it to grow by ſuch conſiderable means. But I enjoyn her as her beſt recreation to viſit thee, and gently inform me, at leaſt by an affectionate preſumption, how kind an entertainment thou alloweſt the memory of

Thine entireſt Friend, R. L.

LET-

LETTER LII.

To his brother Mr. A. L.

Dear Brother,

INgagement, Obligation, Requital, &c. are but Crutches for a decrepit friendſhip that cannot ſtand upon its own legs; ſuch courſe, hungry flames haſten to their ſnuff, unleſs they be fed with the kitchin-ſtuff of Complement, while ours ſcorning ſuch groſs material fuel, are their own continual nouriſhment, and ſhine with ſuch legitimate and unborrowed luſtre, as difference themſelves from the baſtard light of the other Comets, by wearing beams that the malice of Fortune, Reputation, Calamity, &c. can neither quench nor dim.

I am now beginning to be beholden to Cuſtom, that mother of Facility, for rendring my demeanour ſutable to my imployment, which at the firſt made me the reſemblance of an unweigh'd Colt, or an unbiaſſed Bowle, ſo that now I begin to wear my fetters with as much eaſe as if they were Bracelets. Nothing can come from you that ſhall not bid it ſelf welcome; but your precepts that way will find an extraordinary entertainment. I fear the product of theſe uncivil wars will prove your *Chaucer* as much Prophet as Poet; but as it is not in our power to

ſtay

ſtay the hand that ſcourges us, ſo it is not in our knowledge how ſoon the Chirurgery of Heaven will drop balm into our wounds. I thank you for your account of our County; but were the reaſons fit to be truſted with this paper, I would tell you why I do now as much diſlike the calm as I formerly condemned the ſtorm. I could let you know the particulars of the *Kentiſh* affaires, whoſe number, diſcipline, reſolution, &c. have rendered them formidable to the Parliament, Army, and City, but I preſume you have them from a better hand. There is an old acquaintance of yours in Town which ſome call Mrs. *E. F.* and though ſhe preſents her kind reſpects to you, yet ſhe cannot conceal that ſhe takes your long ſilence ſomething unkindly; three or four lines to her while ſhe is here (which will be a fortnight) will mend the fault. Want of time and paper releaſes you from further trouble, and gives you the farewell of

Your really affectionate Brother
to command, R. L.

LETTER LIII.

To Mr. H.

Sir,

YOur laſt parcel of Paper I received, not without admiring your skill in contraction, that could put ſo exact a Letter in the bounds of a Note. Methought it appeared like a fruitful ſpot of earth, whoſe fertility made amends for its narrow Continent. Your ſilence had been better excuſed with any Plea, then the want of complement, for that is a commodity I never had any uſe for: tis a faint ſickly friendſhip that is fed with ſuch weak nouriſhment; and excuſe me if I ſay I ſhould make but an ill bargain to exchange my ſtrong well-woven reality for ſuch ſlim ſleaſie ſtuff. It is a Leſſon onely fit to be learned in the infancy of acquaintance, and abſolutely neceſſary to be forgotten in the progreſs: it is the crime of my miſtake if ours be not marched far beyond it, and it muſt not be my fault if ever we ſound a retreat. I could wiſh propitious Fame would put you to the charge of more paper, and tell you ſuch things, as would ask to be expreſt in your paler Ink; but we muſt patiently wait Divine leiſure. I thank you for your domeſtick intelligence. I pray in your next let me know exactly how the Treaty ſucceeds. We

have

have nothing here deſerves the telling, and I have ſaid all when I have ſubſcribed my ſelf

Sir, *Your affectionate Servant*, R. L.

LETTER LIV.

To his Brother Mr. A. L.

Loving Brother,

Since I aſcribe your laſt weeks ſilence rather to accident than deſign, I cannot juſtly take that advantage to ſay nothing; but eſpecially ſince my ſudden removal to a more remote place is like to heighten the price of theſe opportunities, I muſt have leave to cheriſh this, and like the parting of a pair of Lovers to hug it with a tedious tenderneſs. For ſince neceſſity has made another my owner, I muſt bow my will to her proud injunctions, and ſuffer her quietly to ſtrip me of that happy power that gave me the propriety of intention and determination: thus letting go the hold I had in my diſpoſal, I muſt now like a Cock-boat ſuffer my ſelf to be towed by another ſail; or like an inferiour ſpring or wheel, obey the impulſion of a greater. My Lady *C.* is already in *Nottingham-ſhire*, whither I am to attend my Lord the next week; how long our ſtay will be I know not, but I fear too tedious, unleſs

the bonny *Scot* drive us back to *London*, which I am very loth to part with, because I look upon it as the forge of my better fortunes: this journey is like to afford more pleasure then profit, and to prove a true resemblance of my present imployment. But I thought it more fit to stay the stomach of my hungry fortunes with this bit, then to suffer them to famish in the vain expectation of a plenteous Feast. If I had not learned the trick to be at home every where, this journy would have put me to some trouble; for I am to begin my acquaintance with every creature in that family, and to part with all, that if I be not mine own flatterer, do not know and love me. While I am there I shall be industrious to give you the true visage of my own particular affairs, and sometimes a touch of the general. In the mean time that your happiness may hold a perfect proportion with your wishes, is the zealous desire of

Your entirely affectionate Br
to command, R. L.

LET-

LETTER LV.

To Mr. J. E.

Sir,

ENmity has domineered ſo long, that Amity is almoſt grown out of countenance and faſhion; yet to this dear commodity I am indeared by a double reaſon; firſt becauſe ſhe was never more refined by perſecution than now, Vice having this good property, that the injuries it does its oppoſite vertue often prove her tire-maids, and ſet her off with more lovely luſtre; but ſhe is chiefly beholding to your vertues for the height of my eſteem, the acquaintance with which I would not ſell for a more gaudy jewel, to loſe or forfeit which by neglect, were worſe then for a School-boy to loſe his leſſon, or an Artificer to ſell his tools: this through the glaſs of your modeſty may appear like flattery, but if brought to the Touch-ſtone of your worth, it will appear Truths naked metal undiſguiſed in the Alchimy of Diſſimulation. For news, that which is bad has lately got ſo much unhappy truth of its ſide, that I may well ſay its good news that there is no news at all. I do here wait upon imployment, like him that is ſick of the contagion of Love, upon a froward Miſtreſs; and ſhe has yet uſed me like that handſom-

Idol, vouchſafes a kiſs at this, and gives me a frown at the next interview, though I ſtake my liberty againſt her kindneſs; yet if my blind enemy has ſtored up no unexpected ſpight, I am now near her imbraces. But I think I can miſs a fortune with as much patience as ever I did, and while ſuch as you, and *L*—— Family affords me to enjoy your innocent, though chargeable tranquility, ſhe cannot rob me of all my happineſs. I deſire not onely my own profit, but the Ages, when I wiſh thoſe judicious and learned Animadverſions of yours were born to the World, as well as thoſe that ſtand in the deſerving rank of your intimate friends: by that means I might hope for a review. But I cloy your patience in this Feſtival time with the courſe ill-cookt fare that my pen affords, while I hold a ſolemn Feaſt in my breaſt, garniſhed with the choice delicates of thoſe thoughts, that I am and ever will be

Yours, R.L.

LET-

LETTER LVI.

To his Brother, Mr. A. L.

Loving Brother,

THough I believe you are in my debt for many Letters, yet becauſe you do not uſe to be ſo ſlow a Pay-maſter of ſuch obligations, I am willing to ſuſpect that Fortune has uſed them as ſhe oft does Travellers that undertake long and dangerous voyages, ſaluting their ſayles with contrary winds, that either affront their intentions with a forced delay, or wreck them and their deſires together: however I ſhall continue to ſhoot one ſhaft after another, till I find you have found ſome of them. By this undaunted perſeverance you may gueſſe how well I eſteem what comes from you; and I ſhall not need other Rhetorick then what lives in your own breaſt to ſet your Pen awork; if you fancy as much delight in the task as I do, to give it the title of Pain will be to miſcall it. We live in a Town, the deſcription of which ſhall ſerve to ſwell this Letter to the ordinary bulk. Firſt it is ſeated upon a firm Rock, which makes moſt of the meaneſt inhabitants to live like *Troglodites*, or Conies, under ground, and are onely obliged to the Pickax and Matock for their Manſion. It is beſet with ſuch a variety of

Natures bleſſings, as I know not whether it affords more ſatisfaction to the eye that hunts for profitable objects, or that which gads after delightfull ones. On the one ſide it is overlooked by Hills of ſuch a ſtature, as will require ſome pain to climbe, but double requite it when you are up; as if Nature had wiſely contrived a little difficulty in the purchaſe, on purpoſe to indear the poſſeſſion: their proud browes are fann'd with ſuch a delicious Aire, as if it be true that Camelions receive no other food, here they might have a continuall feaſt; here the eye may dally with a ſweet variety of proſpect, and is hardly perſwaded to be weary, becauſe ſo much diverſity does refreſh and renew the pleaſure; there you have a full view of the flowry fruitful Meads that (creſcent-wiſe in a rich bravery) court this ſweet ſcituation with ſemicircular imbraces: the feet of it are waſhed by the ſilver-*Trent*, which ſeems to murmure as he paſſes by, that he is forced to ſwim away from the ſociety of ſo many beauties. If you ſend your Opticks further, they are intertained with goodly houſes, fair Churches, ſhady Groves, and with a Caſtle the ſame that was entred from a vault by King *Edward* III. when he raviſhed *Mortimer* from his mothers arms, that (ſtanding upon a tall firm rock) ſeems to bid defiance to Time, and ſcorns to take his ruine the ordinary way by having his heels tript up by a fundamentall decay. I have

dwelt

dwelt the longer upon theſe my ſilent companions, becauſe they are the beſt ſociety I converſe with; for conſider how the new-found world (where the earth was lin'd with Gold) was peopled, and you have my meaning; onely here's the difference, they were new people to their diſcoverers, and ſimple, theſe are of the new Edition and crafty: Onely I am very happy in an old *Italian* Gentleman that ſerveth my Lady Dowager, one of the beſt Linguiſts in *England*; under his tuition I am now a ſerious Student of the *French* Tongue, and have almoſt gained a general Theorical knowledge in the Language; within ſome few weeks I ſhall proceed to *Italian*, which will be much an eaſier task; you may make a ſilent queſtion, what profit I expect to reap from a few varied fruitleſs words? but when I have gained them I ſhall eaſily ſolve that doubt, and let you know how I will make it give larger ſcope to my narrow condition here, or elſe tranſplant my ſelf where I may thrive better. My trouble ſtill continues, and is like to do while I am here; for this Town affords none that profeſs the *Eſculapian* art, but onely one old dull thing, who when I tryed him in ſome diſcourſe, could quote nothing but *Schola Salerni*, and made me a very dexterous diſcovery of his own inſufficiency. If you have ſpoken with the reverend Doctor ſince about it, I pray let me know his opinion of it without diſguiſe,

for

for if it be incurable, I ſhall try to make the beſt uſe of my own deſpair, and force a ſatisfaction from reaſon, ſince I can have it from nought elſe. I pray ask him if he thinks letting bloud in the temples would not be good, or whether an iſſue in my neck would not infallibly check the courſe of the humor; but I confeſſe I am ſcarce willing to try that, till I ſee all the reſt fail: if you can prevail with him, let me intreat you to get a receipt of the neezing Powder, and incloſe it in yours; for though I do not hope a cure from it, yet it may ſtay the increaſe of the humor till I take ſome ſtronger medicine. If your affaires ſhall call you to *Norwich*, or if you can ſend directions to my ſiſter *F.* to do it, I would gladly have the opinion of Dr. *B.* from whoſe advice I fancy moſt hope of all. I would not be unwilling to give him a fee; for if a cure be to be bought, I would not ſtick to pay for it with all I can make, rather then go without it. Well, Brother, excuſe this trouble, and be confident that if ever you have occaſion to call my love to the tryal, either to ſerve your deſires, or deſignes, or both, you ſhall clearly find that I am no leſſe then totally

Yours in unfeigned affection, R. L.

LET-

LETTER LVII.

To Mr. A.

Worthy Sir,

SUffer this paper to return your ſalutes with an affection unmixt and immortal as the Soul from whence it ſprings, to which your own worth has given you a moſt unqueſtioned title. It has been ſtill my cuſtom to ask leave of Reaſon and Experience before I profeſs my ſelf a friend: Sir, they have both voted you into my breaſt, and I wiſh I could as eaſily imitate your deſerts, as love them. When you know me better, you will find I am unapt to ſay theſe things and not mean them; and may be confident you have purchaſed a heart that will reſign the reſentment of happineſs in ſuch a friend to no other power then what at laſt will deprive it of all reſentment. I confeſs I have done ſo little to make this good, as your thanks might well have ſtayed at home till more deſert had invited them. What you call a favour in my tranſmiſſion of Letters, is a perfect nothing, and a ſingle remembrance over-values it; but ſince you will needs make it a courteſie, I will confeſs it, on condition you will give me leave to preſcribe the recompence, which is, that you would believe me to be, as I truly am

Yours, R. L.

LET-

LETTER LVIII.

To his Brother Mr. A. L.

Loving Brother,

I Have a better title to Integriry then Ingenuity; and the Robes which you with an over-partial affection term neat and handſome, are rather taken from the wardrobe of my heart then my brain. Indeed I find more cauſe to affect my own rude honeſt plainneſs, then by indeavouring bravery onely labour to be ſuſpected. Your apprehenſion ſtrayed when you underſtood me ſo ſudden a proficient in the ſcience of Serving; I lay claim to no ſuch promptitude of parts to learn my leſſon ſo ſoon as I have taken it out; my onely intent in my laſt was to let you know that I had ſhak'd off thoſe daunting anguiſh perturbations that uſe to affect weak minds when they are dazeled with an unwonted preſence: for in the firſt tryal of my reſtraint, I far'd not unlike a bird that formerly had rang'd the large field of Air with a careleſs and wanton, unchecked wing, newly caught to know the narrow limits of a Cage, where it will ask the documents of ſome time to inſtruct that little creature to forget her liberty, and re-aſſume the alacrity of her former chirping; ſo I was a while to ſeek with what behaviour to perſonate my captivity,

privity, but cuſtom has given me confidence, and I hope diſcretion will keep off inſolence. I have not onely received, but eaten your inſtructions; and am reſolved (by rendring them the nouriſhment of my future demeanour) to ſhew the proof of their good digeſtion: but yet both my deſerts and hopes are of too humble a growth to fear the artillery of Envy.

I delivered your Letter to my Siſter *F.* who ingaged my Pen to return her thanks and reſpects. I dare not venture to give you any news this week, tis ſo unſafe and uncertain; onely this of ſad conſequence, that my Lord is fallen dangerouſly ſick of the Small Pox. Mr. *W.* preſents his ſervice to you, to whom I am deeply obliged. I have no more to ſay but that I am

Your really affectionate and deſirous Brother to ſerve you, R. L.

LET-

LETTER LIX.

To his Brother, Mr. A. L.

Loving Brother,

I Can think of no other interpretation for your silence, but that you keep it to punish the mischance of some of my latest Letters, and so I am made a sufferer for Fortunes fault: if so, let this deprecate my imputation of neglect; and did I not conceive that some of yours have met with the same misfortune, I should severely examine my self how I have deserved to be forgotten. However you resent your endeavours that way, I shall not injure judgment to indulge affection; if I say that I never read any thing with more delight then your lines, and so oft as I receive them, in spight of all my Melancholy and the cause of it, they remember me that I am happy. If I were not still like a ship that has lost her Anchor, and can therefore take no course but what she is driven to by the imperious winds, I had long since landed in *Suffolk*, and there unladed my breast into your ear: but though my longings be still green and vigorous, my opportunities, like Vegetals that dye to revive again, are faded with the season; but they will bud with the eldest children of the Spring, and I am re-

solv'd

ſolv'd ſhall be gathered at their firſt appearance. The main cauſe is, my Lady ſuddenly expects to increaſe the world by one more at leaſt; and though I can never be leſs uſefull then in thoſe feminine tumults, yet great ones love at ſuch ſolemn troubles to have their ſervants preſence ſignifie they have ſuch pertinents; and thus I muſt ſtay to piece up formality, and the important affair of being at home will be gravely diſpatched in making a ſhow that I am ſo. I have nothing to acquaint you with but what you already know, &c. This is the third ſince I received any from your ſelf; but I adventured to ſend them by ſome wool-men that came out of *Lincolne-ſhire* to your parts; but if this miſcarry too, which goes the ſame way, I will never truſt men more whoſe wits go a wool-gathering: the inch of time that is allowed me to ſcrible this, makes me commit as many errors as there are lines, and make as many blots as words, for I ſend this by my Ladies Bailiff into *Lincolnſhire*, who is alwayes in haſte; and by plain force have rent this time from my other preſſing occaſions, thus to ſin over my good will: do but pardon this, and the next week you ſhall have amends by the Poſt. When you ſee our *Holt*-friends, I pray mention my affectionate reſpects to them all; tel my brother *W.* he ſhall do me right to believe me leſs exceptious then I have been repreſented:

and

and believe it I am, and ever will be

Yours perfectly to love and serve you, R. L.

LETTER LX.

To his Brother Mr. A. L.

Loving Brother,

YOu had not miſt a Letter the laſt week, if my Meſſenger had not miſt the time of its delivery, ſo it fell ſhort of the Poſt, and returned to my hands when I thought it at *B.* And indeed Fortune here ſeem'd to withſtand its paſſage with diſcretion; not deeming it fit that pieces of ſuch deformity ſhould ſcape unſtifled in their birth, to ſhame their parents: but Fortune has no skill in friendſhip, and knowes not that Imperfections are more eaſily pardoned then Neglect, at the Bar of Love; I have therefore ſent it, though the ſame thing that will vindicate, muſt accuſe me: reſembling Phyſitians medicines in ſuch ill-brew'd conſtitutions as mine; the ſame thing that corrects the intemperate heat of the Liver, increaſes the unnaturall cold of the ſtomach; and indeed the extreme oppoſition in temper between theſe two parts, I take to be the original of my miſerable trouble, of which this

this incloſed does give a more particular information: and when you preſent my apprehenſions of it to the Doctor, I pray let him know what I have underſtood of his ſon.

He had, by the affability of his carriage, the ſolidity of his parts, and the ſucceſs of his skill, purchaſed an high eſteem with the beſt; beſides the good will of all that knew him; having done many cures there, by relation, that might have proved problematical to the moſt grey-headed experience. When an unfortunate curioſity got into the head of young Mr. *Bendiſh*, eldeſt ſon to the Ambaſſadour, to take a voyage to the Holy-Land, and particularly to *Hieruſalem*, to ſee the holy Sepulchre, with other reliques and repoſitories that Time has not yet quite effaced there; the fathers opinion of his prudence, made him joyn his authority with the ſons amity, and his own curioſity, to make him a companion in this voyage. So they ſet out from *Galata* in *February* 1649. travelled by land to *Smyrna*, and there went aboard the *Talent*, which was bound for *Lighorn*, which young *Bendiſh* reſolved to take in his way, with deſign to ſee a Siſter of his married there to an *Engliſh* Merchant, and ſo take his way by *Scanderon*; but paſſing by *Porto Longone*, which ſince the *French* had it, has been the *Dunkirk* of *Italy*, much about the time that the news arrived there of the fatal blow was given to Monarchy in *Eng-*

land, their Ship was assaulted by divers *French* Men-of-war, who then took all *English*, without distinction, for enemies; and maintaining a desperate fight with them for some hours, at last an unfortunate Bullet from the Enemy happened into their Gun-room and fired the Ship; the heat of the fight would not allow them leasure to hinder it till it was past hope of extinguishing. Mr. *Bendish* leapt over-board, and swam to the side of one of the enemies Ships; but they barbarously cut off one of his hands, that had laid hold of the Ships side to climbe the Deck, and so sent him to feed fishes: poor Mr. *R.* staid in the Ship, and in all probability perished by the more furious Element; onely one Gentleman, called Mr. *L.* escaped, which after the recepit of many wounds, had quarter given him, and was carried to *Porto Longone*; where the danger of his life being past, he was forced to buy his liberty, and returning to *Lighorn* made this relation, the same man is now in *Genua*. Mr. *R.* left behind him at *Galata*, in the custody of his man one *T. M.* two Chests full of rich Drugs, many silver instruments, besides wearing apparel and linnen; tis said he left a summe of Money besides, but of how much, or with whom, is uncertain: onely this *M.* is now reputed worth three or four hundred pounds, though before this in but a poor condition, he now serves the Ambassadour. Mr. *R.* left a Shapet of Turkey-Carpets and Hang-

Hangings, which in all probability he deſigned for *England*, at *Lighorn*.

And now to ſet aſide all thoſe fatherleſs Stories that fly abroad, as of the loſſe of all our Armies, Infantry, and Carriages, with the Generals being taken priſoner, &c. the trueſt and moſt modeſt intelligence tells us, that our Army being at *Pinkland-hills*, which is weſtward beyond *Edinburgh* about eight miles, had notice that the *Scots* Army was riſen, and upon their march towards *Sterling*; which made us preſently riſe with ours, & with all expedition endeavor to prevent that retreat: the truth is, we did outmarch them, but tis more then probable they ſuffered us to do it by deſign, for they have ſince taken our ſtation upon *Pinkland-hills*, ſo as our Army is now got into ſuch a ſtreight, as they muſt either fight upon local diſadvantages, or indure the extremities of much want in that penurious Countrey, before they can reach their ſhipping. The laſt Poſt but one ſaid the Armies were drawn up in Battalia in view of eath other; but we are nor yet ſuffered to know they have fought, though I am confident there hath been a ſignal battel, which gives the Maliguants high hopes, becauſe our Grandees doe think fit to conceal the event of it. Letters from *Holland* ſpeak very partially on the *Scots* ſide, and talk of a great victory they have lue gotten; Believe what you pleaſe of it,

for my part I am ſomething incredulous, becauſe we make no more haſte with our ſupplies thither. We lately ſeized upon eight ſhips laden with Merchandiſe belonging to the *Hollander*, which hath given occaſion to the States Ambaſſadour to complain of it to the House, and call it in very diſobliging terms a breach of League, but we hear not yet of a reſtitution. The *Spaniſh* Ambaſſadour made a paſſionate complaint to the Houſe of the interception of his Packet, and breaking open his Letters laſt Week; but he had good words given him, and a promiſe it ſhould no more be ſo; onely tis thought the ſparing of Mr. *Aſhcombs* murderers hath made us a little angry, and jealous that the *Spaniard* profeſſes more friendſhip than he means. There is a Letter intercepted, from the Prince of *Orange* to the *Scots* King, which aſſures him he has gained his deſires upon the refractory *Dutchmen*, and in a ſhort time will be able to ſend him the ſuccours of men and money which he promiſed, leaving the time and place to his appointment: Report ſayes he hath 14000. men, whereof 2000 *German* Horſe, ready to be ſhipped, upon what deſign none knows: It ſeems they are raiſed by contribution from the King of *Danemark*, Queen of *Sweden*, the Marqueſs of *Brandenburgh*, Landgrave of *Heſſen*, with other *German* Princes. The *Scots* King has lately made *Inchequin* Generaliſſi-

neraliſſimo of his Forces in *Ireland*; who with his Army, made conſiderable by the addition of the Garriſon-forces of of *Dungannon*, *Carlow* and *Waterford*, is now in *Connaught*, and promiſes himſelf a ſucceſſeful Winter. It ſeems he was glad to be rid of thoſe Garriſons, by reaſon of the plague which rages there, even to the depopulation of whole Towns; and appears by a moſt pitiful Declaration ſet out by Generall *Ireton*, which invites not onely his own party, but all Chriſtian nations, and the very Papiſts themſelves, to joyn in a humiliation to God for the ceſſation of his judgements upon them.

This being my laſt that I am like to write from *London*, I have ventured to be the more tedious, and the rather becauſe my ſhort allowance of time hath hardly ſuffered me to make it ſence; but you know lame things are objects of charity, and pity my preſent indiſpoſition that aſſiſted my precipitate haſte to make it ſo. I dare not ſay more, leſt the Poſts departure make me ſay nothing, and ſo ſpoyl this Paper-riddle that brings you the elder Siſter in the belly of the yongeſt. Dear Brother farewell.

Eternally yours, R. L.

LETTER LXI.

To Mr. S.

Monſieur,

YOurs I received, and intertained with better welcome then can be expreſſed by a faint affection. You confeſs obligations that are not due, and ſo run the hazard of being ſuſpected complementall; but I muſt allow the privilege that ingenuity challenges, and ſuffer your fancy to create deſert for me, that it may ſhow how handſomly it can acknowledge. Experience, the beſt Miſtriſs, does daily ſhow how to manage my umbragieux with more dexterity; onely his uncouth pronunciation makes me ſometimes put the bridle on his tayl, and he kicks me for the miſtake. The *Maiſtre de Hoſtell* ſtill keeps his ſtate with the better ſort of petticoats, and we our ſtation with the inferiour cattel; which onely ſerves to ſhow you how much I can ſuffer for my own intereſt. I am not ſorry to hear that you ſpur your Jade when he kicks, but you ride him with ſo much skill, that it were preſumption to offer counſel. By this time you may think it fit that I ſhould tend you your own excuſe for bald writing, being fitly applyed to my ſcribling, beſides the faults committed in my *English-French*, which if you will pardon, I will one day

travel

travel into your Countrey on purpoſe to fetch you better *French.* Preſent my *Baiſe les mains* to all our friends, &c. *Sarah* writes to you, your friends here ſalute you; and I kiſs your hands that am

Monſieur, Yours, R. L.

LETTER LXII.

To his brother Mr. A. L.

Loving Brother,

AT laſt with much ado we are grown Citizens again, where ſince we lighted, we have ſcarce had time to prune our feathers; onely my haſte has ſnatched up this piece of a wing to tell you I received yours of the firſt of *April,* with a reſentment raiſed to a fit height to meaſure with the tall ſtrong affection that indicted it. I was about to ſay there was not a word in it but deſerved a ſeveral welcome; but at the inſtant I threw my eye upon ſome praiſes which I dare not entertain; and if your love had but truſted your judgment, you had left them out. Diſtance deceives with both extremes, by preſenting objects to the eye too little, to the apprehenſion too big: we no ſooner begin to

fancy any thing that is not with us, but we presently mend all its disproportions, and shut our eyes upon every blemish: this imperfection is almost as old as Mankind, and few Beasts can boast they never harboured it. I have grumbled at my Stars for placing some things beyond my reach, which I apprehended would make me happy, and yet I have seen them possessed by those that were quickly weary, & little less then displeased at what I over-valued. But I straggle. This Town is so metamorphos'd by this last Edict since I left it, that bating my dead Companions, there is scarce any thing that I can know with safety. Certainly there is a mighty storm arising, but where, when, or how it will spend its fury, I dare not name. Error has humbled my Reason, and unbusied my reaches at futurity to a quiet resignation to the great Disposer. I cannot say my Malady is more remiss then it was, and have little Reason to hope it ever will be; but for that I told you my resolution, which has since lost no spirits. My trivial imployments have not suffered me yet to struggle with it this Spring, but I am now about it. I sent you a Letter by Mr. *B.* which I believe you have answered; he had carried it with him into *Lincolnshire*, thinking to find me there, for we set upon this journey on a sudden, &c. Let these blots be pardoned. Let me hear from you by the next.

next. Forgive my blind haſte, and call me

Yours eternally, R. L.

LETTER LXIII.

To his Siſter Mrs .F.

My Dear Siſter,

I Had newly taken my Pen to ſend you a ſalute when I was interrupted by a Porter that brought (with ſome Bands and Cuffs from my Siſter *Jane*) your kind Token; and it pleaſed me that the ſame hour which puts me deeper in your ſcore ſhould be a witneſs of my acknowledgment. Believe it I wiſh my thanks were as reſtorative as they are cordial; but take them as they are, and if it be poſſible to apprehend me more yours then you have done, do it; for it is impoſſible to be more then I am. I ſhould be glad I might ſay theſe things to your ear as well as your eye; but *London* finds me too much buſineſs to grant me yet ſo much happineſs; my condition ſtill keeps the ſame countenance, and I am treated with the old indifferency. I am not inſenſible that I here waſte my beſt dayes without improvement of my Fortunes, but was contented to be no bigger ever ſince Preferment was put out of Honeſties reach.

My

My old trouble ſtill vexes me, and I am again in Phyſick for it; it has coſt me much money, and I think at laſt it will coſt me my life, for the diſtillation has given me a Cough with a bad preſage. Heavens Will be done.

I pray ſpeak my ſervice to my Couſin *W.* my Couſin *H.* with the reſt that know me. Let my Sweet-heart know I am ſtill her Servant. And if I may ſerve you in any thing here, my dear Siſter, command

Thy entirely affectionate Brother, R.L.

LETTER LXIV.

To his Brother, Mr. A. L.

Loving Brother,

I Received yours, and cannot conceal the delight I taſte in theſe delicious repetitions of your intire affection; the true reſentment of which when I conſent to part with, I deſire I might loſe that and all my happineſs together. I am glad your pen tells me that you like this way of eſcaping ſorrow; tis not onely the fruits but the end of wiſdom, to keep fair weather in the Soul; and I am ſure Divinity does not bid our eyes be alwayes melting over a remedileſs evil;

evill; tis not fit we ſhould ſuffer one wide-mouth'd Woe to ſwallow all our joyes; and for my part I am reſolved to be never ſo miſerable, as not to have power to reap an innocent refreſhment from the ſenſe of what I poſſeſs in you: and be aſſured, that all the power I have to make this good is already in your poſſeſsion. Methinks Man is not unfitly reſembled to a ſtream, whoſe imployment it is, to travell from its Source to the Ocean; the obſtructions that affront its paſſage are the vexations we ſtumble at, which we uſe like Brooks, utter a murmuring complaint at the firſt incounter, and ſo paſſe by; but the deepeſt Currents ſwim paſt and ſay nothing. Yeſterday I received more Phyſick with inſtructions from the Doctor, which I fear (beſides the diſſwaſions of the weather) that the continued agitations of my imployment here will not permit me to take till I arrive in the Country of *Nottinghamſhire*, which will be about a fortnight or three Weeks hence; where I hope to find leiſure enough, not onely to obſerve his directions with a ſpecious care, but alſo to refaſten my ſelf to my ſtudies; from which, the continued importunity of my *London*-imployment has kept me ſo long looſened. I ſhall there have time to improve my Phyſical indeavours, and to thrive I hope in my *French* and *Italian*; which I intend to ſet upon with the more induſtry, becauſe I know not how

how ſoon I may meet with an opportunity to travel, for my allowance here is too ſmall, &c. In the mean time the beſt recreation my fancy has, is to viſit you, and to bring me word (at leaſt by an affectionate preſumption) how kind an intertainment you allow the memory of

Your entirely loving Brother to command, R. L.

POSTSCRIPT.

I pray let your next make me happy in the knowledge of your deſignes; to which if I may be ſerviceable, no man ſhall be ſo happy as my ſelf.

He that cruciates himſelf becauſe fortune is miſchievous, claſhes with wiſdom.

LET-

LETTER LXV.

To Sir J. P.

Sir,

I Received your lines, that came happily to confute ſome doubts that I was loſt to your memory: but indeed I could not expect in reaſon a gentler puniſhment for the crime of my ill-woven words then your ſilence; all I can ſay for my ſelf, it was a ſin of ignorance that provoked it, and your clear judgment no doubt found it ſo; though your goodneſſe allowes it a better title. Sir, you have heretofore vouchſafed ſome propriety in me, and I wiſh I could find the way to ſo much deſert as might perſwade you, not onely to own, but challenge that intereſt from theſe deſires. I but ſhow boldneſs to let you know that I ſtill continue in the ſame condition of a ſervant to my Lord *C.* without any ſenſible alteration, either to better or worſe: indeed if preferment were ſtill the reward of deſert, I might bluſh to want it; but as it is now rated, though it were laid at my foot, I think I ſhould rather chuſe to tread upon it, then ſtoop to take it up. My chains are not ſo ſhort here, but that they give me Elbow-room enough to lead a ſtudious life; though I confeſs the fruits I have gathered from them, have been rather plea-

pleaſant, then laſting. I have ſpent ſome induſtry upon languages, which has not altogether been unſucceſſeful, eſpecially the *Italian* and *French*; from the later I have tranſlated ſome pieces that I am encouraged to publiſh, but my more ſerious indeavours (for I call the other but my recreations) have been bent at the ſtudy of Phyſick, how proſperouſly, I am not fit to judge; and though they befriend me no further, I ſhall think they have done me ſome ſervice in ſtaving off idleneſs. But I ſhould ask pardon for theſe impertinencies. I beſeech you Sir preſent me humbly to your noble Lady, and believe me deſirous to appear, what in heart I ever was,

Sir, *Your moſt humble and faithful Servant*, R. L.

LETTER LXVI.

To Mr. W.

Worthy Sir,

I Received yours with the incloſed, and the pound of powder, and with them a perfect confirmation of the opinion I ever cheriſhed of your reality. I wiſh I could as juſtly applaud my deſerts as my fortune, for the gaining of ſuch a friend; but though I fall ſhort that way, at leaſt I ſhall be careful not to loſe him by ingratitude.

titude. You have given me ſo clear an encouragement to put more figures to my debt, as I have got the confidence to crave an increaſe of my obligation, and to deſire you to find ſome vacant hour to deliver this incloſed to my excellent friend Sir *F.* upon the receipt of it he will, &c. What you laid out for the Powder, or what other charge you have been at in my behalf, either for ſending Porters, paying for Letters, going by water, or ought elſe, I deſire, nay I conjure you, you would take out of it, and to ſend me the reſt, either to be paid to Mr. *D.* in *Lincoln-ſhire*, or by one *C.* a *Nottingham* Carrier that lies, &c. I am not ſo haſty of it, but that you may keep it till you have a fair opportunity, Sir, for what you have done already, and what you will do, give me leave to mention my hearty thanks, with my reſolution never to appear inſenſible of theſe favours that bind me, Sir,

Your faithful friend and ſervant, R. L.

LET-

LETTER LXVII.

To Mrs. L.

Sweet Mrs. L.

BEſides the Civilities I had from you, which claim an ample acknowledgment, I remember I tyed my ſelf by promiſe to kiſs your fair hands with a few lines, though all their errand be onely to tender you the unfeigned ſervice of the ſender, and to mention his wiſhes for the accompliſhment of yours; if the effects of which might but hold a proportion with your deſerts, you would be ſufficiently happy. I know you are Miſtreſs of goodneſs enough to pardon the ſlow payment of my word, and it ſhall encourage me to amend it with future diligence. You will much oblige to honour me with a line or two, and let me know how the ſtate ſtands in your Family, and when we are like to bid you welcome into the Countrey. One requeſt more and I have done; put me into the number of thoſe that you count your moſt faithful friends, for indeed I am, and ever will be ſo, &c.

R. L.

LET-

LETTER LXVIII.

To his Brother Mr A. L.

Loving Brother,

I See you will make me an uſurper againſt my will, by laying deſert enough to my charge, to dazle the Eyes of Pretence, and even ſtagger the ſtoutest undertaking reſolution. I confeſſe I cannot keep off ſome wiſhes to be what you would make me; and if I could arme as much power as deſire, tis poſſible I might endanger the Fort you ſay I am Maſter of; and I am contented to diſlike my own weakneſs that I am not ſo: but I have too much Earth about me to fit my ſelfe for ſuch a flight, that with dull intice-ment is ſtill ſeducing me downwards to its own Element, and hangs like a huge Plummet upon my pinions, when they are ſtretching at ſuch a pitch: ſure ſome pale flegmatick conſtellation threw a melancholy look upon my Nativity, and gave my Soul theſe blunt ill-temper'd tooles to work with: methinks I cannot behold the time-ly advantages of other Conſtiturions, and not upbraid my own. But certainly tis not amiſſe in ſome things to be unhappy, for if wants do not ingender deſpair, they muſt needs be fruitfull. Wiſdom is a Coy Dame to all the World, but moſt inflexible to the Courtſhip of Fortunes

Darlings; and tis one of the beſt reaſons why that blind Wenches ſmiles are dangerous, becauſe tis ſo hard a task to taſte her kindneſs, and not ſurfeit; and indeed not to overvalue thoſe ingredients with which common opinion compounds her falſe felicity, is the way to purchaſe the true one.

If I were able to ſhew you events, as *Aſtolfo's Logiſtilla* ſhewed the race of the Houſe of *Eſte* before their Conception, I would not hide them from you, though I kept the reſt of the world in ignorance; but tis long ſince I left off the pretences to *Delphick* divination, and reſolv'd to ſhut the eyes of my Reaſon, ever ſince ſhe look'd through ſo falſe a Perſpective. Certainly they that are now in the Saddle do ſit very ſure, and while they keep their feet in the ſtirrups of ſtrength and vigilance, though they may receive a rude ſhock, it will be hard to unhorſe them. I ſhould be glad if you could keep your ſhelter till the Clouds clear up; but whenſoever you leave it, you have parts that will make room for you in the World, whereever you direct your ſteps; and I ſhall never take a temporal favour more gratefully of Providenee, then a capacity to ſerve you in ſuch a deſign, or any other. I am now ſuffered to ſay no more, but what I muſt ever ſay, that I am, and muſt ever be

Principally yours, R. L.

LET-

LETTER LXIX.

To his Brother, Mr. A. L.

Loving Brother,

THough I had a confidence in your affection, that can never be tempted to be leſs, yet methinks I ſhould not do right to your laſt, if I did not confeſs that it ſet my apprehenſion to work upon you perfect friendſhip: things may be incapable of addition that are not of agitation: there are ſome generous liquors that never give ſo clear a proof that they have ſpirits, as when motion calls them to their active task; ſo theſe dear repetitions of profeſt amity from you, though they cannot make me love you better, they wake it into a better appearing, and teach me to take a more exact account of my ſelf, of the right you have in me; and theſe (if you dare believe me) are my pleaſanteſt recreations, ſince love(the parent and framer of delight)predominates in the imployment. If this world be well ſcann'd, there is nothing valuable in it but a true Friend: Community is not onely the hinge of the Univerſe, but the ſignet of every ſingle delight; for were it poſſible to domineer over the whole Earth (pack'd into an entire Monarchy) and to be Maſter of all that wears the ſtamp of ſublunary happineſs, yet if the poſ-

ſeſſor be not allowed to latch his own felicity (at the rebound from others approbation) he will but brood his tireſome pleaſures as an Uſurer does his Gold, only own, not uſe them; and all his joyes (like Witches banquets) will onely ſeem and ſerve to cheat the appetite with a few falſe promiſes of ſweetneſs. It were eaſie to prove, that, ſince Communication coynes our earthly delight, that there it comes neareſt to perfection, where it receives a Copy of it ſelf. By this it is fit you ſhould gueſs how happy I deem my ſelf in your kind invitation, which is backed with abundance of ſuch tempting Arguments as Love and Reaſon, when they are joyned in Commiſſion, do uſe to urge; and believe it they are received as the legitimate iſſue of your intire affection: what reſentments ſuch uſe to produce in a breaſt that has no harbour for ingratitude, cannot poſe your apprehenſion; by that fancy the influence they muſt have in me, and therein read my thankfulneſs. But the quality of my imployment here is ſuch, as I know it cannot yet conſent to make me ſo happy. I have now almoſt deſtroyed a years time in this ſcurvey Countrey, ſince we laſt wandred from *London, &c.* You may find out many reaſons to induce you to accept my Couſin *C*'s. invitation of your company into *Lincoln-ſhire*; I ſhall not need to mention my wiſhes to ſee you there, nor tell you how happy you

you will make me in ſuch a meeting, for the repetition is needleſs: if you come while I am on this ſide *London*, I will enjoy you in ſpite of all my Fetters; but make as much haſte as you can, for this morning my Lord told me we ſhould ſet out for *London* in the beginning of *May*. Your Picture I received, and am ſory I have no token to return you, that may deliver a viſible meſſage of my gratitude; it is applauded of all that ſee it, onely your Pencil has left out ſome gray hairs that the Epilogue of his misfortunes had planted on his viſage. I have incloſ'd the tranſlation of a mad fantaſtick Dream, which is the fruit of my firſt Enterpriſe upon the *French* Tongue; I met it in a Romance call'd *Francion*, and it pleaſed me ſo well, as I was eaſily inticed to ſpoil it thus into *Engliſh*. I was tempted to make the whole book ſpeak the ſame Dialect, but could not conſent to loſe ſo much time as the work would have demanded. Read it over, laugh at it, and return it again when I come to *London*; and now I have almoſt tyr'd my pen and your patience, it is time to ſubſcribe my ſelf, as I ever muſt be,

Your truly affectionate Brother to command, R. L.

LETTER LXX.

To Mr. L.

Sir,

I Received yours, and delivered thoſe incloſed to my two Lords; the younger has in this return'd a reply. Sir, the report of Mr. *W.* and others, has given you ſo fair a character, as I ſhall deem my ſelf happy to inlarge your acquaintance in my Lords houſe, and increaſe the number of your ſervants. Mr. *W.* if not lately removed, is ſtill at *Antwerp*; we do now and then exchange a line or two, though many miſcarry. If you will venture yours in mine, I ſhall do my beſt to make it reach his hands, for he has right to much more ſervice than I can do him; we ſay nothing to one another, but what we care not if it be conſtrued by the way. If Mr. *B.* once Fellow of Chriſts, be in thoſe parts, I pray ſpeak my ſervice to him. Sir, if I may ſerve you here in ought elſe, I deſire your inſtructions that am

Sir, *Your moſt humble Servant*, R. L.

LET-

LETTER LXXI.

To Mr. W.

My deareſt Friend,

IF the skie had been clear, and the paſſage free, your ſatisfaction had not been ſo long deferred. The Letters mentioned are irrecoverably loſt: whether any buſie hand, or prying eye beguilty of their interception I know not; but though I am confident there was nothing in them that could find work for a jealous conſtruction, yet better judgements concurre with my opinion to loſe them quietly. What you would ſay to the other two, if you think fit, ſpeak it to me onely, and if I do not get your deſires effected, the defect will onely be found in my power. You are ſaluted with much kindneſſe by the Gentleman, and intreated to let him know by your next to me, whether you received a Bill of Exchange of 5l. which was ſent in Compenſation of the charges you expended in your viſits to the Priſoner; if it miſcarried, as he fears, ſignifie ſo much, and you ſhall receive another incloſed in my next. Methinks you are very tardy in ſhowing me how I may ſerve you. I muſt never ſuffer any to love better; and if you can think, as it is, my truſti-

neſſe equivalent, ſpare not to command

Your own for ever, R. L.

LETTER LXXII.

To his Brother, Mr. F. W.

Sir,

THe miſtake that begot what you call your trouble, is become mine, and I am much afflicted for being preſented to you in an exceptious character by the miſapprehenſion of another; and ſhould be more if it were no errour. Indeed Sir, I have ſeverely examined my ſelf for the words I let fall that might provoke this gloſſe; and my memory can acknowledge none but thoſe: When your brother asked me when I would write to you, I told him you were already in my ſcore for a Letter, and till you had leiſure to reply to that, I thought my ſilence might be well taken. If theſe words will bear ſuch a Comment as diſpleaſure, &c. I am ſorry I did not underſtand them, and do beg the charity of your belief that I did not mean them as they are taken. I have been taught to prize your good thoughts at a higher value then to forfeit them with ſuch a frantick piece of arrogance, which would render me as weak an underſtander of your

your worth, as a deſerver of your friendſhip, I was in good hope when we left *London*, if a ſudden occaſion had not prevented, to pay you my perſonall thanks for your kind invitation; but we rather dwelt then viſited by the way at my Lords of *Lincolnes* and *Weſtmerlands*, ſo as we are but newly arrived at *Nottingham*, where my Commanders have found me ſuch imployment as will ſcarce diſpenſe with my abſence on this ſide *Chriſtmas*; and when I come, though I muſt bring that along with me that will give me a better title to your contempt then admiration, yet I make my ſelf happy with the hopes of an opportunity to aſſure you that I am not the ſame which miſinterpretation had made, but will ever be induſtrious to appear,

Sir, *A true reſpecter of your worth, and an earneſt deſirer of your amity*, R. L.

LET-

LETTER LXXIII.

To his Sister F.

Deare Sister,

BY this time you have accuſed my abſence and ſilence of much unkindneſſe, and I ſtand condemned by your judgment for a forgetfull promiſe-breaker; and indeed did the reins lie looſe upon my neck, I ſhould deſerve the cenſure. I confeſſe the receipt of a Letter from you that overflowed with Love; and, if I have not loſt all my credit with you, be confident I met it with as high a tide of affection: I ſhould have return'd a Paper to tell you ſo, but that I cheriſht ſome forward hopes to do the meſſage with more content to us both in perſon. When yours came we every day talk'd of leaving *London*, though our ſtay was prolonged from day to day, above ſix weeks after; and when we did, we conſum'd as much time in coming down: and thus my ardent deſires to ſee my friends were dallied into torment; and I brookt the delay ſo much the worſe, becauſe I had ſtill a likelyhood in gaze: but now I am forced to wait with an extended patience for a remoter opportunity; for the Lady that I wait upon has got a belly ſo big, as till that ſwelling falls, and the thing be made a Chriſtian,

'tis

'tis impoſſible I ſhould break away. I confeſs dear Siſter, I have been ſo often forced to deceive your expectations, as you may think I rather make then ſuffer theſe delayes; but be aſſured they have been as unwelcome unto me as your ſelf: and if it be a property of love to deſire the preſence of the thing beloved, I may claim the reſtauration of your good opinion, for none is more deſirous to ſee you then, Dear Siſter,

Your perfectly affectionate Brother to ſerve you, R. L.

LETTER LXXIV.

To his Siſter J.

Dear Siſter,

I Have no other way to expreſs my ſelf to thee but the old one, which is, that I am ſtill thy Brother as well in love as bloud. I have contracted nothing from my acquaintance in three years abſence that can deface the remembrance of thee and thy deſerts; for though the world preaches that Doctrine, it muſt ever find me unapt to learn the Leſſon: and believe it, however you apprehend my condition, I have no intiſements here that may help to excuſe the forget-

ing

ting of my friends and kindred; it is so little impaired or amended, as I must desire you to understand it where it was, onely in one respect rather worse by the help of my Malady's increase; how the Divine hand intends to use me by that means, I am uncertain, but will learn to welcome the worst. And now, dear Sister, I will give thee back thine own frequent expressions; I do impatiently long to see thee and the rest of mine, and cannot fancy the world has a delight that exceeds the pleasure I shall then reap; and whatever you think, I have often fallen out with my narrow fortunes that have thus transplanted me. Well, I will set no more times of my coming, lest I be forced as formerly to falsifie against my will; but when least expected, tis probable I may surprise a welcom, and be restor'd the happiness of appearing what I must ever profess my self, dear Sister,

Thine own, R. L.

LET-

LETTER LXXV.

To his Brother Major W.

Dear Brother,

YOurs came very welcome to my hands, for it brought me a Preſent that I have laid up in my breaſt, I mean the confirmation of your amity; and now tis no more a gueſt, but a dweller; no longer hath a ſingle Lodging, but commands the Manſion, and ſhall do till Time demoliſhes the Fabrick: in requital I repreſent you with a Copy of it ſelf, or another of the ſame, and intreat you to keep it with as fair an allowance of credit, as I ſhall make it, or at leaſt would have it deſerve: and I hope nothing but a ſummons for one of us to leave the world ſhall perſwade us to draw ſtakes. But I cannot pocket your praiſes without diſpoyling my ſelf of a parcel of modeſty that I muſt not ſpare. I would tell you they are more due to their Author, but that I hate flattery ſo heartily, as I ſcarce dare ſpeak the full truth, leſt I ſeem to deſign it; in the mean time pray take them back, and keep them or me till I have learned to deſerve them. But now after all this, I could almoſt conſent to chide you for repreſenting me to your brother in ſo unbecoming a character, that has made him charge me in his Letter

ter with taking offence, unkindneſs, &c. at his ſilence, of which he has almoſt made it an entire deprecation: indeed I was not willing to be apprehended ſo exceptious, and thus before I am ſeen to be known by a Soleciſm in good manners, was not convenient; and conſidering how much his worth outweighs me, I ought to have ſtaid his leiſure of writing with leſs impatience than you have made him fancy: But I apprehend your generous clear ingenuity in it, and that ſtops my mouth. I pray you give your pen leave to make me acquainted how it is now imploy'd, with what kind of gale Fortune kiſſes your Sayles, whether you intend ſtill to anchor there, or to hoyſt for another Port; and what time you will take to aire your ingenuity in *Norfolk*: theſe Queries are not the children of a bare Curioſity, but of ſuch an affection as muſt ever render me, dear Brother,

Yours in all requiſites of a Friend and Servant, R. L.

LET-

LETTER LXXVI.

To Mr. W.

My Deare Friend,

YOur laſt indearing lines I perus'd with as much delight as ever love ingendred; I found things there not onely worth the reading, but the uſing; and, which is not ordinary, gather'd beauty and medicine from the ſame ſtalk: I will not be aſhamed to confeſſe I have received much aſſiſtance from it; for it was capable to charm the moſt unquiet thoughts, and to aſſure the moſt unſetled and irreſolute ſpirit. By this you may judge it came welcome, though not to welcome me home; for my *Norfolk*-journey is yet to take, and I think muſt be per force defer'd till the Spring, and ſo I ſhall be welcom'd with Noſe-gayes: the reaſon is, beſides the inclemency of the ſeaſon, my Lady, &c. I hope my laſt that gave a particular account to your deſires, got ſafe to your hands; I pray let your next tell me whether Mr. *K.* hath done any thing in what I intimated concerning the young Gentleman, *&c.*

Your own,

R. L.

LET-

LETTER LXXVII.

To his brother Mr. A. L.

Dear Brother,

I Am glad to ſee you are ſo well arm'd againſt your Domeſtick Enemies, and can pull out the ſtings of vexation ſo dexterouſly: tis a Science that comprizes the whole art of living happily; and he that has perfectly learn'd it is rich in deſpite of the frowns, and without an obligation to the fawnes of Fortune. Diſcontent is the Gout of the mind, and ſo much the harder to be cur'd becauſe it is hereditary, and as old as ſucceſſion in poſterity; but if we often repair to the great Phyſitian, he is alwayes able, and for the moſt part willing, to eaſe us: though it ſprings from the wombs of various cauſes, that are themſelves complex'd in the concupiſcible and iraſcible faculties; yet moſt commonly it proceedes from a ſurfeit of unſatisfied deſires, which run madding after that they cannot have; or if ſometimes they chance to overtake it, commonly they are as much tyr'd with the fruition, as before perplext with the defect; and like Huntſmen, reap more delight in the game than the Quarrie. But I draw faces with a blunt Coal. We are ſuddenly reſolv'd to morrow without fail to begin our journey to the Bath, and ſo from

from thence almoſt to the Lands end weſtward; which precipitate reſolution does almoſt put me to my wits end, having ſo little Elbow-room of time for preparation: this makes me that I can yet ſay nothing to the later part of your Letter; and when my leiſure is largeſt, my poor abilities will not let me ſay much to purpoſe, however I ſhall ſtretch them to an equal contribution in that charitable deſign. My multiplicity of buſineſs does you a kindneſs, and ſhortens your trouble, by inforcing me to ſubſcribe my ſelf, Dear Brother,

Yours in the very abſtract and ſpirits of affection, R. L.

LETTER LXXVIII.

To his Brother, Mr. A. L.

Dear Brother,

I Am adviſed by many reaſons to copy your content for my nearer approches, but none ſo powerful as what you alledged; for, believe it, I ſtudy nothing with more circumſpection and delight, then to preſerve the perfect heat and health of our friendſhip from thoſe cold diſeaſes that uſe to ruine others. I am proud of my friends affection, though not their praiſes; yet I

could wish (though onely to save the credit of their Judgments) that the one were as due as the other. Pray return my service to Mr. *S.* when you see him next, and tell him I am much in his debt for being preserv'd in his thoughts. I could never be at quiet with a Bookseller, till I promised to make him ready the second Part of *Hymens Præludia* against the next Term; but my short allowance of time will inforce me to huddle it up in such haste, as if I got any credit by the first, I have much reason to fear the second will forfeit it: he offer'd to be at the charge of cutting my own face for the Frontispiece; but I rejected his offer, resolving the World should have no cause to smile at the vanity in putting my Picture to a paltry Translation; but finding him still eager to put a gay before his book, I design'd him this which is now a cutting, —— Upon an Altar dedicated to Love, divers hearts transfix'd with Arrows and Darts are to lye broyling upon the Coals; and upon one of the steps of it *Hymen* is represented in the habit of a high Priest, with a Miter on his head, a Censer in one hand, and a Taper in the other, holding it in a posture as if he were going to light it at the Altar; when *Cupid* is to come behind him, and pull him by the Saffron sleeve, with these words proceeding from his mouth, *Nondum peracta sunt præludia*, as much as to say, Tis not time to light your Marriage Taper, for the

the wooings are not paſt: which alludes to the unfiniſhed Story, as well by the Author as the Tranſlator. I ſhould gladly have been oblig'd to you for the Draught, not ignorant what advantages the Cut would have borrowed from your hand, which it now muſt want; but our ſcarcity of time could not permit it to ſtay for ſo much perfection, and ſo he that graves it has drawn it, though methinks but unskilfully. *&c.* If I alter not my intentions, I think I ſhall dedicate my Book to my Lord *C. F. W.* is gone to one Sir *A. C.* in *Cambridg-ſhire*, neer *New-Market*, and made me half a promiſe to viſit you at *Barningham* before his return. By this time I have tyr'd you moſt unmercifully with my tedious ſtuffe; but you have learn'd to pardon, by oft induring theſe tricks from, Dear Brother,

Your really affectionate Brother, R. L.

LETTER LXXIX.

To Mr. R. C.

Deare Rob,

THe now ſilent Nightingale does not with ſo much ardor wiſh for the flowry moneth that gives an harmonious Tongue to his ſorrows to deplore *Terens* cruelty, as my ſoul labours

with the throwes of the ſame deſire that thy expectation pants with; for thy love to me, it is celebrated by every thought my heart weares about it with a firm belief, the weakeſt of which was never ſpotted with the leaſt ſuſpition: and for my affection to thee, though the defence is needleſs where there is neither accuſation nor jealouſie, yet I dare defie the Witchcraft of Time, the ſtupifying charms of Abſence, the fraility of mine own memory, and all other *Promethean* acceſſaries to forgetfulneſs, to ſteal away a ſpark of that fire of love which thy vertues kindled; and Heaven (to which then pure love nothing can be more acceptable) has refin'd to one Elemental ſubſtance which is neither capable of decay nor change. And though we owe little to Fortune, for ſuing an unkind divorce betwixt us, yet the influence of her malice had no operation but upon our earthly parts; when thoſe more noble diſdaining to owe a circumſcription to her coy wayward power, I mean our ſouls ordinary Meſſengers, have wing'd with love after, and mutually viſited by a ſecret ſympathy our intelligentiall faculties; and ſometimes laden with wiſhes and prayers for one anothers happineſſe, have met in the Ethereall journey to Heaven, and there congratulated the reciprocation of each others affection.

I have now gain'd an unhappy liberty by the loſſe of a deare Mother, and the cold unbribed hand

hand of Death has cancell'd that obligation of duty which I did owe, and to my power paid her. The World will therefore ſhortly be my large home, and the injoying thy Company my delightfulleſt repoſe; and till we ſhall again complete our contract, I ſhall truly reſt

Thy moſt affectionate, but unſatisfied Friend, R. L.

LETTER LXXX.

To his Brother, Mr. A. L.

Deare Brother,

HAd not my imployment made me a juſt excuſe, my ſaying nothing would have been more criminall then bad language; neglect in friendſhip being leſſe pardonable than injury, becauſe tis harder to bring up coldneſſe to a juſt temper, than to bring down anger; a feaver being much eaſier to cure than a Lethargy. At my return to *London* (for I have been all this time in the Country) I found no leſſe then three of your obliging Letters together, in which I read ſuch an exceſſe of affection, and that ſo pure and ſo neer approching to perfection, as if I did not find ſomething in mine own breaſt of the ſame ſtamp and impreſſion, I ſhould give you the

prize of friendſhip from all men yet that ever ſtrugled for it. Tis not a bare ſpeculation of things in their cauſes and effects, nor a notionall penetration into the Pedigree of every ſingle Eſſence can render a man wiſe, without an Apprentiſhip of uſe and practice: ſo to be able to define friendſhip, to know her juſt baſis & true Centre, her conſtitution, temper, object & end, will not all make a true friend, unleſſe that knowledge (after a fit choice) can make its way through the affections, into ſuch proofs as either neceſſity or occaſion ſhall dictate, that you have both the contemplaive and the active part, has appeared, not only to my opinion, but experience, and will never want a place in my memory, and ſhall alwayes be a task for my Induſtry both to pattern and requite. I am moſt ſenſibly afflicted at my poor Siſter *F*'s Feaver; and though I even fear to know how it ſtands with her, yet I pray put me out of my pain as ſoon as poſſible: in the mean time I ſhall not fail to ſolicit Heaven in her behalf, which is the beſt aſſiſtance I can lend her. My Lords only Sonne and Heire is newly arreſted with the ſame malady, which I believe will make us remove for *Lincoln-ſhire* next week. I pray preſent my hearty thanks to the Doctor for beſtowing his Receipt upon me; this day I intend, God willing, to make it. Let your next tell me whether my Nephew *Anthony* ſpake of a Letter I ſent him, with a Book, wherein was incloſed

cloſed another to my Uncle. This Fever is grown almoſt Epidemicall in the Countrey, and the ſmall Pox here, *&c.* Well, my dear Brother, I am

Yours and will be ſo, in all places, times, qualities, conditions, &c. R. L.

LETTER LXXXI.

To his Brother Mr. A. L.

Deare Brother,

I Am reſolved to keep our intercourſe alive, though ſcarcity of ſubject, and barrenneſs of ingenuity allow it but courſe fare with friendſhip: tis Terme-time all the year, and when it growes weary of ſealing alternate Writs, it becomes a burden to it ſelf; like a ſickly ſtomach, perverting that into humour which ſhould convert into *Chylus*. My cloud that our laſt parting exhal'd, is not yet diſpel'd; which for the ſame thing does both accuſe and excuſe me, indicating the imbecillity of Reaſon, and ſtrength of Love; but neceſſity is the daughter of fate, and her Lawes as indiſpenſable. I confeſſe, reſolution drawn from reaſon cannot fortifie my ſoul ſo ſtrongly, but ſometimes the battery of this malady makes a breach wide enough for anguiſh to

enter; but since I cannot overthrow it by incounter, I am resolv'd to evade it by diversion, and no more to invenom my wound by handling it, &c. I do passionately wish farre more power, that I might increase my happiness by it in serving you: but I fall short in every thing but affection, which makes, and will preserve me

Eternally Yours, R.L.

LETTER LXXXII.

To Doctor B.

Deare Doctor,

I Perceive by an hint in Mr. *H.* his last, that the Carrier has been the miscarrier of two Letters that were level'd at your hands, and seduc'd by his neglect to an irregular motion; if Chance ever yet conducts them to their Centre, they will tell you the same that this has Commission to say, though perhaps in another dresse; like severall Structures, that express variety of shape and contrivance, though they derive their pedigree from the same Quarry and Architect. And now D.D. I am sorry I was never so great a favourite of Fortune or Nature, as to raise any just pretence to the tribute you speak of; all that I dare claim is but the due to such

a

a friendſhip as you have character'd, and drawn ſo lively, as it would bring the moſt unapt ſoul in love with the love that feeds it. In the mean time I can give no precedency to thoſe wiſhes of yours that would cut off the large diſtance betwixt us, ſince I have ſome of the ſame mould and making of an equall ardor; but ſince neceſſity votes them down, do but ſend *H.* to *London* as oft as I ſhall *L.* to *H.* and we need not court a diſpenſation of her ſevere Lawes for a meeting. Pray mention my due reſpects to your vertuous Bedfellow Mr. *H.* honeſt *C. B.* and the reſt that know me; and to do him the righe (*cujus pectori nunquam decedat amicitia veſpere ſurgente, nec rapidum fugiente ſalum*) to let him keep the ſame place in your affections that will ever continue, Dear Doctor,

Immortally yours,

R. L.

LETTER LXXXIII.

To his brother Mr. A. L.

Dear Brother,

MY laſt weeks failing was not becauſe I did not write: bnt I think my woman was drunk

drunk that uſually calls for my Letters, and ſo let the laſt lie like a dead Commodity in my hands, reſembling ſome inſects here, that are born, live and die to no purpoſe. I ſhall not have room enough in this to raiſe a bank againſt the overflow of your unmerited praiſes, and confute the height of your eſteem as I ought: but it ſhall be my task to make the beſt uſe of them, and make that my mark which you have made my Quarry; for ſince they are not Eſſences, as your good opinion would have them, tis but fit I ſhould keep them by me here as Idea's for imitation. I know not the conſtitution of your Intereſts where you are, and therefore cannot judge whether they be healthfull or ſickly, onely I know your ingenuity is ſo well tempered with Judgement, as you need no aſſiſtance at the forge of your own fortunes; all then I have to do in relation to that, is to wiſh all your hopes prophets, and your feares impoſtors. I know not what to ſay to the Bark you ſpoke of, becauſe I am ignorant how ſhe is built, and therefore can give no opinion whether ſhe be worth the manning: but tis yours and not mine that muſt either keep you aſhore, or ſet you aboard; in the mean time methinks her Lading is not inconſiderable, eſpecially being to be coupled with your induſtry. I delivered your Letter to Mr. *M. W.* who reſents your well-expreſt affection very kindly, and deſired me to give it you ſo

with

with this ſervice. I need not ſay more of my vertuous Friend Mr. *W.* than you find, or at leaſt may apprehend, by judging what he is by what he ſayes; and believe it he is no diſſembler. There was nothing but my haſt in fault that I did not acquaint you with the contents of my Siſter *F*'s Letter, and therefore you might have ſpar'd that excuſe for breaking up her anſwer; there is nothing in it but you are equally concern'd in with my ſelf; and were your Intereſt leſſe, I never had cauſe to think a ſecret leſſe ſafe in your breaſt than mine. I hope I need not conjure you by all that here is dear betwixt us, to ſtrain your endeavours in *F*'s behalf, who has deſerv'd ſo well of us all: her other Friends that approve Mr. *S*'s Propoſitions may perhaps look no further then the Bark; but I know you will not content your ſelf with likelyhoods and appearances, without a ſubtile and ſolid penetration into true beings and realities; and I ſhall never doubt that metall that comes with approbation from your touch-ſtone, *&c.* My Meſſenger ſtayes for my Letter, which poſts me to a period. Dear Brother,

Ever yours with all my heart and ſoul,
R. L.

LET-

LETTER LXXXIV.

To his Brother, Mr. F. W.

Dear Brother,

THough you owe me for a Letter, yet I am ſo much in your debt for things of greater value, as I cannot be unwilling to leſſen the ingagement, though ſuch petty payments are like to wipe out but little of the ſcore. I have ventur'd to ſend you by this bearer the mis-ſhapen iſſue of my idle houres, hatch'd at ſuch ſittings when my wanton Genius was too lazie to follow the purſuit of more ſerious ſtudies. I confeſſe it has ſome deformities which I am not guilty of, I mean groſſe faults eſcaped in the Preſſe, which you will eaſily find and amend; if you loſe ſo much time as to read it over, but if you think it unworthy, you are of my mind, and may beſtow it on ſome that does not exact from himſelf ſo weighty an account of his houres. I have no more to ſay but what I muſt ever ſay,

Your really affectionate Brother to ſerve you, R. L.

LET-

LETTER LXXXV.

To Mr. R. W.

SIR,

I Cannot ſuffer the Fate of my former Letters to diſcourage me into ſilence; for if but one ſcapes Ship-wreck, it will do the buſineſs of the reſt, and tell you all that they treated of (though with leſſe variety) which is, that I am perfectly yours: and till you find out ſome command that may ingage my pen to ſome other diſcourſe, I muſt ſtill only talk upon the ſame ſubject. You know I was never prone to meddle with newes; but now it is forbidden with a penalty, I hug my averſion. The other day I caſually met this incloſed page in a Pamphlet, and though it was directed to a Gentleman I know not, yer being dated from *A.* and ſubſcribed with *R. W.* I gueſs'd your acquaintance Mr. —— the Author; if you have intereſt enough in him to wiſh him well, let him ſee it for his future caution; if I be miſtaken, I hope the error will find an eaſie pardon. I have not yet been long enough in *London* to give you account of your Eaſtern friends, I hope my next will do it. I muſt ſtill repeat my deſires, that you will uſe me while I am here; for I muſt ever be

Entirely yours, R. L.

LET-

LETTER LXXXVI.

To his Brother Mr. A. L.

Dear Brother,

I Should be as unwilling to be overpriz'd as undervalu'd, ſince every man is oblig'd to preſerve as ſtrict a guard of modeſty as courage. There are ſome ſpecies of vertue (according to Moraliſts) though they all aim at the ſame mark and agree in their end, yet in their operation are ſo vaſtly diſcrepant (not to ſay contrarious) as they are ſcarce compatible in the ſame ſubject: and thus (unleſſe the œconomy of our ſelves be very cautiouſly manag'd) to con one vertue thoroughly, is to forget another; nor can there be an higher proof of wiſdom, nor is man ever ſo exact a Microcoſme, as when, in imitation of the Elements, oppoſite qualities are equally mingled to a juſt temperament, and ſo tame themſelves to a perfect harmony. But to return to yours; had the Frontiſpiece of it been drawn by another Pen, it would have been conſtru'd Complement; but from you I give it the uſuall reception, and only believe (though the expreſſions much overtop me) Love guided your hand when you ſet down thoſe miſtakes. To judge aright is a task ſo difficult, as they that come neereſt (bating things demonſtrative) may

be

be rather ſaid to fancy then attain it; eſpecially every man being ſubject (at leaſt ſometimes) either to opinion, paſſion, or partiality, great enemies to a cleare Judgement: but I ſhew the weakneſſe of mine, by tiring you with theſe unneceſſaries. This week contributes little ſatisfaction to your appetite of newes, *&c.* But I outrun the Conſtable: Dear Brother,

Unconfinably yours to ſerve you, R. L.

LETTER LXXXVII.

To Mr. E.

Good Landlord,

I Received a Letter from our Friend, incloſed in one of Mr. *H*'s. by which I perceive he found it unſafe to abide in a place ſo unworthy of his reſidence: tis a ſad world that your treacherous Ocean ſhould only rage with ſuch ſtorms as threaten wrack to none but the vertuous and deſerving; but you had the advantage of me, and had a taſt of his ſociety, which I pine for, but love you not ſo ill to grudge it: he tells me you are ſuddenly to remove to *Briſtoll*, which renders me (though ſenſible of my own loſs, in the diſcontinuance of our friendly intercourſe) truly glad

glad for the advancement of your condition; I never found it a difficult task to make my own intereſt do homage to my friends felicity; which if you purchaſe, I ſhall taſte the fruit of my own well-wiſhes. For my Trunk, I deſire you would uſe the means to ſend it down to my Landlords in *Holborn*, I will write to him to pay for the carriage. My true love and reſpects to my good Landlady; and Mrs. *B.* with the reſt, and if ever my affaires carry me neer *Briſtol*, you ſhall ſee you are not forgotten by

Your true friend, R. L.

LETTER LXXXVIII.

To Mr. W.

Sir,

THough this ſhall run the hazard of miſſing the way to your hands, yet I cannot content my ſelf onely to remember you, without indeavouring to tell you ſo. I received yours dated the fifteenth, the laſt of *May*; which pain'd me with no little regret that Mr. *R.* finds his affaires in ſo bad a condition, and my judgment of them ſo erroneons. I have not yet left admiring the laſt rare proof of your affection, nor reproching Fortunes ſpite that would not let me

me tell you how tenderly I reſented it. I am not friends with our fruitleſs reſidence here, when I conſider how I might ſerve you at *London*, and I bluſh to think how little I have performed to deſerve your ingenious acknowledgments; but my remote abode does now increaſe my deſpair of mending thoſe faults. I am not able to tell you how well I love you, for I have it better expreſſed within then I am able to utter; but of this be aſſured, I would not be maſter of all my other wiſhes, on condition not to render them ſerviceable to yours, whoſe joyes and griefs ſhall be inſeperably twiſted with thoſe of

Your unalterable friend, and faithful ſervant, R. L.

LETTER LXXXIX.

To Mr. H.

Sir,

I Am ſorry for the firſt impediment your pen acknowledges, *viz.* the want of good news, for the ſecond, you muſt give me leave to imitate yours, and play with it, for even my own imperfections do delight me when they make you merry. Your profeſſion of a ragged garb is but a modeſt diſguiſe of your inward bravery: &

thus you go backward in your own eſteem, that you may take the farther leap into others; thus being over-laviſh in my commendations, you are too much a niggard in denying your own abilities. Mrs. *B.* is nothing ſo much beholding to your pleaſant humour as my ſelf, for it has created her an unworthy ſervant, and made me a very deſerving Miſtriſs before I thought of it; but I believe diſtance and abſence will conſpire to continue it ſtill a jeſt, as ſure you meant it; however Sir, notwithſtanding you forbid it, I muſt renew the profeſſion of my ingagements to you, and do but wiſh for ſo much power as may make you find that the reality which you ſuſpect the complement of

Your truly affectionate friend and ſervant, R. L.

LETTER XC.

To his Brother Mr. A. L.

Dear Brother,

WHat you are pleaſed to miſcall extravagancies of your Pen, are better conſtrued by him that receives them, who never reads theſe welcome repetitions and confirmations of your amity, but (referred to that) he boldly concludes himſelf happy in ſpight of all the affronts of Fortune, and defects of Nature; by this

this you may gueſs how deeply you may oblige me in being ſtill ſo exttavagant. You had not been laſt Week unſaluted, if an accidentall emergency had not ſnatcht my Pen out of my hand, and alarum'd my obedience to an indiſpenſable imployment (impoſed by the commands of thoſe I ſerve) which ſwallowed all the time that offered the opportunity. I hope my ſiſter *F.* received my laſt Weeks Letter, which had layen three or four dayes by me ready written, or elſe ſhe had miſſed as well as you. I am contented ſhe ſhould think me willing to the matrimoniall bargain ſhe has made, and am ſorry my inforced abſence has rendred me incapable of diſpoſing my indeavourr to ſerve a perſon I love ſo dearly, in an affair of ſo much importance; though ſince you condeſcended to accept the Province of treating and concluding in her behalf, my confidence in your caution and prudence tells me, that all other aſſiſtants would be ſuperfluous and ſupernumerary. I am extremely melancholy'd at your dilated reſolutions of ſeeing *London*; and the rather ſo, becauſe I fear we ſhall ſpend the two following Tearms in the Countrey, and ſo miſſe the happineſs of your ſociety. I have not yet received ſo much as a tittle from the Lord *C.* when I do you are ſure to have a ſudden account. You will oblige Mr. *W.* to inquire of his friends preſent condition and welfare. I have here incloſed his little token to

you, the ſtone may boaſt a very ancient pedigree between his birth and his preſent being; the face was intended for one of the *Roman* Emperours, but whether the hand was happy that grav'd it, is beſt referr'd to your judgement. Let me intreat you to pay my reſpects as they are due to all my friends you ſhall encounter in your voyage, eſpecially at *L.* hall. If I may have the opportunity of writing once more before you ſet forward, I will venture to trouble you with a book or two to *L.* and my Nephew. When you next ſee Mr. *P.* pray return him my reſpects proportion'd to his civilities. I have much ſorrow for my poor ſiſter *W.* and as much wonder at her husbands ſilence, from whom I have not received a line this half year. Preſent me very kindly to my Couſin *W.* and tell him ſince he lik't the firſt part ſo well, if I knew how to ſend it, he ſhould have the ſecond. But I have made no conſcience of tyring your patience: pardon all my faults, and believe me, Dear Brother,

Your own to honour, love, and ſerve you, R. L.

LET-

LETTER XCI.

To his Couſin A. L.

Dear Couſin,

TIs time to recover my credit, that I doubt almoſt languiſhes in your eſteem, through the ſlow performance of my promiſe. But ſure you have goodneſſe enough to make the interpretation gentle, and I hope faith enough to believe what I profeſs, without a ſpot of complement, that I am to you all that you can deſire in affection, though leſſe then what I paſſionately wiſh to be in the proofs of it: would my occaſions have allow'd time enough, I ſhould have ventured fair for the beſt of Titles, I mean a Peace-maker between you and your Father-in-law; but that was denied by the ſeveriry of my affairs, requiring more time then I was maſter of; and indeed treaties of that nature are better let alone them not perfected. I know not how your Mother interprets my forbearance of an expected viſit, but I fear unkindly; though indeed onely theſe conſiderations, and not any coldneſs of affection to her would have it ſo. Well, if you want any thing that *London* affords within the reach of my poor power, I am here to ſerve you; for take my word I deſire nothing with

more ardour then to appear as I am, Sweet Couſin,

Your truly affectionate Uncle and ſervant, R. L.

LETTER XCII.

To Mr. G.

Dear Sir,

I Am once more grown into a condition to claim your promiſe of correſpondency, and ſhorten the diſtance betwixt us, by a literal intercourſe. Upon Saturday night we reacht the Bath; and as if the Heavens intended to inure us by degrees to what we went for, we were bath'd by the way by an almoſt continued rain; thus againſt our wills imitating natures method in the conduct of her maſter-piece, Man, to his perfect growth; firſt ſhe teaches him to creep, then go, and ſo forward: ſo we began with drops, and are now ſucceeded to Fountains, but whether thoſe will (like *Bethſaida's* Poole) cure our Diſeaſes, is yet an Embryo in the womb of Time, when their own reſolutions are better known to themſelves, perhaps like the nature of weighty things they may deſcend to me, however to give you my gueſſe, I think we are travelled to the Weſt like a Winters Sun, where our ſtay will take

take up more then our voyage; and to make the Simile run upon more wheels, all the dayes I ſtay here will be as tedious as ſo many long nights without ſleep. Preſent me cordially to my Brother, and tell him, if I thought I ſhould not loſe my labour, he ſhould not receive them thus by a glance, but by a level point-blank from my pen. You may aſſure *Polycarpus* I have no more leaves to take, unleſs he will give me leave to wiſh his wit may never ſhrink in the wearing, nor his mirth in the wetting, ſo long as he has uſe for them. If you can, let me feel how the great pulſe beats, and preſerve me in your belief, as I am, Sir *F.*

Your moſt affectionate
Friend, R. L.

LETTER XCIII.

To Mr. G.

Deare Sir,

I Had ſooner given you a receipt for your laſt, if the motion of my head would have given my hands the liberty; for ſince our arrival here, my Lord and I, like *Don Quixot* and his *Sancho*, have done nothing but ſeek adventures, viſiting all the Towns of remark, and inchanted Caſtles we

could hear of, as if we intended to give the World a more exact Geography of the place, and mend *Cambdens* Map of the County: only we have charg'd no Windmills yet, nor any thing elſe but his purſe. We are now iſſuing out upon a ſecond enterpriſe upon *Briſtol*, but I think we ſhall quickly finiſh that adventure, unleſſe we meet with ſome diſtreſſed Damoſels. The I's and No's you ſpeak of, put them and their power all together, I think ſpell nothing but *I noſe*. I would fain live to ſee the day that the ſweet finger may have cauſe given him to ſet his Pſalms to the Tune of *Lachryme*, firſt hang up his Harp and then himſelf, for an imitable example to the whole Congregation in the Chappel: methinks the Members falling out about the reckoning upon the marriage day of their new authority expounds the Fable of the *Lapithes* or *Centaurs*; make you the conſtruction. We are now in a Town where moſt of the people get their bread by their water, I mean, the Bath; and to ſtrengthen the Paradox, thoſe that never knew how to govern themſelves are yet guides to others. Of a City tis doubtleſs the prettieſt of *England*, in a double ſenſe, as it is little and handſome. Moſt of the inhabitants live the life of fiſhes in Summer, and Flies in Winter, for then they have nothing elſe to do but ſleep in their crannies. He that comes of the beſt houſe of the *B*—— is come to

Bath

Bath, and we drank your health yeſterday. Preſent me as is due to all: but tis time to make an end, and call my ſelf, Dear Sir,

Yours perfectly to his power, R. L.

LETTER XCIV.

To his Brother, Mr. A. L.

Deare Brother,

I Am very glad your Ague has once more taken his leave, in a double reſpect, becauſe it has releaſed you at preſent, and (in all likelihood) of future trouble, at leaſt remov'd them to a remote diſtance; it being the property of thoſe concuſſive maladies, (reſembling a friends reproof, or a Parents correction) to trouble the body into amendment, and pinch health into a greater purity: and indeed methinks the turns of health and ſickneſſe, like the vicſſitudes of joy and grief, while they overflow not their banks, are not only tolerable, but ſometimes neceſſary; no Halcion-day ſo pleaſant, as that which ſucceedes the precedency of a lowring morning. Your decoction no doubt was very ſafe, and the admixture of *Diagridium* and *Sal Abſynthii* not improper; but believe it, this conſtant taking away the bran by an artificial Sive, does but tye

the

the hands of nature, which if let looſe and at liberty, no doubt would do it better her ſelf: health haſtened by a Phyſicall aſſiſtance is like fruits ripen'd by artificiall glaſſes, which are neither ſo fair to the eye, gratefull to the taſte, nor ſo laſting as thoſe that ſtay the leiſure of time for a genuine maturity, and I am confident that a good Diet, moderate Exerciſe, and a merry heart, are the moſt ſoveraign Remedies you can take to perfect your recovery. My Brother *W.* came hither on *Thurſday* laſt, and parted hence for *Oxford* on *Tueſday*; his Brother the Major keeps him company in the Journey, he excuſed it, that he did not viſit you by the way, and is reſolv'd to mend his fault in his return, which I believe will be about *Tueſday* next; I think we ſent your Ague to flight by drinking your health. I pretend not to any confidence, or indeed belief of what my laſt told you in reference to newes, but rather take it as the child of ſome ſingle conjectures, that are ever limming likelihoods of what they would have, and conceiting themſelves into their priſtine happineſſe; yet I will not ſweare that all is Apochrypha. I am acquainted with a Welſh Prophet here, one *E.* which ſeldom dreames without a Revelation, or ſleeps without a Viſion as he calls them, who tells the world of a ſudden return of Monarchy to its old bias, and has been ſo ſaucy to petition our grand Councel to bring home *Charles Stuart*

to

to his Engliſh Throne, and threatens their diſobedience with an utter deſtruction; yet this man has not only ſcap'd hitherto with impunity, but they ſay is privately cajold by ſome Starres of magnitude; tis true, his former predictions have been ſtrangely credited with events, as the death of the King, the lifting the Lords *Eſſex* and *Fairfax* ſucceſſively to the Generals place, the downfall of Presbytery, and diſſolution of this Parliment, which he hit to half an hour: but I ſuppoſe you have ſeen moſt of this in his Books: if you have them not, I will ſend you them next week bound in one: for my part I read them for nought but ſport, but he is not half ſo much laugh'd at as he was at firſt. I did intend to put out my Letters next terme, but I ſee I ſhall be hinder'd by a ſudden reſolution my Lord and Lady have lately taken, to make a journey to the Bath, and ſo from thence into *Devonſhire* and *Cornwall*, to viſit two Siſters of my Lords, which are there richly married. Preſent me duly to all my friends, and preſerve me in your affection as I do you, that am (dear Brother,)

Indiſpenſibly unreſervedly
Yours R. L.

LET-

LETTER XCVII.

To his brother Mr. A. L.

Dear Brother,

IF this ample interval and vaſt intermiſſion that has inſenſibly crept between our laſt correſpondency, had not on my part been conſtrained by the invincible and indiſpenſable laws of Neceſſity, I ſhould affix an Apology to the forehead of my Letter for neglect, and torment my head to excuſe the offence of my heart; ſince he that can take commiſſion from his own ſloth, to let fall the thred of a friendly intercourſe, betrayes a labaſcency and a languor in his amicable reſentments, and is no better then the ſhell of a friend, that would be thought to hide what he has not. I am now freſhly return'd from the *Engliſh-Scythia, viz. Cornwal*, which entertain'd us as the land of *Canaan* did the *Iſraelites*, with all that plenteous variety which was complext in the general terms of milk and honey, &c. But really I found as little correſpondency betwixt them and *London*, or any of the Eaſtern parts, as if they had been as well of another Nation as Language; and venturing ſome Letters twice or thrice in vain by a lame Poſte, in which Packets ſtill ſomething to you, and finding they all fell ſhort of the marks they aim'd at, I ſate down

down half angred into an obſtinate reſolution of adventuring to ſay no more to my friends till I could do it with greater aſſurance; which made ſome of my intimate acquaintance in *London* to conclude me dead or ſick; and their conjectures were not altogether ſo wide as I could have wiſht them; for I ſcarce enjoy'd one well day in ten Weeks abſence. At my arrival I met the deplorable news of my dear ſiſter *W*'s death, which has afflicted me beyond expreſſion, as well in reference to my loſſe in her, as to the poor boyes ſhe has left deſtitute of a diſcreet and indulgent Mother. I pray let me know by the next miſſive without fail how the condition of our family is ſtated, in relation to the health and affairs of thoſe perſons that compoſe it, eſpecially your ſelf, who ever led the van to the whole World in my wiſhes, &c. I have now nothing more to ſpeak, but my deſire that you would pardon my haſte, with the faults it commits, ſince my time is too penurious to allow me a preſent circumſpection. Expect an amends in my next, and continue me ſtill in your thoughts; as I am, Dear Brother,

Sincerely, ſolemnly, unreſervedly yours to ſerve you, R. L.

LET-

LETTER XCVI.

To his Aunt H.

Honoured Aunt,

SHould I ſuffer Oblivion as well as my ſelf, to ſwallow your laſt excellent entertainment, beſides the proof of my own ingratitude, I ſhould ſilently accuſe your goodneſs for miſplacing it ſelf upon a ſubject ſo unworthy; give my Pen then leave to return you what I can, my true thanks, ſince what I would is beyond the reach of my power. I ſhould willingly give you fewer words, could I make my deeds Rhetoricall; for though acknowledgement ſeems the cheapeſt kind of requitall, yet could I find out the other way, I ſhould eaſe my ſelf of many paſſionate wiſhes that have yet been loſt upon mine own inabilities; but I dare go no further in this ſubject, leſt circumſpection to ſpeak all the truth, ſhould make all look like Complement. I was lately importun'd by a friend of mine, to give him my opinion, whether *H.* would not be a fit place to ſet up an Academy for the breeding of young Gentry, in all ſuch qualities as paſſe in the opinion of the world for Ornaments: he profeſſes to teach the French, Italian and Spaniſh Tongues, Mathematicks, the uſe of the Globe, beſides Latine and Greek, and

and I am confident will prove no Mountebank in any thing he undertakes, for I dare ſpeak him one of the moſt compleat Gentlemen of this age; but I ſuſpended my opinion of the deſign, till I knew yours, by which if approv'd I ſhall render mine with the more confidence, becauſe I know your Judgement ſo little acquainted with error, as it ſeldom miſſes to miſſe of it. Dear Aunt, if you vouchſafe to give me a line or two how you reliſh it, he ſhall ſteere his courſe accordingly, and I ſhall range it among thoſe favours that have made me your deſperate debtor, but, dear Aunt,

Your moſt humble and faithful Servant, R.L.

LETTER XCVII.

To his Brother Mr. F. W.

Dear Brother,

BEſides the deſert of your kind expreſſions, which call'd to a ſlow hand for a reply, I am hinted by the newes of my Siſters ſafe delivery to wiſh you as much joy in your young Sonne, as if the preſent hopes in him were already ripen'd to their future perfection, and expectation were chang'd into aſſurance. I know not whether you

youſhould more skill in the diminution of your own, or extolling my deſerts, in the firſt act put on the face of modeſty, in the ſecond of kindneſſe; and fighting with ſuch Weapons, ſhe cannot chuſe but triumph. I dare not enter the liſts that way; but if an honeſt heart that ſpeaks plainly, and meanes well, that takes care to preſerve its own ſimplicity from ſuch mixtures as will harm it, I have it for you, and will keep it ſo. Preſent my dear reſpects to my Siſter, and tell her, I wiſh you may make her Mother to a numerous off-ſpring, on condition they may all prove as ſo many acceſſaries to the Parents happineſs: by that time this is like to reach your hands, perchance the gueſts and goſſips may be aſſembled at the Chriſtning, to each of which, if I know them, I beſeech you Sir, preſent me as is due: I cannot chuſe but mention honeſt Mr. *H.* M. *B.* Mr. *D.* *&c.* So oft as your Pen gives me a taſte of your welfare, I reliſh much happineſſe; for Sir, believe it, you cannot loſe any confidence upon my affection, that deſires to appear to you,

All that is requiſite in perfect Amity and Service, R. L.

LET-

LETTER XCVIII.

For Mr. J. E.

Sir,

I Received your laſt, with your thanks for thoſe blots, whoſe ill contrivance may rather ſummon my own bluſhes than your acknowledgment: all the diſpoſall I will challenge in the noble proffer of your heart, is ſtill to reſerve him a harbor there, who is never ſo angry with his ſtars unkindneſs, as when he conſiders he can pay down no greater earneſt of deſert for theſe favours than a few cheap words. Sir, I know no greater incouragement to any indeavour than obedience to your Commands; for which the imployment it ſelf would be an ample recompence, and I ſhould reap a plenteous Harveſt in the very tillage. I know you are all thirſty of happy newes, but this week affords not a drop to quench it: you have not deſerv'd to be cheated with hopes for realities, nor do I think it fit to ſend you Conjectures for Poſitives. The ſtrongeſt incounter with our feares is given by the &c. what that may produce, I leave to the ſteadier ballance of your Judgement. Our expectations have been ſo oft, like the early bleſſings of a forward Spring, been betrayed to the tyranny of a following Froſt, that I am reſolved

mine shall bud no more till the unеclipsed Sun shall chase keen winter before his victorious rayes, *&c.*

R. L.

LETTER XCIX.

To Mr. R. W.

My dearest Friend,

I Received those lovely Copies of a vertuous and knowing soul in the last lines, with such a gladness, as none but you that had power to create it can fancy: this Paper will not hold the description, and therefore think it but the result of an affection so simply pure, as has long since left off the capacity of growth and decay, and then you have it. You do well to say we cannot be divided; for the remotest corner of the Earth cannot hide you from me, and even at such times when I know not where you are I visit you; you have put such sweetnesse, and yet so much gravity in your words, as I know not whether I am more ravish'd or instructed, and have much adoe to scape self-love, because I am so lov'd, though I do more then like the Character of dispositions, observation of national propensions, and proper distempers: your tracing the foot-steps, skilfull reading upon the decay'd

cayd skeletons of Antiquity, with the rich imbroidery of a clear judgement upon all; yet when ſuch a Bee flies among flowers, I cannot wonder if ſhe carries home ſtore of Honey; when ſo active a fancy incounters ſuch apt materialls to frame Idea's, tis not ſtrange if ſhe brings rich ladings to the underſtanding. But above all, my dear Friend, I muſt remember to thank you for thoſe ſweet and candid inſinuations of Piety and Vertue, which with a cunning affection you gently communicate, by preſuppoſing that I have them already; and thus your skill and kindneſs combine to interweave delight and profit, and conſpire my happineſs. Well, could I but take my viſible Example where I had my Precept, the Leſſon would be leſſe difficult, and I ſooner ſhap'd to your mind; for though I ſtrive to love as perfectly as poſſible, yet I dare not think my ſelf qualified enough to deſerve ſuch a Friend, *&c.*

Eternally Yours, R. L.

LETTER C.

To ——

Madam,

I Cannot pocket your excellent lines, without expreſſing my own unhappineſs in aſpiring to

what I ſhould only have been contented to admire: had I but gaz'd, and then given over, the impreſſion had not gone ſo deep, and I might have outworn the wound; but it was too hard a task to begin to underſtand you, and not ſuffer Love to undo me with ambition. Had my eyes only betray'd me, and your face and feature ty'd on my chains, I might have truſted time and abſence for a Cure, and read for it in the variety of other cheeks that are white and red; but 'tis your diviner part has charm'd me, that ſoul of vertue and diſcretion that guided your Pen took me priſoner: nor can I hope a releaſe from Reaſon, ſince Reaſon it ſelf is a fellow-captive with the reſt. I confeſſe I am ſtagger'd as well as you in my reſolution of ſeeing of you no more, and ſory I did not except viſits, when I forſwore addreſſes; but 'tis in your power to interpret the Oath with that condition; and though more reviewes cannot mend the ſculpture of your Image in my heart, nor a perpetuity of abſence deface it, yet I could willingly (before the wind carries me away) take incouragement from you once to ſee the dear cauſe of my unpitied ſufferings; which you may ſafely grant, becauſe I re-inforce my promiſe to let alone that ſubject that ſo much offends you, and torments your ſervant. I ſhould now indeavour to conſure the modeſt injury you have done your own deſerts, and tell you how your ſtriving to extinguiſh

guiſh increas'd the ardour, that you vainly beſtow the title of Candour and ſincerity upon the ſame thing you ſcorn, or at leaſt miſprize: beſides, I ſhould gratefully mention the cruell charity of your wiſhes, that would have no thought of your ſelf diſquiet me, which you know is impoſſible; but this would be to anſwer your Letter, and coldly to diſpute, which my preſent tranſport will not allow: well, though you have raced it out, I muſt ever faſten the Epithet of loving to the title of

Your eternall Servant, R. L.

LETTER CI.

To his brother Mr. A. L.

Loving Brother,

YOur laſt und.ted Letter I received laſt night, and perus'd the well-woven variety in it with ſo clear a delight, as it reſembled the Suns victorious glory in a Cloudy morning, diſpelling the miſts of melancholy which has lately got a trick to ſit ſomething heavy on my dull ſpirit; but I am reſolv'd to rowſe it: how Sir *F.* has digeſted my miſtake, and the ſtupid effects of it, I know not, nor do I much diſturb my thoughts about it, for he has parted with much

of his Candor, if he does not reſent true affection in it, (though ill expreſt.) It is not in my power to overvalue your laſt kindneſſe, ſuch cordiall condeſcenſions in a true Friend being (like the greateſt number in Arithmetick) impoſſible to be expreſt; and had my will a power adequate, you would ſoon ſee the requital would much ſurmount the acknowledgement. I ſuppoſe my laſt (if it ſcap'd the danger of ſo long a Journey) told you, that I am now a Patient to one Mr. *D.* whoſe Phyſick I ſtill daily take, (though yet with little apparent ſucceſſe;) but he is confident, and therefore I do not deſpair; however if you have a *Recipe* from Dr. *B.* of ſome ſoveraign *lotium*, it will be grateſully welcom. I am invective againſt cruel Intereſt, and do upbraid my narrow condition that will not ſuffer me to meet you at *Norwich*, (ſo much love being the inviter, and would fain be the Gueſt) but my Chain is not long enough to reach ſo farre, and (till opportunity growes ripe) I am loth to break it; I will therefore content my ſelf to wiſh your meeting happily divided betwixt ſucceſſe and delight.

I cannot diſapprove the Character of the Gentleman, and not be Cynical; only I could have wiſh'd (for my Siſters ſake) that his mind had not held more of his Treaſure; but it ſeemes, affection makes her willing to accept of an *Utopian* Joynture. The joyes are confeſt more purely

purely genuine that wait at thoſe Nuptials where Love makes the match, and not Intereſt; but this age is ſway'd with ſuch a blind injuſtice, that it even forces a byas upon the moſt prudent vertue. Indeed I alwayes obſerv'd in her a diſcreet foreſeeing Providence, while ſhe ſtood at the ſtern of her own Cockboat. In which, (if he does match her as well as in affection) no doubt but the bigger bark of their family will be well Piloted, and ſo by a joynt Induſtry their ſtock daily encreaſed. I do exceedingly applaud the ſolidity of your caution, in making ſure of that ſumme; but if I were able to adviſe better (as I am not) it would be fruitleſſe, ſince you know with reſolution all counſel is incompatible. This day I wrote to my Siſter *F.* and incloſed it in one to my Siſter *F.* wherein I do (not without much regret) acquaint her with my unfortunate failing in her behalf, though I ſtirred in it with as much dexterity both of minde and body as was poſſible; but the main cauſe of our failing was, that I knew not the opportunity ſoone enough. I am not now in ſo good a condition to ſerve my Couſin *C.* as I was when my Lord of *Lincoln* reſided at *Tatterſhall*, within four miles of his Uncle; for now he is come to *Sempringham*, much more remote, where I think he will winter; ſo as I do much upbraid my own neglect omiſſion to ſee him before I came from thence

to *Haughton*, though I was fool'd into it by a promiſe of my Ladies, to return thither in ten dayes, though we have already worn out the tedious Age of ſix weeks in this unfrequented Cave: nor do I look for a ſudden deliverance from this ſolitary confinement; but indeed it is not much unſuitable with my preſent diſpoſition, which can reliſh nothing delightful, till I get rid of this deplorable trouble; but when we return into *Lincoln-ſhire*, it ſhall go hard if I break not priſon for one day to ſee the old *Midas*, and then I ſhall not forget to urge what you hinted concerning the *&c.* Excuſe the extravagancy of theſe inconſequent diverſions, and expect method when health bequeaths me a more fixt temper; but you ſhould never be thus aſſaulted with the ſallies of theſe petty diſcontents, if you were not perfectly confided in, and peculiarly lov'd by

Your moſt faithfully affectionate Brother to command, R. L.

LETTER CII.

To Mr. J. P.

Dear Jack,

I Am ſorry thou couldſt not carry health out of Town; but here is never a ſhop that ſells that Commo-

Commodity. I hope it waited in the Country, to welcom thee home; for if well-wiſhes may make thee well, I have redeemed it for thee, and thou art reſtored to its poſſeſſion. My pawned promiſe is redeemed by this incloſed, which though it be too plain to be pretious, I would be loth to forfeit it to a Friend. I prethee intreat ſweet Mrs. *Mary* and thy ſelf, not to ſpoyl theſe courſe lines with expectation. My haſte has done it too much already, they being the deformed iſſue of a few minutes ſtolne from my ſerious occaſions; but if my miſtake did not miſſe your directions, I have not ſhot much wide of the deſign. My belief has been ſo often abuſed with newes, that I am reſolved not to adventure the cheating of thee with ſome ſuch unwilling falſhood. Let me injoyn the happineſſe in my behalf to kiſſe Mr. M's. fair hand, and lay the preſentation of my ſervice at her foot, and let her know that if the dull performance of this firſt has not diſcouraged her bounty in beſtowing further commands, I queſtion not but to give her a better taſte of my zeal to ſerve her. In the mean time, honeſt *Jack*, if it requires it, I commit thy peccant body to belly-racking diſcipline of thy guilded Pills, but thy mind and ſenſes to the ſoveraign cordiall of her pretious ſociety, and reſt

Thy cordiall friend to ſerve thee, R. L.

LET-

LETTER CIII.

To Mr. W.

My dearest friend,

WE are at last got loose from our Western entertainment, and deliver'd from the punishment of an importunate kindness, which was alwayes in travell, and every day delivered of an overflow; but I hope we have escaped all the danger (*viz.* of surfets) for which we ought to keep a solemn thanksgiving, and are safely arrived at *London*, which we shall onely make a baiting-place by the way into *Lincolnshire*, and there spend the remains of the Summer. At my return to *London* I met a pair of your Letters that had long stayd my coming, I flew to their perusal with a greedines as great as ever was the child of a teeming impatience, and found that in them which at the same time fated and justified my longing. I was truly glad to hear my friend had so happily pleased my Lady *L.* in his Factorship, which was confirmed by a Letter I received from her out of the Countrey, (for they left *London* upon the brink of our arrivall) which commanded me to return you with her thanks by Bill of exchange as a gratuity for your prudent care in her behalf, and a request from my Lord that you would (if possible) pro-

cure

cure him ſome more *Italian* ſongs. I have incloſed this Bill from your friend Mr. *B.* whereof I deſire you will ſignifie the receipt with as much expedition as poſſible, and direct your letters again to —— for I ſhall be out of Town till *Michaelmas*. But now my deareſt friend, I know not which way to turn my Pen, nor how to ſhape an anſwer to thoſe praiſes you laviſh upon a toy that I cannot own without ſome bluſhes; which was the onely reaſon it was kept ſo long from your knowledge, for fear it ſhould get me a deſerved chiding from your ſevere affection, for laying out my time with ſo much improvidence and ill-husbandry: nor do I traffique with that ſtale piece of modeſt policy for an improvement of reputation, becauſe I diſavow it, like a cunning Angler, drawing away the Bait that the Fiſh may follow it more greedily; for really I ſpeak my thoughts without a dreſſe, when I tell you that I have much wondered how it comes by the credit it carries in the World, and that ſo many judicious palats ſhould guſt a piece ſo inſipid; however it is, I cannot content the importunity of ſome of my beſt qualified friends without I go on with this ſtory, and I think there will be another part out at *Michaelmas* Term, if I come time enough to *London* to overſee the Preſs, &c.

R. L.

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LETTER CIV.

To his Brother, Mr. A. L.

Loving Brother,

YOur advertiſement of the happy Errour came too late to intercept the abortive iſſue which my Creſt-fallen Muſe miſcarried with: but I was never more glad of being abuſed, and am friends with Fame for the deceit, ſince it is like to coſt me more then a laughing at. But reports of this nature ſhall henceforth onely play faſt and looſe with my ear (as Juglers do with the eye) and claim no credit till backt by apparent certainty. Your imagination cannot fancy a more gratefull heart then mine, made ſo by your laſt courteſie, a trouble which none but ſo perfect a friend as your ſelf would have undertaken; and though I know you are none of thoſe that can put their courteſies to uſe, and ſo become kindeſt to themſelves in being kind to to others, yet I ſhall never judge my ſelf truly happy till I be able to return yours with intereſt. I would gladly find Doctor *B.* not miſtaken in the ſituation of my malady, and I hope my experience will hereafter aſſure me, as now my obſervation begins to perſwade, that there is no flaw in his judgment. I have a ſtrong fancy that I ſhall reap much benefit by thoſe lotions he

ſpeaks

ſpeaks of, and therefore when you go next to *Norwich* let me intreat you to take a note of the ingredients from his dictates, for I conceive no time of the year unſeaſonable to take that kind of Phyſick. 'Tis poſſible Mr. *R*'s directions, as one well skill'd in ſuch medicinals, may prove available, though I intend not to ſtraggle the breadth of a hair from what Doctor *B.* preſcribes. We are now retir'd from my Lord of *Lincolnes* to a houſe of my Lord of *Clares* in *Nottinghamſhire*, where a Hermit is not more alone then I, this Countrey affording nothing fit to converſe with but dumb companions, as pleaſing walks in Gardens, Groves by Rivers, &c. of which it is not unfruitful; that had I *Adams* innocency and knowledge, my preſent condition would reſemble his before *Eve* was created. I have lately not without much regret loſt my *French* and *Italian* Tutor, who is parted from my Lady *D.* I am unfeignedly glad to hear of the health of my ſiſters, and that they manage their deſerts with ſo diſcreet a providence to improve reputation. If you find Hymen is like to light an auſpicious torch, and the true-loves knot be worth the tying, I ſhall not give a faint applauſe to the change of my ſiſter *K*'s condition; I ſhall be glad to hear in your next that ſhe draws in a happy yoke; they ſhall have my hearty wiſhes that their ſweet bondage may know no other fetters then what are woven by the ſoft hand of ver-

vertuous unfading Love: might I hope the happineſs to meet you at *London*, nothing would be able to out-glad me; but I do more than fear that we are to conſume this winter in theſe parts, unleſs, a new-kindled Warre do ſend us packing, and then I am ſure that unſanctified City muſt prove our Sanctuary: that which makes it too probable is, that my Lord of *C.* is coming down thence with his whole Family, to increaſe ours here. I pray preſent my humble ſervice to my Couſin *H. C.* and tell him, that if I can ſerve him in ought with his Uncle, who lives within five miles of my Lord of *L.* Caſtle, at *T.* (which we ſhall often viſit) he ſhall not find my indeavours tardy; I have not yet ſeen him, but intend at our next going: tis reported there, that the other *H. C.* is grown a great favourite; but if report ſayes true, he is like to plague their expectations with a moſt unconſcionable long life, as if time had forſworn to ſwallow his *humidum radicale*, to whom he yet has denyed the homage of either ſtooping or drooping; I intend to ſend him a pot of red Dear, which they ſay will be welcom. I pray preſent my affectionate reſpects to my Siſters, and tell my Siſter *F.* that I am now in chaſe of a place for her, which if obtained will pay for all her patience; tis to ſerve the Lady *A. W.* and I intend to ingage no worſe Soliciter then my own Lady her Couſin Jerman; but I am afraid tis

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promiſed already, and therefore let her not hope too much; only if ſuch a thing ſhould happen, 'twere fit I had notice where a Meſſenger ſhould find her; for I intend to ſend one on purpoſe. But I grow intolerable: pardon this rout of words, and call me as I truly am,

Your own for ever, R. L.

LETTER CV.

To Mr. R.

Sir,

MY ſhort allowance of time will only ſuffer me to tell you, that I am (what your friendly Courteſies have made me) truly yours, and will be ready to appear ſo, when any of your Commands ſhall direct me how. In the mean time, take my hearty thanks for the trouble you have undertaken. It was a requeſt of that nature as (without the aid of much Candor) you muſt needs have conſtru'd Preſumption; but your ingenuity has help'd you to give it a better interpretation: be aſſured I will ſtrictly require of my ſelf ſuch indeavours as may learn to deſerve theſe favours. So if you pleaſe to let me know your clear opinion of this mans intentions, I ſhall ſteer my courſe accordingly; and (if you find

find it requisite) come to *Nottingham* my self, and get him arrested before Occasion shewes her bald pate. I beseech you, Sir, return my Love and service where they are due to my Friends you have with you. Pardon my rude haste, and do me the right to believe me

Eternally yours, R. L.

LETTER CVI.

To Seigneur G.

Sir,

I Understood by a late Letter of Mr. *H.* and since by your last to Mr. *H.* that you had sent divers Letters to me; which if so, I cannot do lesse then wonder at the strange contrivance of Fortune, in not suffering so much as a single line to arrive at my hands since I saw you; when none of those that weekly travel between me and my remote Friends ever met with the same fate. Indeed I was glad to hear that *Seigneur G.* was yet among the living; for I judg'd nothing but Death could have struck him so dumb. I understood your desires, and the reasons of them by Mr. *H.* to receive your *Seamozzi*, which I presently communicated to your *valt Milner*, and prevailed so well by perswasion, as you

you will receive it by this Carrier. I am ſory my Lady *D.* does not accept your preſent; I ſuppoſe Mr. *H.* will render you a larger account of it. In the mean, I ſhall (uſing the Books carefully) read over your Tranſlation with the Originall, and ſo keep them till your reply to this directs a further diſpoſall. Haſt will now let me ſay no more, than that I am

Your conſtant friend ſtill ready to ſerve you, R. L.

Letter CVII.

For Mr. A.

Sir,

AN unexpected Command for *Lincolnſhire* with my Lord beguiles me of the happineſs to kiſſe your hands. Before your *Suff.* Journey takes advantage of my defer'd writing, and forces me to ſay nothing to my Brother by you, to mend this unintended default, you may much oblige me to ſummon him by a Meſſenger to *B.* while you are there, I know his affection will carry him further at any time to hear of me; where if you pleaſe to give him an account of what you know of me and my condition, you will put me much in your debt: tell him I will write by the next Carrier, but deſire him not

to expect my coming over till I tell him I will come. I pray let him know I received his laſt with the Picture in it. Sir, may the ſucceſs o your journey compare with your wiſhes. Preſent me kindly to all you meet that know me. Forgive the haſte that made theſe blots, and be confident I am

Your faithfull friend and ſervant, R. L.

LETTER CVIII.

To his Brother Mr. A. L.

Loving Brother,

MY laſt had not been followed at ſuch a diſtance, if the ſudden news of a *Lincolnſhire* journey had not arreſted my Pen in the very act. My condition ſcatters uncertainty among the broken parcels of my time; and I muſt be no leſs then a Prophet to foretell how I ſhall ſpend the next hour; my firmeſt purpoſes being ſtill curb'd with a conditional bridle. Thus I utter the larger part of my indeavours, as an inſtrument does ſound, that only talks over the inſtructions of an imperious hand. Yet I cannot ſay that any new reſtraint does raiſe the price of my leiſure: but the continuance of my trouble, which I now ſuſpect will keep me company to

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the threſhold of the other World (in ſpite of all the aid of reaſon) does often untune and diſcompoſe my ſoul, that (though I ſhould bluſh to ſay ſo) it even faints my induſtry, ſlacks my carriere, and makes me halt after ſuch deſigns, which otherwiſe I think I ſhould purſue with vigour. But I take it as a fatherly correction ſent with commiſſion to ſet me the way to Heaven, and ſo I hope I ſhall uſe it. We are now more then two years older ſince we laſt ſhak'd hands; which (when I look back upon at a lump) methinks (in reference to my ſelf) looks as if woven into a Chaos. From ſome I have incountred affronts that have ſtrook fire in my breaſt; from other (ſweet ingenious ſpirits) I have been fann'd with a gentle gale of ſerene affection; ſuch humerous waves have flow'd round my Bark, as (at the ſame hour) have mildly kiſt my keel, and ſpit foam at my top-ſayl: and for earth, I am a double debtour to the conſtitution of my body, and my fortunes, that my Chaos has been plentifully furniſht with that melancholy element. It cannot poſe your conjecture to conceive how tenderly I would hug an occaſion that might revive me the delight of ſo dear a ſociety; for (if I deem aright) you may eaſily cut out ſuch an imagination by the pattern of your own heart. But if I gain my health, I taſte what others call pleaſure with a feavourish palate; I am therefore loth to appear among the friends I love ſo well,

till I can bid adieu to a dull humour that now predominates, and my ſoul may have elbow-room enough (at leaſt) to render my company not tedious. If providence does intend me ſo dear a Preſent, ſure this ſucceeding Spring muſt bring it, and then I ſhall venture to ask my firſt leave to play, &c. I do much applaud the diſguſt the creature made you; I know you have a ſoul that loathes to ſin ſo ſlaviſhly (though tempted with fairer hopes then any can court you that way:) tis the badge of a worthy heart that can rather indure to appear leſs, then to be leſs worthy; and tis a rare diſpoſition that will not ſuffer it ſelf to be cheapened in ſuch an age as this. But (though vertue ſometimes ſets a long day) her pay is currant and ſterling, all the reſt falſe coyn.

My Lady has newly got another ſwelling in the belly, which I believe about five moneths hence will make us hoiſe ſail for *London* (for there they apprehend is the ſafeſt unlading for ſuch fraights;) if I may meet you there you will give me more happineſſe then I have reliſht ſince I laſt ſaw you: And be confident your perſon and parts will find a more eaſie task in the purchaſe of preferment, then mine have done (in ſo many reſpects their inferiour;) and if you can ſafely manage the intereſt is ſtill left you to make it laſt till then, it cannot be amiſs. In the mean time you ſhall do me but right to promiſe your

your ſelf the cleareſt advice, attended by the moſt active diligence, and ready indeavours that may be performed by the ſoul and body of

Yours while he is his own, R. L.

Letter CIX.

To Mrs. F.

Honoured Aunt,

THe debt due to your obliging goodneſs I can better confeſs then ſatisfie; and till Providence inrich me with ſerviceable power to pay the whole ſumme, I muſt beg you will receive the intereſt of true thanks, a coyn (though often counterfeit) has here the ſtamp of a true heart; in the Mine of which your kind ingagements have digg'd for ſuch mettal, and though it be not precious, tis beyond the power of an Ordinance to make it no currant pay; for Heaven it ſelf received it, and if the impreſs be not forged, returns an acquittance. I promiſed you news, but its ſcarcity bids me crave a longer day for the peyment, onely this, The *Scot*, &c. You have the abridgement of what this Week p o-duc'd: if I may uſe my poor power any other way to ſerve you, let me beg you will continue your favours in commanding *Yours*. R L.

LETTER CX.

To my Brother Mr. A. W.

Sir,

YOurs of the third of this Current was brought to my hands by your Brother, and now mine; a Gentleman so happily accomplish'd with what is brave and ingenious, as I am justly proud of his acquaintance, and must therefore render a just acknowledgement to you that gave it me. So you may safely believe there is nothing in me that swayes with so great a power as affection to my friends; and therefore my remote aboad spoyld the tast of other recreations, because it made that almost speechless. I hold my self much advantag'd by the consent you have given to let me know you, and will gladly stir any indeavours that may shew me the way to so much desert: what you are pleased to say of your self could not be excus'd, if your own modesty were not the Criminal; and whatsoever that forbids, I see there was no error in those that spoke you, since one that has best reason to know you hath confirmed the Character. It will be none of my fault if I do not help you to entertain your Gossips; but I dare not venture a positive promise, lest something that has more power over me then my self should

ſhould infringe it; but let me intreat to be thought as thankfull, as if I had already taſted all that your Courteſie intends me. Good Sir, ſpeak me deeply affectionate to my Siſter, ſay as much in my behalf to my Siſter *F.* and believe me

Perfectly yours in all that I can ſerve you, R. L.

LETTER CXI.

To his Siſter C. L.

Dear Siſter,

I Have had too much proof of thy diſpoſition, to doubt its integrity, and I hope thou haſt known me too long to ſuſpect my affection: let us then in ſpite of all miſtakes mutually maintain ſuch a plain-dealing love as may well reject the gay diſcredit of a Complement. But now though I find my head and hand too weak to cope with your ingenious Champion, yet leſt no reſiſtance ſhould render her victory inglorious, theſe few words in answer, that I perceive ſhe did not well underſtand, or at leaſt willingly miſconſtrued my meaning, the better to introduce her own ingenious reproofs; and firſt I perceive ſhe was pleas'd to underſtand ſome words (only merrily intended) in a ſerious ſenſe, the better to

let me feel how ſharp the weapon of her wit is like to cut, when it has a juſt provocation. Secondly, I muſt take leave to ſay, I know not well what ſhe meanes by impoveriſhing Fortune of glittering toyes, &c. however, I am reſolved to do her the ſervice, rather to impute the fault to the weak eye-ſight of my own underſtanding, than lay any erroneous miſtake to her charge. For the deſire which your own hand expreſt on the top, I am ſorry my power is yet unable to promiſe any pregnant hope of its effect: onely this, you may confidently aſſure your ſelf, I ſhall providently improve all meanes and opportunities that may give you a ſtrong belief of the moſt unfeigned affection of

Your truly loving Brother,
R. L.

LETTER CXII.

To his brother Mr. A. L.

Loving Brother,

YOur laſt kind one met me at *Nottingham*, whither my Lords recovery, (if I may call it ſo, for I fear tis but an intermiſſion) hath return'd us; where in ſpite of all my fair hopes, and eager wiſhes, we are like to reſettle. If this comes

directly

directly to your hands, (which becauſe of your intentions for *H.* I am jealous of) I pray let it ſpeak me as I have ſtill deſir'd to be underſtood, and will ever ſtretch the ſinews of Induſtry to continue the opinion. You tell me of two potent enemies you have to ſtruggle with, *viz.* Malice and Envy; indeed they are two of the moſt angry Waſps that Satan lets fly; but where they meet with integrity, (of which I know you are not unfurniſh'd) they may ſeem to ſting, but there riſes no bliſter; and thus their emiſſive venome, like the foreſeen Baſiliske, (which for ought I know may be no more then an Emblem of them) will fatally recoyl upon themſelves: for the cauſe of it, becauſe you think fit to bind it up in clouds, I will not ſtrive to unwrap it; onely I ſhall love my own conjectures well, if event applauds them, that it portends you ſome conjugal preferment. I am ſorry *C. T.* growes ſo laviſh of his reputation to go in danger of a Warrant, becauſe he does things unwarrantable: I pray God he does not buy wit ſo dear, that he will have nothing left to make any other purchaſe; if I knew how to direct my Letter I would write to him, but will forbear advice, till I grow more able to give good Counſel, or at leaſt he more willing to receive it. I could wiſh poor *N. S.* had manag'd his Merchandiſe with more providence than to be ſhipwreck'd in a Dungeon; and tis much to be fear'd, ſince

since he could boast of the ignominy: that the Sunshine of his new fortune will but light him to such another Farm, and so leave him in it: but I desire my Augury may get no credit by the event; and indeed I should be chary in unripping others imperfections, till I have fewer to mend of mine own; no doubt they are deform'd in others eyes, could they be so in mine I were happy. I thank you for the hopes you give me of a Cure when I come over, which I believe will now be shortly, I am resolv'd to consult Dr. *B.* about it; but custom has taught me to fear the worst. I pray let me know how long you intend to stay in [illegible] that when I come, I may certainly know where to find you; for if you be not there, I shall unwillingly go so farre out of my way as by *B. H.* being full as neer; but I talk too confidently for one that has not yet ask'd leave, and may perchance be denyed it. I am sorry your trouble has still such a spleen at your side; a solid constant vertue disheartens malice, and disarms envy, and could rivall your own gladness, if the gold you spake of, with a Matrimonial Plaister, could remove the Lead from thence; but I applaud your resolution of content, with what you have, and will endeavour to write after the Copy. In the mean time, I cannot better requite your wishes, than paying of you in your own Coin,

Coin, which (if it be poſſible) is done with intereſt by

Your cordially affectionate Brother, paſſionately deſirous to ſerve you, R. L.

LETTER CXIII.

To Mr. W.

Sir,

I Received yours, and in it much more than was due, by way of acknowledgement, in reference to your Son. You are pleaſed to call that a Courteſie, which was a debt, and indeed not pay'd at the full; for I muſt ever confeſs, that I owe much more to your preceding Civilities. I find your Son indued with all thoſe qualities that may frame him a fair fortune, and a high repute; both by naturall and acquiſite parts, which are more than likely to render you a happy Father; his apprehenſion is clear and quick-ſighted, his memory ſtrong and retentive, his fancy dexterous and lively, and theſe auſpicious ſignes may well be conſtru'd into hopes of a well-built Judgement, which is the nobleſt faculty of man. I perceive his induſtry in his ſtudies is elaborate, and his obſervation alwayes ready to cull Honey from every Flower; in ſhort, I think he will no way deceive your expectation, unleſs

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it be in going beyond it. Sir, I deemed this account due by obligation from, Sir,

Your faithful Friend and humble Servant, R.L.

LETTER CXIV.

To Mr. C.

Sir,

GIve this Paper leave to preſent my acknowledgment of your laſt civilities at *Tatſhal*, & my reſolution of taking the hint to ſerve you, from any opportunity that ſhall becken me to it. It has pleaſed God to viſit my Lord and Lady, one with a Feaver, the other with a Tertian Ague; but as yet neither expreſſes any violence, and therefore perſwades no feare of danger. The remembrance of your conditional promiſe to give them a Sermon next Sunday made me deem it fit to ſend you this notice, that you might preſerve your performance for a fit time; unleſſe you will convert your intentions to the charity of a viſit. I ſhould be glad to hear Mrs. *C.* had ſhaken off her ſhaker. As my promiſe ty'd me, I have ſent her the *Polonian* Story, which perhaps may feather ſome tedious hours; when ſhe has done with that, *C.* is at her ſervice, or at leaſt

leaſt ſhall be at a Weeks warning. I pray, Sir, ſpeak me much her ſervant, and conclude me

Yours as far as the wiſhes and power can reach of R. L.

LETTER CXV.

To his Brother, Mr. A. L.

Loving Brother,

THe three Letters you mention I confeſſe I received; and if we had not ſtill been ſhifting places, like feathers in the wind, my ſilence would want excuſe, and in plain Engliſh be tranſlated ſloth; for I was forc'd to take an unwelcom Paradox from the hands of Neceſſity, for too much motion ſtayd my hand. Since we loſt the ſight of *London*, I have dated all my Letters not where I dwelt, but where I was; but now I hope we ſhall ſit ſtill and breath a while, ſo my dumb Pen will come to its ſpeech again.

I am deep in your debt for abundance of loving expreſſions, and want words to tell you how tenderly I entertained them; the task is too big to let you ſee how dear you are to me: do me but the Courteſie to fancy an affection, pure, unbiaſſed, unreſerved, that ſcorns limits, loaths change, and is onely leſſe excellent than that which

which makes the Angels clap their wings, and you have a draught of mine; to deſcribe which in particular were to let an Ocean through a quill. I am ſory you are faſtned to Mr. *B.* with Goſſomere-tyings; but though thoſe Cob-webs were Cables, I believe you might find a more commodious harbour to let fall your Anchor in. If you think it fit, let your next a little more unmask your ingagements, and ſhew me how your inclinations ſtand, and whether you can draw off upon a ſudden warning. My friend on the other ſide the Sea has not yet accepted imployment, (this Age looks too much aſquint on true deſert,) he ſtill redoubles his kind expreſſions upon me, and ſo far as he is mine he ſhall be yours. I pray if you can learn, let your next tell me how his *Northfolk* friends do; for he deſires to know. I am not yet likely to draw my neck out of the Collar; but when I do, I ſhall loath to invite yours into it: without flattery, your perſon and parts do deſerve better, and muſt have it. If this wretched malady did not ſtill haunt me, I ſhould not long trifle away my houres in a dull and barren ſervitude. I am now my own Phyſitian and Patient; from my own preſcription I have taken a Vomit, a Purge, a Collution, a Dentifrice, *&c.* if theſe fail, the hopes of a Cure will ſicken, and I ſhall onely comfort my ſelf in the calamities of a ſhort life with eternity. Sorrow and joy chaſtis'd one another

other in my breaſt, at the newes of my Siſter *F*'s gentle miſery. I will not wrong your apprehenſions to give you the reaſons, I hope by this time ſhe is perfectly recovered, and will congratulate it ſhortly in a few lines to her. I pray preſent me affectionately to my kind Siſter *F*. and tell her I was not maſter of ſo much time to write to her this opportunity; for I am forc'd to blot you out theſe words I ſend you in exceeding haſt. Let me beg your furtherance in my Phyſical Studies: I would gladly intreat permiſſion to tranſcribe your Book; but tis an unfit requeſt to venture it ſo long and dangerous a voyage: onely this let me crave, that in your next I may receive the Copies of three or four of your moſt vertuous diet-drinkes, eſpecially Dr. *Butler*'s; and the receipt of your rare Balſom, with a little quantity of it, if you have any made. I am happy in my Friends welfare, proud of their love, and wiſh I had worth enough to make it appear they have not diſplaced their affection. I will make amends for my laſt long ebbe with a future overflow. Salute all that know me with becoming reſpects proportion'd to them; and now give me leave to cloſe all with ſuch words as I muſt make till death cloſe my eyes: I am

Your truly affectionate Brother to ſerve you till death, R. L.

LET-

LETTER CXVI.

To Mr. J. E.

SIR,

I Am not wise enough to plot an excuse to defend my silence from your censure, unless it be, that I made a conscience to call you from your better imployments to lose time upon my trifles; but since I thought better of it, I found it fitter to chuse the less sin of the two, and rather venture a reproof for importunity, then a mulct for ingratitude. Believe it Sir, I mean it no complement in professing my self much in your debt; but you always rang'd your self in that small number of mankind that sow their favours without expectation of a crop, and place their delight rather in planting courtesies, then gathering their fruits. I beseech you Sir, mention me to my Cousin *E.* as I am a gratefull resenter of their last excellent entertainment, and a passionate desirer to appear so, when either they or I can find a fit occasion: let my she-Cousin know that I did lately find means to serve her in the business we discours'd of, as will come a cure for the greatest calamity either of body or mind. But our great ones are so overflown with this spring tide of successe, as they have not leisure to mind the bubling of little Brooks. I would

would fain ſay ſomething elſe if I were ſure I could onely ſpeak to your apprehenſion, &c. *M. W.* kiſſes your hands with much reſpect, and deſires the liberty (ſince *London* will not afford any of the ſame) to make your books ſpeak *Engliſh* before he returns them. I beſeech you, Sir, preſent my *baſe mains* to that incomparable Lady my Couſin *E*'s. Lady, not forgetting the terreſtrial Cherubins, and take my word, Sir, to you I will endeavour to be all that is requiſite in

A faithful Friend and Servant, R. L.

LETTER CXVII.

Deareſt Siſter,

THough ſilence be ſometimes a ſign, yet it is not a proof of forgetfulneſſe; I am ſure in me it has ſignified no greater offence, then what a large abſence from *London* (in ſuch places whence it was almoſt an impoſſibility to convey a Letter to *H.*) has inforc't me to commit; and therefore if my affection has got a blemiſh in your thoughts, pray reſtore it to its former credit and beauty, for really I have ever kept it fair in mine, and will alwayes take care to preſerve it ſo. There is ſo little change in my condition that refers to my preſent intereſt in this Family,

as it is not worth my account; onely I live and that's all, for my allowance is so short, that if my own industry did not draw in additions some other waies, I should find it a hard task to subsist. In requitall of this pray let your Pen tell me how, and to what degree, your self injoyes your health and content; how my Cousin *L.* thrives in his studies, and to what imployment and profession his inclinations are bent with the greatest ardour; and if I can find my self in a capacity either by advice or assistance (though I want them both my self) to serve you or him in the choice of a calling, procuring a Master, or ought else that may help me to express how cordially I am yours, you need not scruple to command it from,

Dear sister,

Your own in all that a sincere affection can promise and perform,

R. L.

LETTER CXVIII.

To his Brother, Mr. F. W.

Sir,

TO say nothing after the receipt of so much kindness can no way be excused but by the utter shipwreck of my memory; be pleased there-

therefore to believe that I reſented your friendly entertainment as I ought, and do paſſionately wiſh I could requite it ſo; however accept the acknowledgment of it from a heart that means as much as the moſt puiſſant gratitude can act. I beſeech you Sir, ſpeak abundance of affection from me to my dear Siſter your bedfellow; tell her I do not ſuffer my ſelf to forget how much her indearings are aforehand with me, nor will ever conſent to ſlip any endeavours that may ſhow me the way to overtake them: tell her I ſhall earneſtly pray for a ſafe unlading of her freight, and wiſh, if I may uſe *Eraſmus* his expreſſion, *Ut non majori moleſtia elabatur, quam illapſum eſt.* My Brother-traveller and I made it *Saturday*-night before we reach't *London*, as I doubt not but his incloſed ſpecifies; but if you find the date old, impoſe the fault upon me; for accidentally meeting Mr. *T.* and gaining his promiſe to deliver this, I was rather willing to truſt a ſafe though ſlow convenience, then a ſpeedy hazard. I pray preſent me cordially to honeſt Mr. *H.* Mr. *B.* Mr. *D.* and their Wives. I ſhall only adde this, be as happy as your hearts can wiſh, eſpecially in one another; and take my word I ſhall alwayes be forward to prove my ſelf, Sir.

Your really affectionate Brother and ſervant, R. L.

LETTER CXIX.

Dear Brother,

I Am glad you have ſhak'd off your ſhaker, and begin to weare your health, which before you put on as people do new Boots, for a triall how they will fit, and ſo put it off again; Pardon the courſe reſemblance, for to him I mean ſo well I ever thought I might ſpeak any thing: but I hope you are now recover'd with advantage, and are grown ſo ſecurely well by your conqueſt in this ſecond incounter, as your victory is ſignal, and will diſable your foe from re-inforcing. In the mean time I muſt not forget to commend the aim of your pious reflections at the right mark; all the joyes and griefs, pains and pleaſures, falls and riſings that ſtart from thoſe under cauſes we incounter here, ſhould all lay their heads in the lap of Providence, and he that does not teach his thoughts, deſires &c. the way to that centre, does but ſhelter a troup of dangerous ſtraglers, that may be more then ſuſpected to drag him the wrong way. Though I think the World was never worſe for true deſert to traffick in, yet I know you are ſo well furniſht with what few can diſlike, as I hope it will coſt you no tedious trial to get a prop, if not an improvement, for your Fortunes. The vacant place which I refuſed to fill up in my Lord of *D.* ſervice

vice, I hear is re-ſupply'd by the ſame man that left it, &c. If I were able to ſhew you future events like the Magicians glaſſe, and ſtrip all the high deſigns of their preſent diſguiſe, believe it you ſhould be admitted to the naked viſion; but wiſer men then I do but rove with uncertain gueſſes, and make good the *Italian* Proverb,

-- *A Caſe troppo alte non ſi pigtia mira*;

-Tis hard to take a true aim at things too high. Let me conjure you to be as exact and circumſpect in *I*'s. behalf as is poſſible; I know you are moſt able to penetrate and ſcan the buſineſs, have ſtudied the man, with his eſtate and diſpoſition, and can tell beſt how to ſift the conditions of his kindred, and diſcover how their propenſions ſtand in reference to the match; for believe it, this may paſs for a Maxime, She muſt never long think to preſerve her husbands affection that has onely his of all the kindred: yet pray do not conſtrue this my unwillingneſs to vote it, for what you deem fit ſhall never want my approbation. I pray deliver my reſpects as they are due to all my friends you incounter in your progreſs, and tell my Nephew, if you ſee him, that he owes me a Letter. At your return tell me how my Uncle does, vertuous *L.* and my brother *P*'s Family. I have no room to inlarge your trouble, onely this; not onely a good voyage to you, but all the requiſites that conduce to your perfect happineſs

ſhall ever be compriſed in the wiſhes and prayers of,

Dear Brother,

Your own to love and ſerve you, R. L.

LETTER CXX.

To ——

Sir,

IF I could grow ſtudious in the illiberal ſcience of ingratitude, the leſſon of forgetting your courteſies would poſe me, when every glance on my preſent condition muſt needs undo my endeavours with the unreſiſtible thoughts of him that gave it being. But you have alwayes taſted more delight in performing courteſies, then in receiving their acknowledgment; to which I have been ſo frequent a witneſs, that I have even fear'd to give you the full proportion of my gratitude, leſt it ſhould provoke your modeſty to underſtand it complement. What conſtruction it will make of theſe words I know not, but they are onely a rude draught of what I carry in the Centre of my breſt, an artleſs copy in black and white of what is there far better drawn in vermilion-characters. But I do but unskilfully repeat what I hope you knew before. Time has nourisht me experience enough in my preſent im-

imployment to let you know whether I ſhall be able to ſatisfie the expectations of them that command me; but as far as I have yet read in my L's diſpoſition, I have ſeen nothing that can diſcourage my indeavour of pleaſing. A few words will hold the news we have here, &c. and I ſhall conclude with what hath the ſame duration with my life, that I am

Your affectionate ſervant,
R. L.

LETTER CXXI.

To Sir J. P.

Sir,

GIve theſe blots leave to mind you of a ſervant that does often recount to himſelf how much you have formerly oblig'd him; the remembrance of which compells me to tell you I muſt be ever yours; nor ſhall I ever conſent to be wavering enough to write them in a wave. If I had not laid out ſome wiſhes in vain, my Pen had wanted this task, and I had done my becoming reſpects in perſon; but ſo long as I bow to the commands of others, I am like thoſe that ſwim in ſtreams, *non eunt ſed feruntur*; and like a Cock-boat muſt content my ſelf to ſtand ſtill while the Ship I am chain'd to is at

an Anchor. Some failings in designs for preferment have deluded my expectations, and detain'd me in the Lord C. service; but I hope I shall not long repeat my steps in the same circle, where I content my self to spend my time with as much studious providence as I can. Sir, if I did not often retreat into my own heart, and find how much it honours you, I would not thus importune you: but methinks I am told by the perfect integrity it payes you, that it becomes me to presume you still wish well to

Your faithfull servant, R. L.

LETTER CXXII.

To his brother Mr. A. L.

Dear Brother,

I Shall not offend truth to tell you that I thirsted for your Ink with all that ardor and impatience which are usually the troublesome Companions of perfect amity, when she is rent from her object by the double divorce of time and distance: and though few delights tickle so pleasingly as those that get credit by absenting themselves, and after an advantagious intermission return fresh and unhandled to the senses; yet true friendship has a constant and equal

gust

guſt of delight, is never tyred nor cloyed with fruition; and indeed, if it can be rightly ſtated in its perfection here, may be called the elder Siſter of Angel like happineſs, Love being one of the faireſt plumes that deck the Creſt of divine Beatitude. But enough. If my laſt told you I was well, I muſt give this Commiſſion to unſay it, *&c.* But I am bound to ſuffer all without repugnance or repining, ſince whenever the Divinity corrects with the greateſt ſeverity, we ought to take alarums from thoſe ſtripes, not only to give the on-ſet, but perſevere to the overthrow of all that ſtands in our way to eternal felicity. I am very glad to ſee ſo many repeated confirmations of my Siſter *F*'s. happineſs in a Husband; in which my affection goes a large Intereſt, and if my wiſh can get her a Leaſe of it for her life, ſhe ſhall not want it. I ſhould be fearfull to ſay any thing to my Siſter *F.* though I were farre more able then I am to adviſe, becauſe I neither know the man, nor his diſpoſition, how qualified or inclined; but admit them all proportioned to her deſires, for my part I ſhould be hardly drawn to acknowledge it could much mend her condition, which, if I miſtake not, was very happy, if ſhe has but a true taſte to reliſh it: when I return to *London*, which will be about *Michaelmas*, I ſhall endeavour to do her deſires in reference to her Son; but am now upon the brink of our going into *Lincolnſhire*. I am ſo

full

full of business as I am not master of an houres leisure; therefore if you find any non-sense here, impute it to the constraint of my precipitation: we must set out upon *Munday* next. When you write, (which I desire may be often) direct your Letters to Mr. *G.* the P. in ——— and by him they will be infallibly sent me, and my answers returned; in which I promise to be constant and circumspect. Well, dear Brother, I have now no time to say more; in my next I intend ro be more spacious in the account of my own Condition, which in relation to those I serve does grow Hectical, and unlikely to continue; and verily, should I stay much longer with them, the non-competency of their allowance would undo me: therefore I intend to look out for some other imployment at my next return to *London*. Dear Brother, pardon my abrupt Farewel, and call me your possession,

Your own, R. L.

LETTER CXXIII.

To Mr. J. E.

Sir,

ON *Munday* last at once I received both your Letters, which like people of the same noble

ble Parentage kept company; and I crave that their coming that day late to my hands may be called my excuſe for not returning an anſwer. This is a better opportunity to tell you, Sir, that your modeſty in expreſſing yours, and the Families worth, turns your artificial Pen into a Pencil, to which, if it were poſſible, your ſhadows would adde excellence. I muſt beg you would take a ruder draught of my heart, which is that I truly honour you; and what wants in that of art, is made good in reality. I am ſtill an Archer at Fortunes marks, and the other day narrowly miſt the white of preferment: the beſt of it is, I have many ſtrings to my Bow, and the Proverb ſayes, *The blind man ſometimes hits a Crow*; but *ad januam virtutis excubant labor & ſudor*; and that's the hubbe I aim at, I muſt ever ſcorn to phyſick my weak eſtate with gilded venome. In the mean time, my breaſt leaves a ſwarm of well-wiſhes to you, and the Honey they gather is your happineſs. Sir, to you, if I could, I would not clip the wings of my hearty expreſſions with Complement, leſt, like the new-voted-down money, they ſhould not paſſe for currant. I will ſtill weare the impreſſe your obliging goodneſs has ſtampt upon me, and when I prove falſe coin, let me be puniſht in not being received for, Sir,

Your moſt faithfull Servant, R. L.

LET-

LETTER CXXIV.

To his Brother, Mr. A. L.

Dear Brother,

YOu have ſo over-done your acknowledgement of what a ſilent acceptance had more then requited, as I can do no leſſe then condemn you of a loving error. The eyes of Judgement are never dim'd with ſuch Catarrhes as when affection ſhapes the Object to their Opticks; and like our dear ſins, hide their uglineſs in the maskarade of delight, profit, or whatever elſe is the fitteſt engine to undermine our frailty. If the trifle I ſent you had not been ſpoyled before, your expectation had done it to purpoſe; and, like *Eſops* labouring Mountain, would have brought it to bed of a Mouſe. But I will trace this talk no farther, leſt too modeſt a flight from my friends approvement ſhould give ſuſpition of an ambuſh to ſurpriſe more; and palpably ſeem to act an Angler, who often draws away the bait, that the Fiſh may follow it the more greedily. I am glad you wear out your Pencils ſo faſt to your own advantage, which however you ſhadow, your deſerts cannot chuſe but add freſh beauties to your reputation. I forgot to mention your Quere about my Lord *W.* in your Couſins Letter, who had buried it ſo

long

long in his pocket before I received it, as it had put on the diſcoloured Livery of time, and proved its Reſurrection, by wearing the duſt of its Grave about it. But to the purpoſe; that Lord is ſo farre from Collonizing, as himſelf is newly tranſplanted from the *Barbadoes* (where he was Governour) by the Parliament forces and is now coming home againſt his will, to refix himſelf in his native ſoyl; and this is ſo generally known, as a Diurnall of two moneths old will tell you the Story. Major *W.* is much your Servant; we ſeldom meet but we ſacrifice a glaſſe to your health; and if there be the thing Philoſophers call intelligence of ſpirits, you fare the better for it. By that time you have read mine through his Book will be with you, and come like the ſecond Courſe to a Dinner, which alwayes conſiſts of the moſt delicate fare. I ſend you this by my Mr. *C*'s. man, who looks upon me as if he were ſcarce my Cater-couſin, for you know what; but in ſuch caſes I am partly good at careleſneſs. But I have ſaid too much, unleſs I could have ſaid it better; and tis high time to ſubſcribe my ſelf, Dear Brother,

Devoutly yours, R. L.

LET-

LETTER CXXV.

To Mr. W.

Worthy sir,

IN the forehead of your kind Letter I am charged with what I was never guilty of, *viz.* Scholarship; but should be of too much ingratitude, should I forbear to shew you how kindly I relish these obliging Civilities, the remembring of which I must not part with, till I utterly lose the faculty it self of remembring. Let me beg then that you will fancy me as I truly am, perfectly yours; and suffer me to tell you without suspecting Complement, that tis no light groundless affection, but a clear experience of what I saw was deserving made me love you; for I acknowledge much affection in your resenting what you call my sufferings; but it is my weakness if they be so; for believe it Sir, if the peacock stirs any passion in me, it is laughter, which is the Daughter of content. I may find a time hereafter to shew some scorn to be so treated; but that must sleep in my bosom till opportunity wakes it. In the mean time, I am more pleased that there are some which conceive me in love, then offended at the weak pride of others that contriv'd the comical indignity. Sir, I am sory that I can do no more than ac-

acknowledge your favours, and bluſh that my defeated expectations have continu'd you ſtill my Creditor; but at our meeting that ſcore will be wip'd off without fail, and if my wiſhes were not too weak, my actions, as well as words, ſhould ſtile me

Your faithfull friend and Servant, R. L.

LETTER CXXVI.

To his Brother, Mr. A. L.

Loving Brother,

IT has not been the leaſt of my diſcontents, that I have been forced to let you want the content your laſt Letter mentions in the receipt of ſome of mine; but this let me intreat, that you will never ſuffer your conjecture to deal ſo unkindly with me, as to impute a literal intermiſſion to a flaw in affection. If you knew how much my ſtrict imployment does inſtruct me to ſay for my ſelf, you would grant I need not confeſs a neglect; and if you ſaw how well you are ſeated in my breaſt, your knowledge would ſuppreſs your doubts of my integrity, and leave them no poſſibility of a new inſurrection. The 100. Epiſtles did not ſpeak all my heart meant you.

you. It is only in visible effects that my affection will indure improvement, in my intentions it cannot; but as it can only that way appear to be more, so be confident it shall never find any way to be lesse: but time is now too pretious with me, to instruct you further in what you know. I received a brace of loving Letters from my new Brother and his Bedfellow; their expressions, like themselves, lay lovingly in a sheet together, onely in this a little prepostorous, that he lay undermost; indeed the man does offer friendship so handsomly, that I should shew my self ill-seen in civility not to accept it. I perceive (though you confesse your self subject to the Palsie) your judgement was not level'd at his desert with an unsteady hand; the Character you have given him, with what he has spoke himself, hath help'd me to a longing to be known his Friend as well as his Brother: but this will ask time, and perhaps more merit then I am master of. I am glad you do not yet let go your hold where you are; and though the wide misse of some former aymes may discredit my judgment, yet he that has but a twilight of Reason may perceive the Cloud not farre off that is like to make us more foul weather; (and while the Tempest lasts) safe shelters are pretious. If you knew how glad your Letters make me, and were lesse guilty of that rare fault of undervaluing your own Commodities,

you

you would ſee leſſe cauſe to confeſs the exchange gainful: but (as truth ingages me) I muſt needs commend the beauty that breaks out into your literal expreſſions with a daily increaſe of luſtre. I find you haue thriving thoughts, (and though in men it alwayes holds not) yet ſure in thoſe the height of the quality may be taken from the handſomneſs of the veſture: if you go on thus, your Pen will plant Rhetorical Flowers, as skilfully as your Pencil paints others; and this word Paint leads me to lay hold of half a promiſe which your laſt makes to ſend me the *K*'s face in a Letter: let me firſt acknowledge ſome eager deſires of my own to poſſeſs it, and then inform you that I have a deſign to let ſome great ones ſee what you are able to do, and ſo make you known to them before they know you. I will ſhortly tell my Siſter *F.* how glad I am of her recovery: preſent me dearly to honeſt *F.* and I pray take ſome occaſion to let my Aunt *H.* know that I do paſſionately deſire to to ſerve her, as may ſpeak her good opinion not miſplac'd. I am now about to ſtruggle hardeſt with my malady, but I am almoſt forbidden to hope a perfect Cure by a rational Phyſician in theſe parts; but I hope I ſhall obtain ſo much power over my ſelf, as to reſign my wiſhes and will to his that is the Fountain of power. I ſnatch this time of writing this from ſome occaſions that would hardly permit it: therefore im-

pute theſe blotted faults to that mother of blemiſhes, call'd Haſte. Expect another better poliſh'd at my neereſt opportunity, and ſuffer me abruptly to ſubſcribe my ſelf

Your perfectly affectionate Brother, deſirous to ſerve you, R. L.

LETTER CXXVII.

To his Couſin A. L.

Dear Couſin,

THough my ſilence ſince the receipt of yours may have done me ſome ill offices in your opinion, yet you may ſafely believe without incurring the danger of an error, that coldneſſe of affection had no hand in the ſeeming ſloth of my Pen: the truth is, I had a double perſwaſion to ſtay my hand, as well to wait this occaſion of my Lady *P.* going down, that I might promiſe my ſelf ſome ſecurity of delivering mine into your hands, as returning an account of thoſe endeavours you hinted in yours, that refer'd to the removal of that unkind Law-quarrel betwixt your Siſter and Father in Law, by a mediated peace: really, dear Couſin, I am ſory to find my ſelf in no capacity to experiment my affection to both the parties, by rendring my

ſelf

ſelf an inſtrument of ſo happy a Compremiſe and accord, nor is it want of will or wiſhes that I am not ſo; but after ſome attempts that way, I find your Siſter has ſo intirely reſigned that buſineſs to the conduct and management of a diſcreet perſon, that has now (as he tells her) driven it very neer a happy period, as ſhe cannot ſafely let fall, or ſuſpend her legal proſecution, without running the danger of loſing ſo powerful an aſſiſtant; and therefore I could wiſh that you, and the reſt that cannot look upon her actions at this diſtance but through the Proſpective of anothers report, would not uſe her too ſeverely in your thoughes, till the laſt ſcene be acted; for I am confident ſhe has ſo fair a ſtock of piety and diſcretion, as will take off the imputation of diſobedience to her good Mother, and unkindneſs to your ſelf, and the reſt of her friends. But I have touched that ſtring too much, unleſs I were able to ſpeak to the purpoſe with more ſatisfaction. I ſhould be glad to hear your reſolution ſtand firm of viſiting *London* this Eaſter-term; yet I could wiſh your choice would direct you to begin your Journey betimes in the Terme, becauſe I fear I ſhall be ſnatch'd out of Town before it be half elapſed. Since affection help'd you to reliſh the firſt ſo well, I have ſent you the ſecond part of *Cleopatra*, for which you will pay too much if you take the pains to read it; but, dear Couſin, accept it

from him that will ever be ſtudious to ſtart better occaſions to appear what I am and ever will be,

Your moſt affectionate Uncle,
R. L.

LETTER CXXVIII.

To his Brother, Mr. F. W.

Loving Brother,

IF I were not skill'd in the ingenuity of your nature, I ſhould fear your conſtruction of my ſilence; but you have done ſo much your ſelf in defence of that, as I hope I need not deſpair of pardon. I ſhall not poſe your belief, if I tell you that your laſt Letter, like *Xenophon* of his *Cyrus*, rather ſpake me as I ſhould be then as I am: and thus I am beholding to your goodneſs for diſguiſing precepts in the ſhape of praiſes; from whence I may take as fair a warning as the Dunce did that was commended into ſcholarſhip; thus you have gently given me a copy to draw by, and I cannot erre in my choice, either in making your words or your ſelf my original. If you meant it not thus, your affection deceiv'd your judgement, and help'd it to paſſe by diſproportions and deformities, which it could never have overſeen, unleſs by looking with her opticks;

opticks; and I am contented to diſlike my own want of worth, becauſe it cannot render your opinion juſtifiable. I wiſh I could as eaſily obey as I do gratefully reſent your kind ſummons to *Holt*: But we are ſhortly going to fix neerer you in *Lincolneſhire*, and then it is not unlikely but I may find an occaſion to ſlip my collar for a day or two, for no man taſtes more happpineſs in the injoynment of his friends, then, Sir,

Your really affectionate Brother and ſervant, R. L.

LETTER CXXIX.

To his Siſter J.

My deareſt Siſter,

SUffer this to requite the ſweet expreſſions of thy laſt, with ſuch, as if they fall ſhort of an equal kindneſſe, it is not the fault of the heart that means, but the head that indites them, and be confident thou art ſtill as dear unto me as thy wiſhes can fancy me; (and to ſpeak it better) as thy own language has made my ſelf to thee. I do pattern thy own reſentments in thy own behalf, that thou canſt not yet recover thy health; but Providence has made us parallels in affliction as well as in affection, and I fear borrowed

from the ſame unfortunate cauſe, &c. though the effect be different; for my malady ſtill haunts me like a Familiar, and ſpoils my familiarity with all the world beſide: if this Spring reſtores my health, as I am reſolved to ſtruggle hard for it, I ſhall ſoon let thee ſee that my longing to ſee thee, and my friends about thee, is as paſſionate as thine, but I am loth to come till I bring my ſelf along with me; and though my affaires here be none of the weightieſt, yet, I thank thoſe that contrive them, they are urgent. I am not idle, though yet unſuccesful in thy behalf. In the mean time, freely injoy thine own, and let what thou haſt help thee to hug thy ſelf; and be ſure thou ſhalt be happy, if it lie in his power to make thee ſo, that is

Thine for ever, R. L.

LETTER CXXX.

Loving Brother,

WHile I was moſt happy in the converſe of the moſt ingenious and communicable ſpirits, I would have call'd your ſilence unkind, but now I ſojourn in a Land of ſtrangers, it cannot be call'd leſſe than uncharitable; for though I am very civilly uſed from the top to the toe of this numerous Family, yet in this throng I am

forc'd

forc'd to find out ſolitude, none here being made of better Clay than will render them fit inſtruments for Houſhold-affaires; and I confeſs I would be glad to overtake other qualities in him I faſten on with a ſtronger tye than the ordinary ſlipping knots of faint acquaintance.

I remember in your laſt (ſince which you have had three from me) you deſir'd newes; then there was none ſtirring that deſerv'd your knowledge, and now we are gotten ſo farre out of Fames way, that (bating the Northern occurrences) ſhe brings us nothing before it be ſtale with the reſt of the Kingdom. This ſtupendious victory of *C.* againſt the perfidious *Scots*, has made our Town of *Nottingham* an intire Gaol. Indeed the delight I formerly took in writing newes to my Friends has loſt much of its former reputation with me; my moſt liquid diſcoveries, as I thought, of undoubted truths have ſo oft been confuted, that I would not have my Friends take it ill, if henceforth I prevent the cenſure of a weak Judgement, by forbearing to give them any more incertain hopes and feares by ſuch relations. My ſimplicity ſuffer'd me a long time to be cheated with that generall error that gulls the whole herd of vulgar underſtandings; I weighed appearances in the common ballance, my Imagination took the print of things from my outward ſenſes, and I judg'd the conſtitution of affaires by

their falſe complexion: But at length, perceiving how wide I ſhot at events, and what amaz ng effects ſtarted from unobſerv'd cauſes, I found not only my inconſiderable ſelf, but many that made a brighter ſhow, and a greater noiſe in the World with their quality and parts, had been catcht in the ſame nooze, and were ſtill liable to the ſame abuſe at laſt. I reſolved to try whether I could learn to ſee without that Glaſſe that had ſo often falſified the Object; at length by the illuſtration of ſome clear Judgements, (whoſe acquaintance I won by inches) I arrived at this glimmering:

There is a certain ſort of active men, grown main actors upon one Stage, that onely appear in their perfect ſhape to one another, to the World a homely outſide hides an out-landiſh lining. Their Education has ſtor'd them with principles of excellent learning, a Taper they alwayes keep in a dark Lanthorn, and either ſhew or hide it, as the ſeaſon of opportunity, the nature of affairs, and the inclination of Perſons with whom they treat do either prompt or prohibit. They are the moſt exact Students of men, the nimbleſt divers into diſpoſitions, the happieſt in inſinuation, and the cunningeſt in compliance with all humours under Heaven. In fine, they appear to every inclination in the ſame ſhape the predominant humour delights in; and with a provident policy and dexterous contrivance,

nivance, not onely make the vertues, but even the vices of their active acquaintance ſervice-able to their main deſign: no doubt they were furniſht with better reaſons than you are like to have of me why they wav'd the Kings party, and adher'd to this; ſuch as the ſhort arms of my conjecture could fathom are theſe; Firſt, they knew a Parliament ſo univerſally deſir'd as this could not chuſe but be ſtrong in popular reputation, eſpecially having indear'd it ſelf to them by that excellent beginning of removing unjuſt preſſures from the ſhoulders of the ſuffering ſubject, by finding out abuſes, and abuſers of the Government, and by promiſing that ſame coſtly word of Reformation both in Chnrch and State. Secondly, They knew they could hope for no Harveſt of their endeavours, till they had ſown pleaſing and plauſible inſinuations in the eares of the inferior rank: the Royaliſts they knew were no fit Soyl to entertain this ſeed; they of the lower Region being incapable of, and repugnant to any apprehenſion that at firſt gaze did not appear a viſible aid to the cauſe that unſheath'd their Swords; beſides their too free and open hearts, their careleſs and (indeed) diſſolute carriage, rendered them unfit to be truſted with any notion that demanded ſilence; and on thoſe of eminent degree they had as little hope to faſten their deſigns, for beſides that they hated any thing that but ſmelt of

their

their best bait Innovation, they wanted unanimity, (the main Pillar that should prop such undertakings) for the study of advancing peculiar interest, feeding the insatiate appetite of private ambition, indiscreet competition for priority, quarrels, and hunting profit and pleasure with too hot a sent, were the sad causes of that unfortunate parties undoing, and the reasons why these subtile Engeneers found them unfit instruments to advantage their obstruse intentions. Thirdly, On the other side, they met with materials aptly disposed to take that Impresse they thought fit cunningly to leave upon the soft wax of their tender consciences; they were furnish'd with ready Mathematicks, to take the height and latitude of these spirits, which were as fit to carry on the design, as a general discontent with the Government that was uppermost, a vehement desire of Innovation, the repair of ruinous fortunes, and the loud fame of a glorious victory (inscribed with Religion and liberty) could make them. Fourthly, They had the inexhaustible Treasure of the Kingdom at command, which they could renew at pleasure with the indispensible edict of an Ordinance: with this unresistible Engine they battered their enemies fidelity, bargain'd for their stroog holds, and even bought those victories that have cost the World so much astonishment; nothing being so injurious to the Kings substantial rights as his own Pictures.

To

To diſplay the cunning theſe creatures uſed in ſpreading their nets, to give you a plat of the intricate and oblique Path they trod to their deſigns, with what outward vehemence they at firſt declaimed againſt what they really aimed at; how, like cunning Hawks at the firſt whiſtling off, they ſeemed to fly from the Game they intended to fly at; laſtly, what Religion they intend to uſher in by the toleration of tender Conſciences, why they lately crept into the ſhape and outward Profeſſion of Levellers, *&c.* I ſhould make a volume of a Letter, and what follows doth ask a more ingenious and judicious Pen to delineate.

I thought it not unfit to give you this rude draught of my obſervation and informations, you have here certainties and conjectures blended. I would not have ventured them abroad in this ruffled undreſt faſhion, but that I hope you will onely look upon them with the eye of affection, and ſo lay them by; however ſhew not their imperfections to any critical or cenſorious eye, for it was hudled up in haſt, and wants the beauty of method and Language.

I am now about to give an eager onſet to the ſtudy of Phyſick, in which I conceive by this time you have more than a taſt: you cannot do me a more acceptable kindneſs than to vouchſafe your inſtructions, and impart your collections unto me; and I preſume you make no queſtion

ſtion but that they will ſafely be returned, with the intereſt of true thanks from

Your truly affectionate, but now ſleepy Brother, R. L.

LETTER CXXXI.

To ——

Sir,

IF reality needed an artificial dreſſe, I would ſtrive to put the acknowledgement of your laſt favour in the beſt attire I could cull from Rhetoricks Wardrobe: but the true affection of a Friend is not ſo light a Huſwife, to jet it in gawdy borrowed attire, ſuch as the times politicians ſtrive to cloath her Counterfeits with: I uſe no fiction when I ſay I love and honour you; no ſupple flattry, when in plain termes I thank you, and of both I hope you are ſo well aſſured, as I do but injure your goodneſs to repeat them. That I trouble you with theſe blots, pardon it; and be pleaſed to think, I had rather merit the guilt of importunity then neglect: had I thought my perſonal appearance could have been ſerviceable to you, I had gladly taken my Pen-imployment upon my ſelf. I am loth that any ſlighted opportunity ſhould accuſe me of neglect to him I owe ſo much to. I could purſue this

this ſubject with ſuch delight as, *non ſic virginibus flores, non frugibus imbres*; but I fear I have rang'd too farre, and my Pen hath already too well ſhown from what wing it derives its pedigree. I ſhall not therefore farther tempt your patience, but humbly ſubſcribe my ſelf, Sir,

Your moſt faithfull Servant, R. L.

LETTER CXXXII.

Loving Brother,

I Muſt take my ſelf off with the old excuſe for my laſt weeks failing, *viz.* imployment; and preventions of this nature muſt be digeſted, ſince the weak brain of my eſtate will not ſuffer me to be my own man. I am ſory for the miſcarriage of your Colours; if you deſire to have any more, let your next tell me ſo, and I ſhall take a ſecurer courſe for the conveyance. For theſe petty ſervices, I would not have you diſparage our friendſhip ſo much as to name them: tis fit we ſhould reſign ſuch Ceremonies to thoſe cold-hearted Creatures that love to ſell their kindneſſes, and have a balance to weigh before they deliver them. Nor let the flame of our aimity be of an etherial nature, alwayes true to an equality of heat and meaſure. Methinks the Poets ſhould have meant ſuch a fire as this

for

for that which *Prometheus* ſtole from Heaven; and they that have vertue enough to ſtay it from evaporation may carry it thither again; while the other is kept alive with the courſe fuell of commodity, and as that flowes or ebbs, ſo does it blaze or languiſh, till at laſt it ſwounds away in a ſocket. But I have talkt ſo much upon this ſubject, and ſo often, that I doubt my regetitions may purchaſe me the account of a Conſider. And now to ſprinkle a little news, on Saturday laſt the fortunate and victorious Governour of *Ireland*, invited with as much Rhetorical importunity as the high opinion of his fortune and valour, joyn'd with the ſuſpition of appearing dangers could indite, was conducted into *London* with a ſpecious ſolemnity, and there had a loud welcom roard him by the conſort of Guns, Drums, and Voices; from the City he received a Preſent of about 2000 *l.* value delivered with abundance of creeping thanks for his faithful gallantry. On Munday following, with a numerous train of creatures and admirers, he enter'd the Houſe of Commons, where the Speaker welcom'd him with a ſpeech that tender'd the thanks of the Houſe, imbroider'd with lofty Praiſes, a reherſal of his moſt ſignall ſervices done both here and beyond the channel, mingled with the relation of his Pedigree; whereto he added, how much his Diſcretion, Fidelity, Religion, Policy, and Fortitude, had innobled

nobled the ſleeping aſhes of his famous anceſtors; and clos'd with the cauſe of his invitation, told him that he had no ſooner nam'd what he had already done, but by the univerſal deſire of the Houſe he was to proffer him occaſion of improving his own merit with their gratitude; telling him that he had received Letters from their *Low-Country*-Agent that aſſured him of the certain agreement 'twixt the King of *Scotland* and his ſubjects; that there was nothing wanting but a wind to waft him thither, and in all probability being once ſeated there, he would not long ſit ſtil contented with that Crown; and concluded with the choiſe the Houſe had made of him to command their Army Northward: who return'd his high reſentment of their favours in a ſhort modeſt ſpeech, wherein he ſtrived to extinuate his ſervices, and to expreſs his reſolutions to ſpend his deareſt bloud in the ſervice of his Countrey. This is all that time will grant me leave, but onely that I am, and ever muſt be, cordially,

Yours to love and ſerve you, R. L.

Robert Loveday
Rebecca Lovenight

LET-

LETTR CXXXIII.

To Mr. W.

Sir,

I Am well ſatisfied concerning your love, b your laſt miſſive, which withall brought m the acceptable account of your health and be proſperity. Whether this will find you out or no is very uncertain; yet, to exerciſe my affectio and to quiet my heart, I took up a reſolution t write, though the Letter periſh in the midſt o the *Alpes*. That long intercourſe this way be tween us hath begotten in me both fears an hopes; which yet are not liable to exception, be cauſe they flow from that limpid ſpring whic was never mudded with ſelf-intereſt. I priz' you for your vertues, and that ſympathetic temper whinh I diſcerned in you, beyond whic I had no eye; and yet I am ſecure in all my ap plications. But what doth my friend in thoſ remoter Countreys thus long? why muſt *Belg* and *Italy* have ſo much of you, and *England* ſ little? what curioſities do you ſearch for? wha actions do you deſigne? and what improvement do you attend? I will not believe you like hi in the Poet, *Securus quò pes ferat*— and that yo do *ex tempore vivere*. I have heard that a wo man hath been defin'd —*Ens Oviſmatum*; bu th

this is not applicable to a wiſe man, who paceth the World with judgment, and asks upon every remove —*Cui Bono*— Not that I deſire to enter into your Cabinet at this diſtance, for I know you are arriv'd at that of the old *Roman* Courtier — *Gli penſieri ſtretti & il viſo ſuotto*. You can Engliſh it better then I; notwithſtaning I wiſh my ſelf ſometimes better acquainted with the project, that I may ſerve you better. I am buffeted with the whiſpers of men, that *Thames* hath ſwallowad *Tyber*, and that my *Engliſh* friend is *Roman* all over. Will you credit me? this I deem a witty ſuggeſtion of an enemy, which I can anſwer without you; yet to raze this to the foundation, I call for your help. It cannot be that we ſhould vary here, when in thoſe higheſt concernments we have been always one— *Et quoad rem, & quoad modum*; but enough of this. Your friends are yet alive both here and elſewhere; but the Orb of Learning has loſt of late ſtars of the firſt magnitude, Dr. *Collins* and Dr. *Cumber*; the former had his *Apotheoſis* a year ſince, the later is commemorated this day. Thus things and perſons die, but the Lord abideth for ever; to him let us direct our thoughts and ſervices, and by his revealed Truth alone let us meaſure out beſt way to eternity— which you pray that I may find. If I hear no more from you, yet know that you live in my heart and prayers, and that

the varieties of Providence cannot alienate from you

Your own, R. L.

LETTER CXXXIV.

Dear Brother,

SInce you are pleas'd to call that your delight, which with a ſafe conſcience you might have nam'd your trouble, I mean my tedious lines, I will learn of affection to make it mine, by a continu'd ſupply of that weekly ſatisfaction. Since thus, though debarr'd of a perſonall interview, our nobler parts that evidence our immortality, meet, converſe, and exchange the dear entertainment of mutual embraces. I am beholding to your loving errour as well as the Worlds, for ſetting my toy at ſo high a rate: But now for the hard words you ſpeak of, I know they have made work for ſome of thoſe *Cato's* of Language this Age has harcht, which came with a like intent to the peruſal of books, as *Balaam* did to view the Army of *Iſrael*, on purpoſe to give them ill language; and I would fain know of thoſe Cenſors, if preceding Ages, by a like deſign, had not providently inoculated ſome of the faireſt Cions of forraign fruits upon our *Engliſh* ſtock, whether our barbarous Tongue would ever have been com-

pre-

prehenſive of ſuch rich and rational expreſſions, or grown up to that ſtrength and beauty it now poſſeſſes: nor does my judgment deal leſs ſeverely then theirs with ſuch rumbling fuſtian words, big with nought but wind, that ſome affect; this were to humour *Midas* opinion, that preferr'd *Pan*'s Pipe before *Apollo*'s Harp, becauſe it made more noiſe. The word Raillery you return'd me for interpretation, ſignifies a kind of jeſting, ſcoffing, diſſimulation, and is now grown here ſo common with the better ſort, as there are few of the meaner that are not able to conſtrue it; which makes me wonder by what miſchance it ſhould ſcape the knowledge of that living Library of Languages Mr. *F.* to whom I pray return my ſervice; but he muſt allow me the Liberty to think he knows too little of the *French* to rank it juſtly with the reſt of his Languages: but enough of that. And I now eagerly wiſh your propoſal were improv'd to a reſolution of ſeeing *London* next Term; ſince I am more then half aſſur'd we ſhall not turn our backs upon it till that be expired, and then whether we ſhall ſteer our Courſe Weſt-ward or North-ward, is not yet concluded in the thoughts of thoſe that ſit at the helm. But I am ſorry I cannot wind you up to any forward expectation in what reſers to my Lord *R.* for I daily perceive the fruits of my indeavours that way do rather wither then ripen; and I am glad you

are ſtruck in with ſo friendly a man-mender. If you have not taken an oath of ſecreſie, I ſhould gladly welcome the participation of thoſe rare *Recipe's* you ſpeak of. Major *W.* is overjoy'd at your promiſe to ſee *London*; he ſayes he hopes to deprecate your cenſure for neglecting to give you his thanks for your kind token (which he is very proud of) under his hand. I cannot yet learn by my inquiry that my Lord *W.* has any ſuch deſign for a Plantation as you ſpeak of. But I have made no conſcience of your patience: Dear Brother farewell.

Your own intirely, ſincerely, religiouſly, R. L.

LETTER CXXXV.

To Mr. W.

My deareſt Friend,

THis ſhould not have contracted an anſwer to two Letters, if the waiting a return of ſome others from *Lincolnſhire* had not retarded my hand; but I know not how to conſtrue their ſilence, and cannot tell whether I may call it ſloth or deſign; however, my hopes are yet big enough to make my judgement charitable,

and

and till we ſee more ſo I would have yours. By this time you have found out the reaſon of my hopes to ſee you on this ſide the channel, and the event that defeated them; wherein you have liberty to deride my pur-blind judgment, that has ſo much adoe to ſee her; much more to ſee into the nature of ſuch affaires; I never could make ſo ſtrong a Party of Reaſon, as might keep out the invaſion of over-forward expectation; tis the hardeſt human Leſſon to learn to judge aright; which granted, a light reflexion upon my weak capacity will ſoon get my Pardon, with a promiſe of endeavour to leave out my *Errata's* in the next Impreſſion. And now, my deareſt Friend, accept as many thanks, and as reall ones, as ever came from a true heart, for jogging my drowſie ſoul with thoſe excellent *Memento's* of vertue and piety; it ſhowes your Friendſhip has choſen the beſt baſis, and you deſire to caſt mine in the ſame mold; well, my dear Friend, though the Scholar be very unapt, he loves his Maſter well, and eſpecially becauſe he gives ſuch Leſſons. I long for that ſame meeting you ſpeak of with more impatience then I can well juſtifie, ſince we muſt wait Providence with a totall reſignation, or elſe we cannot ſay that *Fat, &c.* Indeed I would fain knock off my bolts here, but would do it ſo that I might not afterwards repent it. I am ſtill here like a wild Beaſt in a Gaol, who though he walks up and down

in it all the day, yet at night he is got no further than where he was i'th' morning. I am glad with all my soul to find you the first proposer of L's affaires: I see you are confirm'd; and could you read my heart at this distance, you would see I do not waver; but while here I must be inslav'd, and at least in exterior subjecting my self to that same *Video meliora proboq; &c.* I am as sick of this World as ever poor passenger was of a storm at Sea, and would blesse the hand that could set me ashore, where I might learn to look upon the vanities of it in their full proportion, and so dispise them. —— I have no cause to boast my health, and the lesse, because my disposition comes in such disguise as poses my self and all the World beside. I am sory for the losse you dread so passionately; but whatever happens, say but that same *Fiat voluntas, &c.* heartily, and all will be well again. I will never release that promise you have made me, to let me hear from you whereever you go; for none has more interest in your happines or misfortunes, than, my deareſt Friend,

Your own for ever, R. L.

LET-

LETTER CXXXVI.

To his Siſter F.

Dear Siſter,

THough ſince my Pen laſt ſaluted you there has not paſt a day wherein you have not found work for my memory, and been concern'd in my well-wiſhes, yet leſt you ſhould give ſilence the name of neglect (an error familiar with tender affections) I am content to think it buſineſſe enough for a Letter to repeat what I have ſo often made the onely buſineſs of my Pen, and tell you that I truly love you: this from a ſtranger perhaps would ask more than a ſingle proof to be believed not Complement, but from a Brother that has ſo often ſhewed you his heart, I know you cannot ſin ſo much as to doubt it; and let me ſay this to the commendation of our honeſt-hearted Family, that though we are below others in the rich gifts of Fortune and nature, yet for perfect integrity, unmixt with what they call politick ends, and ſincere ſpotleſs affection one to another, we are not excell'd by any that ever yet my obſervation medled with; and ſince it traded with variety of humours and diſpoſitions, it has not been altogether pur-blind. If there needed arguments to keep this affect onate temper from a cold decay, I ſhould ſtrain hard

for ſuch as ſhould reſtore us the beauty of this lovely loving inclination; but I know there is little want of ſuch reſtoratives in you, and I borrow a confidence from experience that bids me ſay as much for all the reſt: well then, let us ſtill cheriſh this mutuall affection, that makes our ſouls as neer akin as our bodies, for by loving one another, tis the way to purchaſe his favour who is Love it ſelf. If there were any alteration in my condition ſince you received my laſt Letter, I ſhould be ready to let you know it, as one that has no little Intereſt in me; but while I am here my endeavors do but labour like a mill-horſe, ſtill repeating their ſteps in a circle, alwayes going round, but not a foot forward in the path of preferment. I am now once more in a courſe of Phyſick for my malady, and in hope it will ſtruggle ſucceſsfully with it; but I am like to buy theſe deſires ſo dear, that to recover my health will ſicken my purſe; but of the two tis a Diſeaſe leſſe grievous. I pray preſent my much affectionate ſervice to my excellent Aunt *H.* her good Mother, with the reſt of the Family: ſalute the reſt of my Friends with love or ſervice, as they are due; and to your ſelf, Dear Siſter, take the heart of

Your affectionate Brother, R. L.

LET-

LETTER CXXXVII.

To his Siſter J.

Deare Siſter,

I Have long forborn to write, out of an hopeful expectation to find thee ſuch newes as might claim a juſt welcome; but now I am forc'd to ſay, that my failing in thy behalf is added to the reſt of my own misfortunes. I ſuppoſe my Brother acquainted thee with my hopes to prefer thee to the Lady *A. W.* a Lady in whoſe praiſe I will be ſilent, leſt I ſhould too much vex thee with the miſſe of ſo much happineſs; and it was a narrow miſſe, for I procur'd a Letter from my Lady to her in thy commendations ſo ſoon as I heard her Gentlewoman was to part from her; upon which the motion was entertain'd willingly, only (ſhe replyed) that ſhe had intreated her Aunt the Lady *W.* then at *London*, to procure her one there, but ſhe would immediately write her word that ſhe was provided; which ſhe had no ſooner done, but ſhe received newes that her Aunt had already agreed with a Gentlewoman, which was then coming down, and in honour could not be refuſed. Thus have my unfortunate endeavours born thee no other fruit than falſe hopes indeed; this failing does the more afflict me, becauſe I know the value

of

of what is miſt; though we ſhould beſides have liv'd moſt of this Winter together in a houſe, a thing ſo paſſionately deſir'd of us both: but we muſt not repine too much at croſſe events, leſt in it we upbraid Providence; the younger Siſter does yet take none, but when ſhe does thou art ſure to have it. Mr. *W.* in whom I repos'd moſt hopes to effect thy deſires, is now out of the Kingdom; beſides, our reſiding in this barren Country will much diſable my induſtry in thy behalf. I ſhall conclude with ſuch advice as I believe thy diſcreet goodneſs does daily practice, be ſtill the ſame thou ever wert, of a ſweet vertuous winning carriage, ready to pleaſure all, loth to offend any, and thou wilt ingage even Incivility it ſelf to uſe thee civilly, and Inconſtancy to love thee conſtantly: keep ſtill the complexion of Lillies in thy innocence, and of Roſes in thy modeſty; for if once ſully'd, the water is hardly purchas'd that will reſtore its whiteneſſe: thy diſpoſition was alwayes intimate with vertue; endeavour daily to improve thy amity, and truſt Heaven with the reſt, whoſe bleſſings, though they be long a coming, will richly pay thy patience: loſe not a grain of that pleaſant temper which makes thy company ſo much courted; for there is nothing ſo happy here, as thoſe calm ſouls that can make unforc'd ſmiles ſhine through a harmleſs jollity. But thou art born to too rich a goodneſſe to

need

ged the charity of my weak advice: but give me my Preſent back again, and I will take it kindly; and be ſure you love me truly, or elſe you will die much in the debt of

Your truly affectionate Brother,
R. L.

LETTER CXXXVIII.

To his Siſter K. L.

Dear Siſter,

HAd I met with any thing that might juſtly have deſerved thy acquaintance, my hand could not have been ſo ſlothfull to withhold thee from that knowledge: but concerning my ſelf, though my endeavours have not proved altogether fruitleſs, yet I cannot ſay their ſucceſs has anſwered my wiſhes; but be aſſured, if kind Providence favour my deſignes, I will own no good fortune but what you ſhall claim a ſhare in. I ſhall be ſuddenly called by my affaires to *Yarmouth*, and if I ſee you not before my return, it ſhall be the unkindneſs of my urgent occaſions, not my own neglect. To conclude, if ever Fortune be diſpos'd to ſmile upon me, I ſhall not debarre my Friends of its reflexion, in the number of which thy active affection has

has deserv'd a place in the former rank; and in that perswasion I remain

Thy constant affectionate Brother,
R. L.

LETTER CXXXIX.

Dear Brother,

THough my present imployment be something pressing and importunate, yet it cannot disswade a reply to you with all the Arguments that Business can urge; for to hold my peace because time will not allow my fancy elbow-room, is to be confuted in Friendship, and non-pluſt in the proofs of affection. I confesse I love a little to be pos'd in these Lessons, to inure my Faculties as well to violent as gentle Exercise, and teach my Pen to run races as well as walk gravely. Promptitude in dispatch, when it keeps a fit distance to precipitation, often commits a happy rape upon preferment, and takes Reputation by surprizal; while that serious exactness that weighs and poyses every hair and grain, does but clamber to that which the other flies at; and I think the maxime is equally fitted to this and Fowling, The first aim is best. But I should call back and unsay these words, because I have hastily shot so wide from the purpose; yet

yet to you I dare draw my thoughts with bold ſtrokes. I thank you for your laſt incloſed, though my intentions of printing my Letters be defer'd till *Trinity*, if not till *Michaelmas* Terme, by the late interpoſition of ſome Commands that have ingaged my Quill, *&c.* Whoever of my friends you incounter in your Journey, pray give them my reſpects in a due proportion. You ſeem to hint ſome deſign of your own by the way that may prove advantagious; I ſhall be happy to hear it diſclos'd, becauſe by that time I ſuppoſe it will be ſucceſsfully effected; for I perceive you are maſter of that old prudential maxime, Never to reveal a deſign, whileſt it is in a capacity of failing. I cannot chuſe but applaud your happy blending of the Chriſtian and Politician; which gives you a buckler of caution to defend your ſelf, but not a revenging weapon to return blow for blow. If you ſee my Siſter *F.* before your return, preſent me to her with much affection. The Major ſends you his affectionate reſpects, and bids me mind you of a promiſe to ſend him ſome Pictures upon *Muſcovy*-glaſſes. I told you at firſt I was in haſte, but I have confuted my ſelf by the tedious progreſs; but you know how to pardon all faults of this nature

To your intirely affectionate Brother to command, R. L.

LET-

LETTER CXL.

To W. A. *Esq;*

Sir,

MY last did but pay the obligation of my word; so your million of thanks are ill layd out for what you might challenge as yours: yet I love the reward, though no due, so dearly, as I should imbrace the power with much indulgence, and use it with as much Industry in your service, that might help to deserve them. It was assurance enough of my safety, that it had a harbor in all your well-wishes; for which my stupid weakness cannot find a better present requital, than really to wish they may effectually recoyl upon your selves, in which you shall but reap the fruit your fair deserts have planted, *&c.* I dare boldly affirm, you may promise your self as much safety here, as in any part of the Kingdom. In the mean time, if I may be instructed how to serve you here, be assured, I will find out a no mean dilight in the imployment. I pray present my most humble service to that gallant Family, those fragrant buds of beauty in particular, whose happy society is armour of proof against melancholy, and adds wings to times feather'd off-spring: to each of which, I think it will prove no unwelcom Office to you, to reduplicate

duplicate the old token; but leſt my trifles ſhould prove the tryall of your patience, I will put a period to them; but never to my reſolution, to remain,

Yours, R. L.

LETTER CXLI.

My dear Brother,

I Can ſcarce credit it, that you have quitted *Holt*, (though the Poſt tells me ſo) ſince ſo many of mine diſpatcht to *Bermingham* have not been able to rowſe you to an anſwer, yet I have alwayes found you ſo forward in repaying theſe literal debts at your day, as I begin to ſuſpect, that my two laſt which were ſent to welcom you home, came to congratulate your recovery, either periſht or loiter'd too long by the way, which has induc'd me to ſhoot this ſhaft after the reſt, and hazard the ſoleſciſme of a repetition to tell you again, that I have celebrated your return to health, with as perfect a gladneſs as the deareſt and cleareſt amity ever yet brought forth. But now let me beg you will hold me no longer in a painfull ſuſpenſe, nor defraud my longing to ſee your perfect recovery confirm'd by your own hand; for believe it, my wiſhes have deſerv'd that ſatisfaction, and

in-

indeed have layd out themſelves for your welfare, with a zeal ſo induſtrious, as if it had not onely been my intereſt, but propriety, and mine own vitall thred been inſeparably twiſted with yours: for my ſelf, I can neither ſay I have bin ſick nor very well, ſince I ſaw you, but rather in that ſame mingled condition, compounded of health and ſickneſs; but a cuſtomary experience hath ſo familiariz'd me with that valitudinary temper, that a little patience ſerves to man the Works againſt all thoſe faint Batteries. We are here in *London*, where I think we ſhall faſten for moſt part of this enſuing Summer. I ſtill tread the old Circle, without any viſible improvement or impairing, and would be glad to underſtand upon what legs your affaires walk in reference to your Intereſt at *B*. I am earneſtly provoked by ſome of my friends to print a volume of Letters, to which at laſt I have conſented, though not without much diſtruſt of the worlds approvement; however, I cannot loſe what I never had, I mean much reputation. I remember your Pen once told me, you had preſerved all ſuch fragments as fell from mine by way of Letters to your ſelf; I never prized them ſo high as to reſerve their Copies, yet in this deſign I ſuppoſe they may do me ſome ſervice, though I intend not to print the fourth part of what is there expreſt. I pray do me the favour therefore with your moſt expedite convenience to ſeal them

all

all up carefully, and direct them to me at one Mr. *C*'s in--- for that is now the Rendezvous of my Letters, ſince my Landlords death in *Holborn*. Well, dear Brother, pardon this haſt that crowds forth my words in a miſhapen form, becauſe they could not ſtay for a mature conception, indeed much dreading Mr. *A.* ſhould be gone without my Letter; but I will requite your patience in my next, and now haſtily ſubſcribe, Dear Brother,

Your own cordially, R. L.

LETTER CXLII.

To Mr. E. A.

Dear Ned,

TO ſpeak the full excuſe of my ſilence were to give you a liſt of my Countrey-adventures, and to deſcribe the chains of my leiſure link by link. But that there may be room enough for ſomething elſe, take it thus in contract; Our Family was ſcarce ſetled in the Countrey before it caught the head-ach, and began to grow dizzy by the ſickneſs of my Lord and Lady, who ſtill languiſh of this new Diſeaſe, that has almoſt ingroſſed all the buſineſs of Fate, and kills by Monopoly: if you ſaw what epidemick havock it makes in theſe parts, you would think every pariſh changed into a great

Hoſpitall, and every perſon the Phyſicians fee-ſimple, either in poſſeſſion or reverſion; for my ſelf, I have been all this time in an Emblematick battel, where ſome are ſtill dropping round about me, though my ſelf be yet ſhot-free: whether I ſhall paſſe the Pikes ſafely is beyond the reach of my knowledge; for Diſeaſes, eſpecially of this nature, give ſo little warning as the arrow is in us before we know the bow is bent; but among ſo many Patients at laſt, I have found leiſure to be the agent of my own affection, and an opportunity to tell you, that it ſhould be your fault, if our revived amity do ever relapſe into another Lethargy. And now dear *N.* how doſt thou? haſt thou yet unſheath'd thy Family of the Chamber? I would fain hear thou art crown'd King of *Eliſium*, and the honeſt ſouls of thy acquaintance like good ſubjects, conglomerate to pay their homage, and drink allegiance. I could wiſh to die to this dull Countrey, that I might be enrold one of thy Gueſts of good Fellowſhip; for we have none but ſuch clods here in the ſhape of men, as by a forc'd imitation to hold up Converſe. I am in danger to go out of my wits for want of exerciſe, yet never incur the aſperſion of madeſſe, but a weekly Dialogue with your Pen may prove a Soveraign preſervation againſt ſuch ſtupid contagion; but tis time to leave prating. Preſent me cordially to vertuous Mrs. *A.* kind-

ly

ſy to Mr. *N.* and to your ſelf, take me intirely, Sir,

Your own, R. L.

LETTER CXLIII.

To his Brother, Major W.

Dear Brother,

IF like a ſlow paymaſter I have too often adjourned the performance of my promiſe, call it not coldneſs of reſpect or affection, for of thoſe to you I can never be guilty; but if I do not give you a ſound reaſon for my ſilence, think it comes from a ſick head, & let that ſatisfie; for ever ſince I entred this dull and unwholſom Country, that daily puts on the morning waſcot of a fog, I have been ſuch an uſeleſs thing to my ſelf and others, as if I had left my ſoul behind me at *London*, and only liv'd at the charge of my ſenſitive faculty; and I have ſuffered ſuch an amphibious interthing betwixt health and ſickneſſe, as it has pos'd me to chriſten it. I have had ſuch a languiſhing pain in the head, ever ſince my arrival, with ſuch a drowſineſs to boot, as if the Heavens had mingled Poppy with their dew, and ſhed it upon this Climate; and I have ſlept like a Snake in winter to that exceſs, as nothing but a Lethargy which I half fear'd could out do it; but *quantus quantus ſum*, I am ſtill yours at the ſame height

and vigour of affection, as when the double discovery of your excellent qualities and inclinations to love me, first finish'd the fabrick of our friendship, and took me in your toyles; and though there may be allow'd an Infancy, and a pubescency in friendship, yet when once it hath climb'd by degrees to the full stature, none but bastard affections can grow old and shew their wrinkles, as the scars of time or accident, since that friendship that is not ever equall, uniform and constant, was never so; but you shall ever find it invulnerable from him that will cease to be himself, if not

Yours in service and true friendship, R. L.

LETTER CXLIV.

To his Brother, Mr. A. L.

Loving Brother,

NOthing but impossibility could have forc'd me to intermit my weekly salute; for the last week we consum'd at my Lord of *Westmerlands* in *Kent*, where my Lady suffered her resolutions of a short stay to be overcome by the importunities of a gentile entertainment: my affection has as great a quarrel to the narrowness of my expressions as yours, and does even upbraid my Pen with the disgraces that its ill guidance puts upon it; but tis well I am not able to

draw

draw it in its full dimenſions, leſt the abundance ſhould diſcredit the reality, and even poſe your belief into ſuſpition with the incredible quantity. But upon better thoughts, I could be angry with my ſelf for ſuffering ſuch words to get looſe from my Pen, and could willingly puniſh them with a great blot, if I had time to write new ones; for I am conſident you do match me too well with the ſame materials to doubt its purity, and we never wonder at any thing that we can pattern in our ſelves: your flint is a true Embleme of perfect friendſhip, which in the boſom carries fire ready to ſtart forth at the ſummons of occaſion: how ſoon I would obey ſuch an alarum to ſerve you, I hope you will find prov'd in my future endeavours; but I have not skill enough to add beauty to that which never had a blemiſh. My old Cough, with a great cold to boot, do conſtrain me at this time to be bad Company, which you may eaſily perceive by the languor of my ſtyle: this Cough I find has lately fed upon my fleſh, and carryed away enough from the poor ſtore I had to make me doubt a Conſumption; but whatſoever the hand of Heaven ſends me I ſhall endeavour to bid welcome. I pray let us not fail in our intercourſe while we are ſo neer. My preſent indiſpoſition, with ſome haſt beſide, will let me ſay no more, but that I am and ever will be,

Your own to love and ſerve you, R. L.

LETTER CXLV.

To Mr. J. G.

Honeſt Mr. J.

I Acknowledge the receipt of yours, with a Diurnall, Proverbs, and Tobacco, beſides many other preceding civilities and courteſies, which believe it have rendred me perfectly yours. You may ſafely take my word, this is really meant and will be as cordially confirm'd when any occaſion ſhall becken me to it. We are arriv'd at our Counteey habitation, where in a double ſenſe we may be ſaid to be out of the lines of communication: we dwell at large, and people it, as our forefathers colloniz'd the World in its Nonage; Melancholy, that they wanted partners in their vaſt poſſeſſions: and thus like the Children of *Iſrael*, we are come out of *Egypt* into the Wilderneſſe, only we have the fleſh-pots ſtill, and therefore none of the Manna. This Countrey is ſo barren of good company, though fruitfull of all things elſe, that even tyr'd out with ſolitude I am forc'd ſometimes to make ſhift with the Parſon of the Pariſh, and he more then half a Presbyterian, you will ſay that's a hard caſe for one that has been us'd to Mr. *G*'s company. But I confeſs theſe defects are not ill ſupply'd by my dumb ſociety.

ciety. Beſides Books, we have good Horſes, handſome Walks, pleaſing groves, which repreſent variety of objects, and they Idæas enough to make Fancy a good companion, and Thoughts my recreation. By the help of them loſt remove *London* into the Countrey, and injoy the friends I left behind as well as fancy can preſent them, in the formoſt rank of which Mr. *G.* is plac'd. Pray render me very kindly to Captain *W.* and tell him when I ſee the Major, I ſhall not forget to ſpeak his deſires. Mention me kindly to honeſt *P.* Mr. *A.* and the reſt that know me, and to your ſelf, take me as I muſt ever be

Your real friend, R. L.

LETTER CXLVI.

To Major W.

Dear Brother,

I Shall not need ſtrain a ſinew in my invention to frame an excuſe for deludiug your expectations of me at *Holt:* for as if we had left *London* on purpoſe to come and take up diſeaſes in the Countrey, and *Pandora* had ſtaid the ſecond opening of her box till our coming: our Family has been ſo infeſted with that they call the New-diſeaſe, which like the Elements blended

in the Chaos, is but an accumulation of all other maladies, as they have made me a Prisoner, though not yet a Patient, and disabled me to point at the time when I may be in case to be as good as my word. This disease is of late grown more cruel then ordinary, and become the Messenger of Fate to many Persons of quality, amongst which it has murder'd Mr. *R. F.* your old acquaintance, but I hope it will use my Lord and Lady more gently, who are both sick of it at this present. And now my dear Brother, since I cannot see you, let me beg this satisfaction from your Pen, to let me know how your self and the rest of my friends enjoy your-selves, and health, both in community and particular, how the air, company, and entertainment of *Holt* arrides your liking, and how much of the Winter you design upon that Climate, when and how long the Cardinal was with you, from whom I have not recived a syllable since our parting. Let yours give me the condition of my friends in reference to this Epidemick Malady, among whom pray distribute my affectionate respects. Speak me cordially to my Brother and Sister *W.* Sister *F.* &c. and to your self promise all that is due to a perfect friend from, Dear Brother,

Eternally your own to dispose of, R. L.

LET-

LETTER CXLVII.

Sir,

I Muſt not give you cauſe to ſuſpect I can forget you by the neglect of ſo fair an opportunity to kiſſe your hands with a Letter; but I confeſs I had rather (if there were no *Remora*) have taken my Pens employment upon my ſelf: how oft have I wiſht for a Mercurial *Caduceus* to inſomniate the *Argus*-eyes of jealous people, that I might ſafely ſteal a viſit, and with it the enjoyment of your happy ſociety? till when I ſhall account my ſelf but a ſlave to that piece of liberty I now am Maſter of, ſince its narrow limits ſhut out a large ſhare of my highly-valued happineſs. The malice of the times extends beyond the ſuſpenſation of eſtates, to the ſeparation of friends, yet they cannot be truly ſaid to be abſent, whoſe free-born ſouls (not inſlav'd to the bodies reſtraint) can hold a mutuall commerce and an intelligential converſe one with another; nor can I ſo much diſtruſt Providence, as to ſuſpect this corporal ſequeſtration can prove an utter privation. My deceiving fancy ſometimes in a ſlumber ſtrives to make me believe I am at *L.* yet in the dream it ſelf I ſuſpect it is but a dream. I could wiſh, methinks, that *Plato*'s year were no fiction, ſo the revolution might be ſpeedy, and we again happily reviſe and live in the Sun-

Sunshine of our former Halcion dayes, *Sed jam deserunt ut omnia Mortalium assolent.* —

I cannot dart my thoughts so eagerly upon other things as to lose a restraining power of calling them home to the memory of my friends, and they are best imploy'd in absence when they help to draw themselves in white and black. I am not of that Philosophers opinion, who affirm'd *Silena* could not hurt, for too much is a disease in love, and helps to intomb friendship in the dark Grove of Oblivion, when the dumb Language of a Pen can, like the Pœhnix, remove it from its own ashes, and keep it strong and healthfull, &c. —

By the World those are accounted the onely Cowards, which dare not do that which is ill; which concludes no such soleciſm in policy, as the intire friendship twixt tongue and heart. Honesty is grown ridiculous, Integrity scofft at, and amity it self never found so few friends. Those intentions are contemptibly thought mean, and shallow; with whose vertuous rectitude *Meandrous* falshood is inconsistent; the Worlds erroneous Estimation has married Vertue to Caution, Justice to Self-injury, Religion to a Scarcrow, Honesty to Self-deceit, Faith to Folly; for the execution of particular ends, Vice filtches Vertues apparel, though her want of skill in wearing them often discovers her impostrous deformities, whilst thus Reasons eye is put out, or at least

leaſt blinded; the ſouls mortality forgotten, and the Almighty rejected, and eternity diſreſpected, this Pigmy-ſtatur'd life, is the onely Idol we wickedly adore, the oblations to which are the many horrid *Acheloon* ſhapes, our ſerpentine wills and actions are transformed to ſtill, to reſerve and encreaſe our *Cornucopia*, what long-breath'd flatteries perfum'd with fictious Rhetorick, we ventilate the warmth of great mens favours, in the Sunſhine of whoſe ſmiles we play like flies, buzzing forth our own ſhames and vertues injuries.

R. L.

LETTER CXLVIII.

To Mr. W.

My deareſt Friend,

I Lately received your laſt of the ſixteenth of *November*, for though our Letters glide nimbly when they are once aboard, yet they do but crawl by land, and contrary to natural violent motions, do make leaſt haſte when they are neereſt their journeys end, and I have nothing to ſay to your overprizing my barren indeavours in your behalf, and undervaluing your own, but onely to entreat you to call to your own knowledge for the true definition of perfect amity,

and

and that will tell you I am the indebted perſon, and the occaſions you have given me to ſerve. You have inſtructed me to ſet ſo many ſteps toward my own happineſſe. But now, my dear friend, I would I could find it fit to leave the reſt out, and if I had not cauſe to love you for diſcretion as well as goodneſs, I confeſs I ſhould leave you to know this accident from ſome other Quill; but I know you are skilful in all the dictates of wiſdom, and can ballance mortall accidents without oppreſſing the ſcale with too much paſſion: this gives me more confidence to tell you I received a late Letter from my Brother, whom I engaged to ſend me an account of your friends, which tells me that your father fell ſick upon the ſixteenth of *September* of a Flux, and left the World the tenth of *October*; and now I conjure you by all thoſe clear proofs of your prudent temper, and (to ſpeak ſomething for my own ends as well as yours) by my intereſt in you, to preſerve us both from the injuries of an over-ſad reſentment: you have all the reaſon that I can urge, and much more, why you ſhould not abandon your ſelf to an immoderate ſorrow, and therefore I will throw no more drops into your Ocean, only this, do not chew the Pill that will work better if you ſwallow it, &c. Your Siſter ſeem'd much to bewail your abſence at ſuch a time, and deſir'd my Brother, who preſents his affectionate ſervice to you, to uſe

ſome

ſome means to let you know this, and entreat you would entertain no prejudicial conceit of her ſelf or her Husband. Let me intreat you to anſwer this as ſoon as you can, and tell me what I may do further to ſerve you: if you love your ſelf and me, let not ſadneſs ſhrink your ſpirits, but let us reſerve our ſelves for that ſame happy meeting you ſpeak of. I confeſs I do more than ſuſpect a Conſumption, and if that be deſigned to fetch me from this World, I think I ſhall go without reluctancy; for I have already received enough of the Divine hand to make me admire his bounty: but I have fair hopes of a recovery. Well, my dear Friend, you know how to be happy in ſpite of this World; and that you would be ſo, is the earneſt intreaty of

Yours eternally, R. L.

LETTER CXLIX.

To his Brother Mr. A. L.

Loving Brother,

I Think Providence has given a larger Commiſſion to Fortune than formerly; for I confeſs I was nipt with the ſame Paſſion you complain of, *viz.* the unkindneſs of Oblivion: now I ſee 'twas caus'd by the ſtragling of our Letters; mine were ſent by *W.* out of *Lincoln-*

ſhire,

ſhire, and becauſe they promiſed a faithfull care in their deliverance, I thought it a better way for expedition, than to ſend them about by *London*; but it ſeemes Haſte brought forth her blind child Error. Yours, after my expectations had loſt many longings (as if they had ſtayed for one anothers company) came almoſt all together; and that's my Landlords fault, for which I ſhall ſchool him: but we have as little cauſe to lay the injuries of Chance to one anothers charge, as to quarrel with a River, becauſe ſome adventitious Dam forbids the freedom of its courſe. If there be a poſſibility to raiſe ſuch pure and unmixt deſires from our ſouls, as will not be dawb'd with the clay they are confin'd to, I have ſuch to ask and claim your Friendſhip; and thus, in ſpite of all our Leaden frailty, we may take a taſte of Heaven, and reliſh the joyes we cry up with ſuch impotent expreſſions in that one word, *perfect amity*. I do now begin to be ſo unweildy to my ſelf, and I doubt ſo troubleſom to others (though they expreſs not ſo much) that I borrow reaſons from my Capitall infirmities, to excuſe thoſe you may account the Diſeaſe of my mind, *&c.* But if this trouble be deſign'd to fetch me from this World, I think I ſhall go without reluctancy. I am ſtill here (in relation to my dependency) like an unskilful Paſſenger at Sea, that knowes not how long to promiſe himſelf a calm, nor when to expect a ſtorm. If

I may vant to have pleas'd in any thing, 'tis my fidelity, which amounts to no more than You have done as becomes you. I am glad I was not born to ſtand at the Sterne of an ample fortune, (to favour my ſelf the beſt I can) I ſhould have abus'd the Divine bounty, and perhaps imploy'd it chiefly in paying dearer for my ſins than I have done. I have receiv'd enough to make me admire the goodneſſe of him that gave it me; and indeed, did not his grace help me to contrary thoughts, 'twere enough to make me an unequall Arbiter of my own imperfections: to act ſuch conceptions as theſe, is a buſineſs to which we ſhould ſacrifice no cold endeavours; & we live to no purpoſe, unleſs in this life we learn to bid it adieu handſomly. Doing well is the only requiſite mark of mans Induſtry; and he that aimes at any other, miſtakes that for a white which is but a ſpot: there are ſo many examples of ſuch as angle here for happineſs (and ſometimes with ruine to boot) as methinks to obſerve, ſhould be enough to take heed how many mount Fortunes ladder, and break the ſtaves as they go up, ſo as they have no way to come down but by a Precipice; many ſhoot wide, and perhaps hit moſt happineſs by miſſing what they fancied for it. I could mention more miſtakers: but to cloſe it, there is no man ſtudies the other life better than he that ſtudies this enough to deſpiſe it. It is not my deſire to be underſtood

skilfull

skilful in this Science; for I am bound to confesse my self subject to most wicked reluctations; and there passe few houres that are not witnesses not only to stumblings, but grosse falls from my best resolutions: but I want your pardon. I thank you for the account of my Friends, which I desire you would renew, as you are hinted by any extraordinary accidents. I have this day wrote the sad newes to Mr. *W.* but I confess left out some of the Circumstances, lest he should chew the bitter Pill too much that he ought to swallow. I have presented you to him, as you ordered and mentioned your endeavours for his satisfaction. I have been so often call'd away while I was writing this, as 'tis no wonder if my words sit not handsomly upon my meaning, when I am forc'd to make so many seames. I pray present me to those friends that oblige me with remembrance in a gratefull garb; and believe it, for 'tis truth it self, you are first in the soul of

Your affectionate and most desirous Brother to serve you R.L.

LETTER CL.

To Mr. W.

Dear Friend,

YOur last I received, which by the date I perceive has halted by the way like some of his Pre-

Predeceſſors: but it had not half done its meſſage to my eyes, before I conſeſt an ample amends for the loitering; and if there be a word that may ſpeak more then welcom, conceive it uttered, for indeed it is meant. I ſee you have made uſe of that which has made you alwayes happy, to ſuſtain the ſhock of what might have ſtagger'd a reſolution leſs fortified with prudence; and I wiſh my power were as great as my deſire to copy that and the reſt: ſo long as you compound and apply theſe ſoveraign medicines of piety and diſcretion, tis impoſſible your better part ſhould grow ſickly, &c. I inclos'd the Note to your Siſter in a Letter to my Brother, and oblig'd him to be very careful in ſending it, and to ſhew her the way to return you an anſwer of it to my hands. If no weighty impediment intervenes, I intend to viſit my Eaſtern friends about the beginning of *April*; therefore I pray prepare your commands. And now, my dear friend, I find my health tenderd by you with ſuch an over-flowing of affection, as it hath taught me to wiſh it with the more ardor, becauſe I may poſſibly incounter with occaſions that may render me able to ſhew how highly I reliſh ſuch an indearing kindneſs. But pardon me, tis more more then I can do, when I write to you, not to be guilty of too many words, ſo loth I am to come to an end, ; but my comfort is, you know me for what I am,

Yours to perpetuity, R. L.

FINIS.

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